THE

GENTILE SINNER,

OR,

England's Brave GENTLEMAN:

Character'd

In a Letter to a Friend,

Both

As he is, and as he should be.

By CLEM. ELLIS, M.A. Fellow of Qu. Coll. Oxon.

The Third Edition.

1 Cor. 1.26. *Not many Noble are called.*

——— Sanctus habeto,
Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereto!
Agnosco procerem. *Juv. Sat. 8.*

OXFORD,
Printed by *A.* and *L. Lichfield*, for *Edward* and *John Forrest*. 1664.

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[illegible] 1656. Nor [illegible] Nobles are called.

Sanctus Imbecil.

Justitiæ [illegible] mentiri
Ajax [illegible]

OXFORD,
[illegible] Bishop's Bldg. [illegible]
[illegible] 1664.

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,

My Honoured Friends,

Sr PHILIP MUSGRAVE,

Knight and Baronet;

AND

r GEORGE BENNION, Kt.

he Author wiſhes all Grace, Health, and Honour here, and Happineſs hereafter.

Right Worſhipful,

YOu who have been ſo long a time ſharers both in the ſame great *Vertues*, nd, for them, in the ſame great *ufferings*: be pleaſed too, to hare in this ſmall tribute, for

which I have been long indebted to your Goodneſs. Your *Names*, I confeſs, are either of them too great to ſtand in the front of ſo inconſiderable a paper as this, wherewith I here preſent you; and might make a ſuitable *Frontiſpiece* to ſome far more excellent Tract. Whatever this be, which begs your Candid acceptance, it may perhaps *need*, but I fear it *deſerves* not, I am ſure it does not now come abroad to *ſeek* a *Patron*. The reaſon why I addreſs it to you, is an Ambition I have to bring the world better acquainted with ſo great a part of its own *Treaſure*: and to make

it know, there be yet (after all these *dreiming times*) some such Worthy persons as *your selves*; whom even they, who are (to a *Christian Stoicism*) enemies to the present *World*, dare both *love* and *honour*. Were it my business to seek out an *Instance* of the *Genuine*, or a *Pattern* whereby to correct the *Spurious* & degenerate Gentleman, I should despair to fit my self better, then I may in *You*: in whom, after so many *killing* Afflictions, the World may yet behold a true *Religion*, and *Loyalty* surviving your *Fortunes*. I might well fear, should the *Reader* know you as well as I, his *expectation* by the view of

your prefixed *Names*, would be raised too much above the *Contents* of the following *Letter*; and therefore I shall, no less out of *Charity* to mine own *Infirmities*, then from a due *Reverence* to that known *Modesty* which Crowns your many other Noted *Vertues*, forbear any further to display your *Merits*: only this I would have the World to know, and do beg you to believe, that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my self

Right Worshipfull

Yours

In all Christian Services

C.E.

To the READER.

This a Formality very much in Fashion of late amongst Writers, to Complement the Reader, give him a prim of his following Entertainment; *in a large* Preface *to every little Pamphlet. I intend not to usher abroad this rude* Letter *in so great State; neither will I play the* Gentleman *so much, as to cajole my* Reader *with feigned* Apologies *for that* Course fare *he is like to have anon. I am not without some of those* Common Sanctuaries, *wherein many Writers can Phansy themselves so secure from all* Censure; *but I dare not pretend to those I have not, and those I have I* Sleight, Reader, *the plain truth is, this* Letter *is not now sent out to present or decry any surreptitious Copy, neither meerly to satisfie the* Importunity *of my friends. Nor yet am I willing so much to humour either thy Curiosity, or the Common Vanity, as to tell thee what* Inducements *I had to this* Publication:

If

To the Reader.

If what thou ſhalt here read, either Concern thee or not, I am ſure thoſe cannot.

Perhaps thou art one of thoſe, who may read their Names and Characters in the former part of the following Letter; If ſo, it would be time and pains ill loſt to talk with thee now. If thou canſt be ſo much the Maſter of thy Paſſion, as to read thy ſelf over herein with Patience, and without either Oath or Curſe, for the Paper or its Author; I ſhall begin to hope there may yet be a Poſſibility of a return to thy ſelf & to thy God. Till then, what ever cauſe thou haſt to Carp at the Book, or Revile the Author; I am bold to tell thee, I have much more, to Slight thy Speeches, and Pity thy Folly. I value as little thy Cenſure, as I have reaſon to Envy thy Converſation; I dread as much thine Applauſe as I ſcorn thy Deriſion; and this I do no leſs then I abhor thy life, or pray for thy Converſion.

When thou art willing to underſtand what may do thee Good, it will be ſeaſonible for me to ſay more; and tell thee, that if thou would'ſt be a Gentleman, there is a Book extant, which for that End, well deſerves thy Study, and thy Practice. At preſent, it is too noble a Jewel to be thrown to ſuch a Swine.

If

To the Reader.

If the Course *and more* homely *Diet I here offer thee, may beget in thee (though by loathing it) a liking to that far richer Dish: It will be then enough for my* Ambition, *as it is now too much for my* Hopes.

That most Singular piece of Impartial Truth, *and unparallell'd* Ingenuity; *of most Cogent* Reason, *and Insinuating* Rhetorick; *of most sage* Advice, *and Religious* Instruction; *which abundantly commends it* self *to thy serious* perusal, *and its* Author (*were not his strange* Modesty, *as much our* Enemy, *in Concealing his* Name; *as his* Piety *and* Ingenuity *our* Friends, *in discovering his* worth) *to thy intimate* acquaintance; *It bears for its* Title, *what thou by thy Practise labourest to prove a* Contradiction, THE GENTLEMANS CALLING. *This* Book *would Certainly teach thee to be, didst thou not think thy self too wise to learn, all that becomes a* Christian Gentleman: *as another* Practical piece *which for its* Excellency *is rationally supposed the work of the same* Pious *and* Ingenious *hand, would make thee, if used aright, a* Christian Man: *I mean that* Book, *the* Title *whereof speaks much, yet no more then the* Contents *do verifie,* THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

MAN. *Read these two soberly, and practise them constantly, and, though thou burn'st this paper, thou shalt never perswade me, not to think thee a* Man, *a* Gentleman, *and a* Christian. *But if in some or other of thy* Mad Moods, *thou shalt* rage and foam *against what here I send thee, play the* Critick *upon it amidst thy* Pots, *or make it thy sport and merriment amongst those who cannot think themselves men except they be* Frolick *and* olly: *the* Paper *may suffer, and thou may'st spit in my* face; *but know, I have a* Christian name, *thou can'st not* stain: *and a* Charitable Intention, *thou can'st as little vitiate, as thou hast hitherto deserved it.*

But if (Sir) *you be one of those brave* souls, *whose* Merits *are above their* Names; *whose* Honours *are not dumb* Idols, *neither their* Vertues shadows; *and yet vouchsafe to cast an eye upon this* flat *and* unstudy'd *piece of meer* Obedience: *Your* Candor *will save me the customary* Ceremony *of a long* Apology; *seeing I am assured you can sooner* pardon *an* Hundred *faults, then the other* find one: *your* Goodness *by a constant practise of all vertues being as much* augmented, *as his* Judgement *by an Endlesse succession of most sottish debaucheries is dayly* Impared. *Who-*

To the Reader.

Whosoever you be, who chance to hit upon this paper; let it suffice you to know, that it is but a Letter; *and that, an Imperfect birth after a* Fortnight's *labour. It had never ventured so farre abroad, had not better eyes then the* Author's *directed it forth. The best on't is,* Censures *I regard not,* Frowns *I fear not,* Criticismes *I smile at, and* Derisions *I laugh at. The* Stile (*'tis true*) *is rough; I had rather be* told of it, *then lose so much time as to smooth it: Many things are* Blunt *and* Flat; *It is my Humour, often to prefer a plain* truth, *before a Witty* Phancy: *The* Phraise *in many places is* tart *and* provoking; *I hope it will appear in all my Actions, that I study not to* please, *but* profit. Reader, *Call me what thou wilt,* Stoick, *or* Fool, *or* Clown, *or* Madman, *I am willing, with all my hart, to seem any, or all of these to reform a* Sinner. *If in any place thou think'st I deal uncivilly with thee, give me leave to ask thee*—where? *If in the* former *part, What businesse hadst thou* there? *Either thou art indeed a* man *there described; and then why art thou angry that I say the* truth? *Or else thou art one of the* Better *stamp; keep thee then in thine own place, & I am confident I shall doe thee* right. *Art thou the true* Gentleman?

tleman? *thou canst not so far mistake thy self, as to think the* Characters *of the* False *will fit thee: Art thou the* False? Thine own *Confession* quits me of the *Scandal: And I hope thou wilt here find thy self so much in thine own* colours, *that thou wilt be so farre out of love with thy self, as to know the lest* commendation *of thee could be no less then a* flattery. *If this little labour of mine may do thee* good, *it is* therefore *worthie of thine acceptance, and I bid thee heartilie* welcome: *If thou seest nothing in it worth the reading, use thy freedome, I may lose my* labour, *neither thou nor I shall ever lose my* charity.

Instead of a longer Preface, *I commend to thy reading the words of a* Reverend Doctor, *whose exemplary* Piety, Learning, Judgment, Moderation, *are sufficiently known to the greatest part of our* English *Nation.*

Dr SANDERSON *in his* Sermon *on the* 1 Cor. 7. 24.

As for our (*meer* or *parcell*) *Gallants*, who live in no setled course of life, but spend half *the day* in *Sleeping*, half *the night* in *gaming*, & the rest of their time in other *pleasures* & *vanities*, to as little purpose as they can devise; as if they were born for nothing else but to eat & drink, & snorr & sport,

who are

are ſpruce and trim as *the Lillies* (*Solomon in all his Royalty was not cloath'd like one of theſe.*) yet they neither *ſow*, nor *reap*, nor carry into *Barn*; they neither *labour*, nor *ſpin*, nor do any thing elſe for the good of humane ſociety. Let them know, there is not the *pooreſt Contemptible* Creature, that cryeth *Oyſters* and *Kitchin-ſtuff* in the ſtreets, but deſerveth his bread better than they; and his courſe of life is of better eſteem with God, and every ſober wiſe man, than theirs. A *Horſe*, that is neither good for *the way*, nor *the cart*, nor *the race*, nor *the wars*, nor any other *ſervice*, let him be of never ſo good a breed, never ſo well marked and ſhaped, yet he is but a *Jade*: his Maſter ſetteth no ſtore by him, thinketh his meat ill-beſtow'd on him; every man will ſay, better knock him on the head then keep him; his *skin*, though not much worth, is yet better worth then the whole *beaſt* beſides.

Conſider this, you that are of *Noble* and *Generous* birth. Look unto *the Rock*, whence you were hewen; and to *the pit*, whence you were digged. Search your *Pedigrees*; Collect the Scatter'd *Monuments* and *Hiſtories* of your *Anceſtors*: and obſerve by what ſteps your worthy *Progenitors* raiſed their houſes to the height of *Gentry* and *Nobility*. Scarce ſhall you find a man of them, that gave any acceſſion, or brought any noted eminency to his houſe; but either ſerving in *the Camp*, or ſweating at the *Bar*, or waiting at the *Court*, or adventuring on *the Seas*, or trucking in his *ſhop*, or ſome other way induſtriouſly beſtirring himſelf in ſome ſetled *Calling*, and Courſe of life. You *uſurp* their *Arms*, if you *inherit* not their *Vertues*, and thoſe *Enſigns* of *honour* and *Gentry* which they

they by industry atchieved, sit no otherwise upo
your shoulders, than as rich *trappings* upon *Asse*
backs, which serve but to render the poor bea
more ridiculous. If you by brutish sensuality, an
spending your time in swinish luxury, *stain* th
colours, and *embase* the *mettals* of those badges o
your *Gentry* and *Nobility*, which you claim by de
scent: think, when we *worship* or *honour* you, we
do but flour you; and know, the *titles* we i
Courtesie give you, we bestow upon their memo-
ries, whose degenerate off-spring you are, and
whose *Arms* you unworthily bear; and they do no
more belong to you, then the reverence the good
man did to *Isis*, belong'd to the *Asse* that carry'd
her Image.

The

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THE GENTILE SINNER,

OR,

England's *Brave Gentleman.*

Honoured Sir,

I Am very much indebted to your most obliging *Goodness*, for that great and undeserved *Freedom*, you were pleased to allow me in our last *Discourse*: And I am so *Confident* to meet with the same *Goodnesse* still, that I shall not *fear* to expresse as great a *Boldnesse* in these following lines.

With *Gentlemen*, I very much love to be talking of *Gentlemen*; with him that is a *Gentleman indeed*, that in *his* language (for in *better*, I am sure, I cannot) I may learn how to shame his *Counterfeit*; and with *him* too, who has no more then the

bare *Name*, that I may thereby gain an opportunity of propoſing to him ſome thing better then *himſelf*, as a fit object of his *Love* and *Imitation*. I confeſſe I am often apt, more then well becomes me, in the preſence of *Perſons* of your *Quality*, to inveigh ſomewhat *Satyrically* againſt ſuch as this *wanton Age* of the World loves to *miſcal* by ſo good a name; which might give any man of leſſe *Candor* and *Courteſie* then *Your ſelf* (Sir) a juſt occaſion of judging me more *Bold* then *Wiſe*. What your *reſentments* were of my laſt *unponder'd* expreſſions, I know not; But if in any of them I gave *offence*, I dare hope you will make your late *Commands* paſſe for my *Sentence*, and let this *proſecution* of that too *Inconſiderate* diſcourſe (I beſeech you) ſerve for my *penance*.

You were pleaſed to require a Summary of my thoughts, concerning our *preſent Engliſh Gentleman*, both as to what he *is*, and what he *ſhould be*. I muſt not tax you of *Indiſcretion*, by telling you how *ill* you have placed your *Commands*; and therefore I ſhall rather chooſe to ſhew you your *Charitable miſtake*, by my *ready Obedience*, then

by an *unseasonable modesty*, *seem* to question your *judgment*: The *task* enjoyn'd me is in it self so *odious*, that nothing *lesse* then that *highest* respect I have for the worthy *imposer*, could make it *welcome*; and it carries so great *a disproportion* to my *weaker Faculties*, that nothing, but *too* great an *affection* in you (Sir) could make it appear *possible*. To tell you, what the *Gentleman* is, requires an *experience*; and to say what he *should be*, must suppose a *Breeding* far above mine.

If by the *Gentleman*, you mean *him* whose *real virtues* are such as have indeed *merited* him the name: I could go a very compendious way to work, and shew you him in as fair a piece as *virtue* can *draw*, or the *World imitate*, by directing your eye to that object, which *best* deserves it. You must needs know *your self* too well, (Sir) to be *ignorant* whom I mean. But for the *other*, whom we then took the *boldnesse* to talk of, you cannot, I hope, imagine, that one so little acquainted with the present *Garbs* and *Modes* of the world, as without *blushing* I dare confesse my self to be, should be able to present you

with his perfect *portraiture*.

To be ſhort, Sir, *You* are too *well* acquainted with the *true Gentleman*, to think you ſhall ever read him any where better deſcribed then you find him *at home*: and I am too *little* acquainted with his *counterfeit*, to preſume I may be able to give you an exact *Character* of him, till I uſe to go more, then I hope in haſt I ſhall do, *abroad*. However, I had rather betray my *Ignorance* of what I could never yet eſteem well *worth* my knowledge, then the leaſt *diſreſpect* to a *Perſon*, whoſe long-experienced *Goodneſſe* hath abundantly merited the beſt of my *ſervices*. Such a *proſpect* therefore as I could have of him, whileſt *immured* up within the *narrow* compaſſe of a *Dark* Study, I ſhall make bold to lay open before your eye; and, in as *plain Engliſh* as I can, tell you what I think both of the *Man* and his *ſhadow*.

But before I begin to deſcribe him, I find it neceſſary for me to premiſe unto you this *cautious requeſt*---That you would be pleaſed to believe I do not *make*, nor take *pleaſure* to *ſee*, thoſe *wounds*, which *you* have perſwaded me to *uncover*; for

I cannot but foreſee too many of them, through *Imprudence* and *Negligence*, ſo altogether *feſter'd* and *Nauſeous*, that as they will try your *patience* to behold them, ſo will they even *aare* your *faith* to *believe* them: and this I ſhall further beg of you, that ſeeing to ſerve you I am *forced* to take the *Libertie* of a more *open*, and ſometimes *biting* expreſſion; you would not debar me of the *Privilege* of an *Impartial*, yet *friendly*, *Cenſurer*; one who had much rather *loſe* a *friend*, then *tolerate* a *fault*: Or the *beneficial Severitie* of a *Faithful Chirurgion*, who is allow'd often to make the *ſmart* the fore-runner of the *Cure*, and is excuſable, though ſometimes he ſeem ſo hard-hearted as to *diſregard* the *lamentable* outcries, and moſt *moving* groans of his *afflicted* Patient; not ſparing his *Probe*, till he have throughly ſearch'd the *wound*.

I muſt in Good Earneſt tell the *Gentleman*, how much my *Pitty* and *Commiſeration* outgo my *Reprehenſions* and *reproofs*: and that my *hearty prayers* both now *are*, and ever *ſhall be*, much more *for* him, then my *unpleaſing Invectives* can be *againſt* him,

him. The *later* are onely ſent out to *invite* him to take ſome *knowledge* and *compaſſion* of himſelf: but the *former* aſcend as high as Heaven to implore Gods *Mercy* and *Pitty* towards him. For I know it, (let him entertain as *flattering* thoughts as he will of himſelf) the *world* has not had ſince the fall of *Adam*, a more *miſerable* Spectacle, than this poor wretched *Leaper*, the *debauched* Gentleman: who doubtleſſe, were he not ſo *complacently* acceſſary to his own *Miſery*, So *obſtinately* bent upon, and *ſolicitouſly* ſtudious of his own *overthrow*, would be no oftner *beheld* than *pitied*.

But ſeeing his dayly *practice* perſwades me, that his main *induſtry* is a *deſign* to *ruine* himſelf, his conſtant *Profeſſion* an open *defiance* to his *Happineſſe*; ſeeing his chief *delight* ſeems to be placed in *looking* upon his own *ſores*, and his continual *ſtudie* is how to *increaſe* them: Seeing he eſteems nothing ſo *dangerous* as *real goodneſſe*, and every day proclaims open *Hoſtilitie* againſt whatever ſhall bring along with it that *unwelcome charitie* of preſerving him from *Hell*: ſeeing he la-

bours

bours to expresse a deadly *feud* betwixt *himself* and his own *soul*, and dreads no *torments* so much as the *joyes* of *Heaven*, seeing the *businesse* of his whole life is to *spoile* a *Gentleman*: Without all doubt, the *safest* way now to *be* his *friend* is to *seem* his *enemie*, the readiest means of *making* the *Christian*, is to *vex* the *Gentleman*, and the hopefullest method of *healing* his *sores*, is first to *search* them till they *smart*. There's no way to deal with a man in a *Swoon*, but to pinch him by the nose, and to *dash* cold water in his face, when he is thus brought to *himself*, he may be capable of a *Cordial*: Thus indeed must we be constrained to deal with the *Gentleman*, who is not onely void of all *spiritual life*, but even of all *common sense*: We must handle him a little more *roughly*, then what he will think *civilitie*, that so we may at length *force* him to open his eyes, to see how much he is *mistaken* in what *he calls* so. If after all this he will persist to call me his *enemie*, I shall onely professe my *sorrow for this*, that he has *lost* the benefit *intended* him by my *pains*: Not at all that I have missed the *reward* of his *commendation* and

thanks; these I shall then *first* be ambitious of enjoying, when I shall be assured that he is so much become a *New man*, that I need not fear his *Commendations* may prove *Scandals*, or his *thanks reproaches*. Till when here he has my *Confession*, I am his utter *Enemie*: and let him take my *Resolution* too along with it, so I am resolved to *continue* till I can see him, more then yet he is, his own *friend*: *Then*, I am sure, he will without a prompter acknowledge, that thus to *appear* his *Enemy* was the *onely* way *he* had left me to *befriend* him.

With this *resolution* (Sir) and *Confidence*, I shall venture, *first* to give you a short *Character* of him, as it stands legible in his common *practise* and *Conversation*; where that he may not have so much as a *pretence* to be *angry*, I shall onely write after that *Copy* himself has set me, and lets *lye* every where *wide open* to the *view* of the *world*. And having done this, I shall in a very few words characterize the *man* I would see, and tell you, what I *suppose* you *know*, God *Expects*, and his own Name and profession do *witnesse* he ought to be.

SECT.

SECT. I.

The Gallant.

TO give you my ſenſe of the *Gentleman* in a word, He is, *I know not what.* I no ſooner caſt my eye upon him, but (alas) I ſee too little to *love*, enough to *Pitty*, more to *abhor*, and in all too much to be *expreſſed*. Tis uſual with us to call *man* a *little World*, and truly the *Gentleman* may well be compared to that which is more ancient, the *Old Chaos*, when the *numerous* parts of this larger *world*, lay confuſedly therein, intermixed and jumbled together, without *Form* or *Order*: before the Omnipotent *Wiſdom* of the Great God had created any ſuch thing here below as *Method* or *Beauty*. Such an undigeſted *Maſſe* and *Heap* of *every thing*, have we here met withal, and nothing *perfect*: Onely herein the *Similitude* fails, for *ſuppoſing* ſuch an unformed heap, yet had there been nothing therein but what were to be confeſſed the

work

work of Gods hands, and therefore very *good*: But *here* (alas) is almost nothing left that God created, but every thing so altogether *evil*, that hardly so much of that we call *goodnesse* appears, as a bare *possibilitie* of becoming so.

Sect. 1. *His Names.*

If there be such a *Sin* in the *abuse* of words as some do think there is; and if it be true, that a great part of this *abuse* lies in giving *names* unto things, *contrarie* to their *Natures*, never was there a greater errour of this kind committed then here, for never Honest *name* was more abused, then this of *Gentleman*: indeed it is to be feared, that having been so long *misapplied*, it will at last find the like hard measure, with those other once more *Honest* Names of *Tyrant* and *Sophister*; and from a *Title* of *Honour* degenerate into a *term* of the greatest disgrace and infamy. It is indeed already made to be of no better a signification then this, to denote a Person of a *Licentious* and an *unbridled* life: for though it be as 'tis used, a word of a very uncertain

uncertain and *equivocal* ſound, and given at Random to perſons of far *different*, nay *contrarie* both *humours*, *deſcents*, and *merits*: yet if we look upon *him* that in this ſad age comes firſt in play, and carries both the *Feather* and the *Bell*, as the *firſt Horſe* in the *Team*, away from all the reſt: a *Gentleman* muſt be thought onely ſuch a man, as may, without *controle*, do what he *liſts*, and ſin with *applauſe*: One that eſteems it *baſe* and *ungentile*, to *fear* a God, to *own* a Law, or *Practiſe* a Religion: One who has ſtudied to bring *Sin* ſo much into *faſhion*, and with ſo much unhappy *Succeſſe*, that he is now accounted a *Clown* that is not *proud* to be thought a *Sinner*; and he as ridiculous as an *Antick*, who will not, without all *ſcruple*, proclaim himſelf an *Atheiſt*.

Some of the *wiſeſt* in the preſent world, have of a long time, (aſhamed, I ſuppoſe, to be known by the *ſame* name with ſuch a *Monſter*) thought it more fit to call him *Spark* or *Raunter*: and indeed the *former* Name carries ſo much of the *Fire* of Hell in the *ſignification*, the *other* ſo much of the *Abiſs* of Hell in the *ſound*, as may *almoſt*

ſuite

ſuit with the *Gentleman*'s Actions. But the *proudeſt* vice is aſhamed to wear it's *own* face long: Nor dare I believe the *Devil* to be much in love with his *own* Name; I am ſure *neither* is willing to be thought ſuch as in truth they are; but *wickedneſs* has worn *virtue*'s *maſk* quite thread-bare; and *Satan* hath ſo often appeared like an *Angel of Light*, that tis now evident, he is not enamoured of his *own Form*. And thus had the *Gentleman* too, rather *deſerve* then *wear* the Devils *Livery*: though he be willing enough to be the *man*, yet he abhors the *Name*. Thus he thinks *virtue* and *vice*, like his *Honour* and *Reputation*, no more, but the *creatures* of *Popular breath*; and that his eternal *Happineſſe* (as his Temporal *eſtate*) is entailed upon the *bare Name* alone, and by a little alteration of *that*, he may (when he pleaſes) tranſlate his *Title* from *Hell* to *Heaven*: So fondly Sollicitous he is (that I may uſe his own Language) to *Trepan* his own *Soul*, and by the Lamentable *Impoſture* of a *Borrowed* Name *cheat* her out of a moſt Glorious inheritance.

Hence he endeavours a little more to

Civilize

Civilize the Title, and calls himſelf in a more *pleaſing* language *Gallant*. In this he is apt to Phancy *charme* enough to bring even *Heaven* it ſelf *in love* with him; and make it, as the *trees* did *Orpheus*, to *follow* him whitherſoever he goeth: and certainly ſo it muſt, and with ſome ſpeed too, or he ſhall never ſee it, ſeeing he is alway *running*, as faſt as he can, the quite *contrarie* way. But, alas, this is all he is like to *gain* by the pittiful *exchange*: that whereas the ungrateful *ſound* of the *former* names did ſo ſtartle the *Devil*, that he was ready to quit his habitation, either as jealous of a *Rival* in the very words, or elſe afraid of a *Diſcoverie*, hearing his own *names* become ſo *common*, he is now bribed to ſtay by the *Flatterie* of this *latter*, and ſecurely *Lodges* in the *Gallant's* breaſt, without the leaſt fear of diſturbance.

But ſeeing the *Gallant* is ſo great a lover of *New Names*, I hope he will not be troubled, if I make bold to adde *one* more, and call him with no leſſe *reaſon*, but in more *words*, *The Devils Ghoſt*. For whileſt *Sathan* is put to a large *expence* of *time* and *Pains* to Haunt and Seduce *others*,

here

Here he meets with *one* not half so *coy*, but such an one as by his *unseasonable* kindnesse, seems to be a *trouble* rather, to the very *Fiend*, by *haunting* the *Devil*. And doubtlesse, if he go but on half so fast a while longer, as he has done of late years, he will *tire* and *puzzle* the whole numerous *Host* of *Hell*, to invent a *varietie* of *objects* answerable to *that* of his *Humour*.

To speak him out a little more plainly, our *English Gentleman*, as now a daies we commonly meet him, is such a *strange* kind of *thing*, that no *one* name will fit him. Such an *Heterogeneous* soul he is, that no lesse then a *Combination* of all the *vices* in the World, must be summoned in to make up a *Partial Description* of him: Of an *Essential Definition* I dare hardly think him capable, least thereby granting him a *compleat essence*, I should be forced, at least in a *Metaphysical* Notion, to call him *Good*. *Good-man* is a title he hath ever much scorned, and it is that which (if yet his *pride* will afford him any) he very truly thinks the fittest *compellation* for the poor honest *Labourer*. The same he will some-

times

times vouchsafe to beſtow upon thoſe few *Tennes* his *prodigalitie* has *ſpared* him. Such a *complicatie* of *evils* goes to his *conſtitution*, that ere we ſhall be able to fit him with a *name*, we muſt borrow it from *Sathan* himſelf, and call him *Legion*. As *ſin* and *vanitie* make up his very *Eſſence*; ſo can nothing but *wonder* and *ſhame* compoſe *his character*.

Sect. 2. *His Nature in General.*

You have heard his *name*, and now take a farther *General* deſcription of him thus. The *Gallant* is a pretty, neat, Phantaſtical *out-ſide* of a *man*, and if you dare alway believe your eye, 'tis not unlikely you may (now and then) be ſo much *deceived*, as to think him *ſomething*. But a true *man* you can never imagine him, he hath too long ago ſhaked hands with his *Reaſon*, and now counts it the greateſt degree of *baſeneſſe* in the world, to live what *Nature* made him, or to ſeem beholding for any thing unto ought, but his own *Humour*.

He is a well-digeſted *bundle* of moſt

coſtly

coſtly vanities, and he is evermore tumbling up and down the ſtreets to gather more of that ſame *chargeable dirt*: as if he ſhould have enough to excuſe his ſin, when he can at once ſay, it is both *glorious* and *coſtly*. You may call him a *Volume* of *Methodical Erratas* bound up in a *gilt cover*, and his onely commendation is this, that his *diſorders* ſeem to be *orderly*, and his *Errors* not *Caſual* but *Studied*, and he can tell how to *ſin* moſt *ingenuouſly*. He is a *curiouſly* wrought *Cabinet* full of *Shels* and other *Trumperie*, which were much better quite *emptie*, than ſo emptily *full*. He is a piece of ordinary *clay* ſtuck round with *Briſtol Diamonds*, pretty ſparkling things, which for a time might perhaps make a *gay ſhow* in a *fool's cap*, or on a *Dung-hil*, but in a *Lapidarie's ſhop*, amongſt *true* ſtones, have only ſo much *luſtre* left, as will prove themſelves to be but *counterfeit*. Such a ſilly *Glow-worm* may look like a little *Star* in the *Dark*, but its *Splendour* is alwaies ſure to be *benighted* with the *Riſeing Sun*. Tis no ſmall advantage for this fine *Sir* to live in this *Night* of the world, where that very *darkneſſe* of *ignorant*

rance which *obscures* the great virtues of so many good men, is the onely thing that makes his *wild-fires* so *visible* as to be taken notice of. He is the *Rich Scabbard* of a *Leaden Spirit*, and that very *dulnesse* of mettal, makes him endure so long in the world, whilest the *keener* zeal of *nobler* Souls, soon makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into *Heaven*. I do heartily wish he would give us no reason to call him, The *painted Sepulchre* of a *Soul Dead and rotten in Trespasses and Sins*: If this Comparison will ever fit any man that is no *Hypocrite*, certainly 'tis the *Swaggering Gentleman*.

He is a *mans skin* full of *prophaneness*, a *Paradise* full of *weeds*, an *Heaven* full of *Devils*, or *Sathans Bedchamber* too richly hung with *Arras* of God's own making: such an *Excellencie* would he fain hold in the *basest Iniquitie*. He can be thought no better then a *Promethean* Man, at best but a lump of *animated dirt* kneaded into *Human shape*, and if he have any such thing as a *Soul* (which he shall hardly be able to perswade any man to believe that sees how little *care* he takes to *save* it)

it seems to be *pateh'd* up of *vice* and *Bravery*.

If you would come acquainted with his *pedigree*, let *Sin* be your *Herald*, and it will be sufficient to tell you, he was the *Son* of an *Offender*. His very *name's* enough to *blast* the *Nobility* of all that went before him, and to breath a perpetuall *disgrace* upon the sleeping ashes of his worthy *Progenitors*. There may be some *question* made, whether he needs *fear* going into *Hell* or no at his *death*; because he has been so well *acquainted* with it in his *life time*; whether if he have not leave every day to take his full *Carier*, he thinks, his *Soul* bereav'd of her *Christian Libertie*; as if he had no other way left him of imitating the blessed *Saviour* of mankind, but by often *descending into Hell*. O what a piece of *Gallantrie* is it now a daies for a man to *give* his *Soul* to the *Devil* in a *Frolick*! It is the part of a *Gentleman* to out-brave *Damnation*, and not to be daunted with the thoughts of a future *Judgment*: A retreat into *Sobrietie* would betray such an *Effeminacie* of spirit, as might argue him in love with a *Religion*; and make the world believe

believe he were such a *Coward* as might be *Frighted* into *Pietie*. Every *pettie* sinner can *outface* an *Earthly*, he'l do his best to *out-vapour* an *Heavenly* Tribunal; and make it appear unto all, that a *Gentleman* has a *spirit*, dares go to *Hell*, before he will be said to *fear* it. Indeed *he* alone seems to have the art of turning *Nature* upside down, and will onely be a perfect *man* at the *Pap*, when he is *wean'd* he gives both his *humanitie* and *Innocencie* to his *Nurse* for her *wages*, I am sure he is *rarely*, if *ever*, after that time, seen to have *either* about him. In short, the *Gentleman* is nothing that he *should* be: His whole *life* is a flat *Contradiction* to his *dutie*: His constant *studie* is to teach his *Bodie* how to put *affronts* upon his *soul*, and to give him the *lie* who dare tell him there are any *hopes* it may be *saved*: He laughs at him that tells him there is any other *Heaven* then that of his own *creating*; any other *happinesse* besides his *pleasures*, or an *Hell* diverse from that which *Christianitie* has objected to the *Cowards Phancy*. He has the *Courage* to be *any* thing but *what he should* be, an *honest man*, or a *good Christian*.

§ 3. *His Calling or Imployment.*

The *Gallants* General *Calling* and *Employment* is, to ſcorn all *buſineſs*, but the Study of the *Modes* and *Vices* of the times: and herein he ſpares not to rack his *brains*, and rob his *ſoul* as much of her *Natural* as her *ſpiritual* reſt, to ſupply the *wanton* world with *varietie* of Inventions. He takes an eſpecial care that nothing may ever appear *old* about him, but the *old Man of ſin*, and him he every day expoſes to Publick view in a *ſeveral Dreſſe*, that (if it be poſſible) he may perſwade the world to believe that all *there* is *New* too. Indeed ſo *miſerably* happy is he in *Inventions* of this ſinful Nature, that any man, who had not a *ſpiritual* eye, to diſcern the ſame *Proud* and *Luxurious Devil* in all his Actions, would almoſt think he had a *new Nature* as well as a *new Suite* for every day throughout the Year.

Thus he that thinks it ſo much *below* him, to be reckon'd amongſt the *Labourers* in Gods *Houſe* or *Vineyard*; and diſdains to receive his *Penny*, with thoſe he

ſhould

ſhould call his brethren, either as a *Reward* or a *Gratuitie*; but ſeems rather to expect it as a *Debt*, or *Portion* due by *Inheritance*: Yet is he content to ſit all day long in *Sathan's Shop*, one of his Slaviſh *Prentices* or *Journy-men*, who feeds him with courſe and *Emptie Huſks* here, and will reward him with an *Heliſul* of torments for his *labour* hereafter.

He is all but a *Proud* and *Gliſtring Maſſe* of *ſwaggering idleneſſe*: and he makes it his chief Study to Demonſtrate to the world, how many ſeveral waies *Idleneſſe* has found out to be *buſie*. He takes this for granted (as well he may) that he is not *Idle* but *Dead* that does juſt *nothing*. It is his task ever to be doing, *nothing* to a *Good*, but much to a *bad* or no Purpoſe. Though he may often ſeem to ſit *ſtill*, and not to *move* ſo much as a little finger, yet even *then* is his *ſoul* cloſe at *work*, plotting and Contriving how he may for the time to come be moſt *Paſſibly Idle*. He acts ſo little for the *Publick Good*, as if he were afraid he ſhould be thought a *Member* of *Mankind*, or as if the onely *buſineſſe* God intended him,

were but to take care, that he continue *breathing*. He lives indeed as if he meant to prove, that God Almighty had *made* him to no other *end* but this, to shew the world that he could make *something* whereof he had no *need* when *made*; as if whilest he created *other* men for *use* and *service*, he intended *him* onely, as *Artists* do some of their *neatest* but *slightest* pieces of work to stand upon a *stall*, or hang out upon a *sign* at the Shop-windows, to shew *passengers* with what the *Shop* is furnish'd within. Or if you will, you may look upon him as upon the *painted sign* of a *Man hung* up in the *Aire*, only to be *toss'd* to and fro, with every wind of *Temptation* and *Vanitie*. Such a vain *shadow* or *Picture* is he, that were there no more but himself I should take the boldnesse to Affirm there were no such *Creature* as a *Man* in the world.

To me he seems of no more worth then a Piece of *Out-cast Iron*, lying *useless* upon the face of the Earth, till his *soul* be even *eaten* away with *Rust* and *Sloath*. *God* made him a *Man*, but to prove *himself* his own *God* by a *second Creation*, he endea-

vours

yours to *make* himself a *Bruit*, nay a senseless *Carkesse* that only *Cumbers* the *Earth*, & is fit for nothing but to *dung* the ground it lies upon, and *stink* in the Nostrils of the most High. If ever he *sweat*, it is in pursuit of a *feather*, at his *play* and *sport*, in *running* away from his *Work*, and in the *chase* after his *Ease*: And yet even in *that* he can never *rest*, this indeed being the Natural fruit of *Idlenesse*, that it makes the *sluggard* weary, not onely of whatsoever he *doth*, but even of *Idlenesse* it self.

§. 4. *His Education and Breeding.*

So soon as his *age* is capable of *Instruction* and *Discipline* he is sent to *School*, or rather by reason of too great an Indulgence in his fond Parents, the *School* is brought *home* to him; where if the fooliſh *Mother* do not more awe the *School-master* then *he* his *Scholar*, the *Rod* and an *empty purse* together do for a while preserve him *himself*: But it shall not be long, ere he find room enough *abroad* in the world, wherein he may *lose* himself again. Yet

truly it is a great rarity in this Age, to ſee the earlieſt *Morning* of *Youth*, unclouded by the *fumes* and vapours of *luſt*. It being too uſual a thing with the *debauch'd father*, to make his *child*, as we uſe to ſay, over early his *Fathers own Son*.

Moſt *Gentlemen* ſeem to make it a ſpecial piece of their *fatherly* care to ſtave off their *Children* as long as they can from *Virtue* and *Religion*; leſt therein reſembling *better men* then their *Fathers*, ſome might take occaſion to think them *ſpurious*. To infuſe ſo early into the *Young Child* the *graver* Notions of God and Goodneſſe, were to make him *Old* before his time, and theſe would look no better then ſo many *wrinkles* and *furrowes* in the *freſh* cheeks of an *infant*: alas, what were this but an *unſpiriting* of the *child*, and laying an unſeaſonable *Damp* upon the comely *ſprightfulneſſe* of *Youth*? 'Tis fit he ſhould be man'd up by *bold* and *daring* exerciſes, and as men uſe their *Hounds*, be *blooded* now when he is young. *Divinitie* and *Moralitie* are ſuppoſed too much to *mollifie* and *emaſculate* the brave ſoul of a *Young Gentleman*, and make it of too *ſoft* and *facile* a temper

temper for *Noble* and *Generous* actions. To inſtruct him how *hereafter* he ſhould manfully reſiſt his *Enemies*, he ſhall *firſt* be taught to fight againſt *God* and *Goodneſſe*. It is indeed moſt lamentable to conſider how very few of thoſe we call *Gentlemen* endeavour to make their *Children* either *hôneſt men* or *good Chriſtians*: as if it were their only *buſineſs* to *beget* them, and when they are come into the world, to *teach* them by their own *example*, how they may moſt *unprofitablie* ſpend the ſhort *leavings* of their own *Luxurie*. Thus at their *death* leave they them *doubly* Miſerable in bequeathing them, *firſt*, little to live upon, and *ſecondly*, many waies to ſpend it. Indeed the greateſt *Charitie* and *Providence* in ſuch *Prodigal Parents*, were either *not* to beget Children *at all*, or to beget them *meer beggars*, that ſo they might not *give* them, with their *eſtates*, ſo many unhappy *oppertunities* of becoming altogether as *bad* as themſelves.

But the *Hopefful Youth* muſt be a *Gentleman*, and in all haſt he muſt be ſent to ſee the *Univerſitie* or *Inns* of *Court*; and that before he well knows what it is to go to *ſchool*. Whither he comes, not to get

Learning

Learning or *Religion*, but for *breeding*, that is, to enable himself hereafter to *talk* of the *Customes* and *Fashions* of the Place. Here he gets him a *Tutor*, and keeps him (as he doth all things else) for *Fashions* sake. Such an one who may serve at least, as *poor Boyes* do in some *Princes* Courts, to *sustain* the blame of the *Young Gentlemens* miscarriages, and whom the *Father* may *chide* and *beat* when the *son* is found in a *fault*: Indeed this care is taken for the good *Tutor*, that if his *Scholar* chance to return *home* (as too seldome he does) with either *Scholarship* or *Pietie*, he shall then have the *credit* or *discredit* (call it which you will) of *making* the *Scholar*, or *spoiling* the *Gentleman*: seeing his *Parents* had taken order he should bring *neither* of the two along with him. Here perhaps he is permitted to continue a *year* or *two*, if he have no *Mother* upon whom he must bestow at least *three* parts of that time in *visits*, else his *Father* knows not well where he may with more *credit* loose so much good *time*, or if it may be afraid it will be a greater *trouble* to keep him at *home*. In this time he will, in all probability have

learn'd

learn'd how to make a choice of his *boon Companions*, how to *raile* at the *Statutes* and break all good *Orders*; How to wear a *Gaudy Suite*, and a *Torn Gown*; To *curse* his *Tutor* by the name of *Baal's Priest*, and to sell more books in half an *hour*, then he had bought him in a *year*; To *forget* the *second* year what perhaps for *want* of *acquaintance* with the *Vices* of the *place* he was forced for a *Passe-time* to *learn* in the *first*; and then he thinks he has *learning* enough for *him* and his *heirs* for ever.

And now that he may be able to *maintain* his *title* to so wretched an *estate*, it is time he should be hastend'd away to some *Inn of Court*, there to study the *Law* as he did the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences* in the *Colledge*. Here his *pretence* is to *study* and *follow* the Law, but it's his *Resolution* never to *know* or *obey* it: If in any measure he do apply himself to it, it is to this one *end*, that he may know how to *plead* for himself when he *breaks* it: or to attain at last to so much more *Law* than *Honestie*, as to *cozen* him that has more *Honestie* than *Law*. Here indeed he learns to be (in his

his Notion of the Man) somewhat more a *Gentleman* then before, having now the *Mock-happinesse* of a *Licentious* life, and a *Manumission* from the *Tyrannie* (as he terms it) of a *School-master* and *Tutor*. This he reckons the happy *Year* of his *Enfranchisement*, and in *Commemoration* whereof his whole *life time* is to be one continued *day* of *rejoycing*. From this time forward he resolves to be a *Gentleman* indeed, and now begins to clear himself from all *suspicion* of *Goodness*, which *constraint* and *fear*, make some believe there was a *Possibilitie* of before.

§. 5. *His habit and Garb.*

As his *condition of life* seems now to be *New*, so does he endeavour that *all* should appear *New* about him, except his *vices* and his *Religion*; He is too much in *love* with *those*, to *change* them, and the *latter* he cannot *change*, because he never *had* any. *Pride* and *Wantonness* have a very *rare* and *readie* invention: heres a *New Garb*, New *Cloaths*, and a New *bodie* too, O could he but once get him a *New soul*, or no *soul*, he

he might be thought *happy*. When you look upon his *Apparel*, you will be apt to ſay, he wears his *Heaven* upon his *back*; and truly ('tis too much to be fear'd) there you ſee as much of it, as he ever ſhall. He is trick'd up in *Gauderies*, as if he had reſolved to make his *Bodie* a *Lure* for the *Devil*, and with this *Braverie* would make a *baite*, ſhould *tempt* the *Tempter* to fall in *love* with him. He looks as if he had *prevented* our firſt *Mother* in ſinning, and wanting *patience* to *ſtay* for the *fruit*, had pluck'd the very *bloſſomes*, and now wore them about him for *Ornaments*. His *Suite* ſeems to be *made* of *Lace* or *Ribbon*, *trim'd* with *Cloath*. By his *varietie* of *Faſhions* he goes nigh to cheat his *Creditors*, who for this reaſon dare never ſwear him to be the *ſame* man they formerly had to deal withall. His *Mercer* may very well be afraid to loſe him in a *Labyrinth* of his *own* cloath, which yet *ſits*, or *hangs* (ſhall I ſay) for the moſt part ſo *looſely* about him, as if it were ever ready to *fly* away for fear of the *Serjeant*. Alas, how often is he proud of a *Feather* in his *Hat*, which a ſilly *Bird* was but a while ago *wearie* of

carrying

carrying in her *tayle*? Do but take him in that condition wherein you may commonly be sure to find him, he will make a compleat *walking Tavern*. His *head* and *Feather* will serve both for *sign* and *Bush*. If you observe but a little his strange *Garb* and *Behaviour*, either *that* wherein he walks the *Streets*, or that other more *set* and *affected* one reserved for his *form* of *Complement*, you would conclude he were going to show *Tricks*; I am sure he wants nothing but a *stage* erected for the purpose. He takes as much care and pains to *new-mold* his *Body* at the *Dancing-schoole*, as if the onely *shame* he fear'd were the retaining of that *Form* which *God* and *Nature* gave him. Sometimes he walks as if he went in a *Frame*, again as if both head and every member of him *turned* upon *Hinges*. Every step he takes presents you with a perfect *Puppit-play*. And *Rome* it self could not in an *Age* have shown you more *Antiques* then one of our *Gentlemen* is able to imitate in *half* an hour: whose whole *life* is indeed no other then one *studied* imitation of all the *vanities* imaginable; and by his dayly practice, a man would

guess

gueſſe there could be no ſuch ready way invented of becoming a *Gentleman*, as to *degenerate* firſt into that *Beaſt*, which now, if ever, is moſt like a man, an *Ape*. Such an *Honourable* creature has he made *himſelf*, who accounts it below him to be numbred among the *ordinarie* ſort of *men*.

§. 6. *His Language and Diſcourſe.*

His *Language* and *Diſcourſe* are altogether ſuitable to his *Habit* and *Garb*; all *affected* and *Apiſh*, but indeed for the moſt part much more *vile*, *ſinful* and *Abominable*. When it is moſt *Innocent*, then is it *Idle* and *Light*, and then moſt *quaint* and *Rhetorical*, when *Drolling* or *Prophane*. Although he make it his whole buſineſſe whenſoever he *dares* to be *Bookiſh* (which indeed he dreads as much as any thing but to be Good) to furniſh himſelf with an *Elegant* and *Courtlike expreſſion*; yet will all but amount to this at moſt, that ſometimes he may be *able* to talk well, and ſhow us how much he is a better *Speaker* than a *man*: That he ſhall be able to *carve* out his *Language* into ſome of the

moſt

most *Modish* and *Dissembling Compliments*, and to *Interland* an affected discourse, with many an *Impertinent Parenthesis*. And then amidst all this his *Time-observing* hand and foot do so *point*, *accent* and *Adorn* all with Curious and Phantastick *flourishes*, that his *words* are often as much *lost* in his *Actions*, as his *sense* in his *words*.

A piece of *naiste Rombast* denominates him one of the great *Wits*, where the *substance* of his discourse (if it have any) is dress'd up in so *rude* and *Antique* a form; that *staring* (as it were) the hearer in his face, it goes nigh to *scare* him out of his *Wits*.

If *Don Quixot* or some *Romance* more in Fashion, can but furnish him with a few *New coyn'd* words, and an *Idle tale* or two to make up his talk at the next *Ordinarie*, in his own fond *Conceit*, and by the *votes* of his simple Companions, he is carried up to *Heaven*; a wanton piece of *Drollerie* will send him *beyond* it.

To be truly *Ingenious* is not the way to *Humour* his *Frollick companions*, and therefore he is put to study out something else which must serve for a while in lead of

wit,

wit, and 'tis ſtrange, he can think of nothing will do this ſo well as *flat fooleries*; for moſt perfectly ſuch is that *drolling* vein wherein he is ſo frequently induſtrious to ſhew himſelf a *witty fool*. What a *learned* Age is this we live in, when he is the beſt *Companion* for a *Gentleman*, who can beſt act the *Ruſtick*, and moſt facilely imitate the *rudeneſſe* and *Flatneſſe* of his *Language*? and when he alone muſt be eſteem'd the *Wit*, who can *neatlieſt* play the *fool* to Humour *Mad Men*? To be *ſober* or *ſerious* in the *Gentlemans* Dictionary, ſignifies juſt as much as to be *Dull* and *Blockiſh*. A *Phancy* which dares not *roave* about, beyond the limits of *ſobriety* and *diſcretion*, nor proclaim her ſelf to be moſt *affectedly prophane*, or as induſtriouſly *vain* and *idle*, is a *Bird* that has no *note* ſweet enough for his *Cage*. 'Tis a wonderful thing to ſee, how the *Apiſh Ingenuity* of this Age, has cut the very throat of all *ſober invention*, and *Genuine wit*. A *Mimical* tone, a *Phantaſtick* action, a *Couchant* ſenſe, and a Phraſe *Rampant*, quarter the *Coat* of our Modern *Gentile Wit*. Such are the *ſpungy Ears*

of moſt Companions, that they will *ſuck* in nothing but *froth*: And the *Gentleman* looks upon him as a poor *ſolitarie fool*, who will not thus make himſelf an *Aſſe* for *compānie*.

But (alas) all theſe are but the *Innocent recreations* of his *Tongue*, wherein it *ſports* it ſelf in its *Infancie*, ere it attain to that *nimbleneſs* and *volubility* of expreſſion which becomes a *Gentleman*. He is not alwaies delighted in theſe *ſoft* walks; but as he grows more a *man*, he chooſes him *rougher* paths, and more *manly* exerciſes. By degrees he ſteps up from *Idleneſſe*, and *Emptineſſe*, *fooleric* and *drollerie*, to *ſcurrilitie* & *obloquy*; when at every ſtep he *tramples* ſome *good* Mans *Honour* in the *Duſt*; at each word he *ſpits* in the *face* of his *Betters*, and labors to *beſpatter*, with the *Dirt* of *Infamy* and *Diſgrace*, every *name* and *reputation* that ſtands above his *own*: And you may be ſure he will ever throw the *blackeſt dirt* upon the *faireſt face*, where it may certainly do the greateſt *miſchief*, and be moſt *conſpicuous*. Like an experienced *Archer*, he never miſſes the *white*; but (as good luck is) ſuch is the *Impenetrabilitie* of *Innocence*, when

dauted

darted at by the poyson'd *Arrows* of *Envy*, he never *holes* it. If this black *breath* of his could *blow out*, or *eclipse* those *lights* that shine *brightest*, we should not have one *star* left in virtues *Heaven*: And those *lights* which were sent into the world to *guide* him timely and truly out of it into a *better*, he *first* endeavours to *extinguish*, that so he may without *check* or *shame* wander through all *the works of darkness* into *Hell*. What so often in his mouth, as, that which he never names, but with the *deepest* accent of *scorn* and *disdain*, a *Paltrie Parson*? and he does not stick often to tell him to his face, that when he comes to have as much *wit* as *zeal*, he will begin to tell him another *tale* then that of *Heaven*; that he may do well to keep him to his *tub*, and tell a *precise storie*, once or twice a week, to his *Ignorant Auditors* in his *Country Church*, and forbear to read *Lectures* of *Godlinesse* to *persons whom* he should be afraid to *look* upon but at a *distance*. That *he* brought more learning from *school* with him, then all the *Canonical Cassocks* and *Girdles* in the Nation, with all their tough *Logical Notions*, and *knotty Metaphysicks* shall be ever able to contain.

With a thousand more such like *ravings* of a *wild* and *Atheistical* brain. I shall willingly forbear to *personate* him any farther in them, lest he might think me *able* (as I hope I shall never be) to reach the *Frantick* strain of his loose and prophane *Railleries*.

Neither are his *discourses* less *beastly* then *divellish*, lesse *filthy* then *malicious*. So foul, *obscene*, and nauseous for the most part are his *words*, that some one or other as little *acquainted* with a God as *himself*, will be apt to conclude, that *nature spoyl'd* him in the making, and set his *Mouth* at the *wrong end* of his *Body*. Certainly there must be a *corrupted* and *putrified Soul* within, whence there dayly steams out so much odious & *stinking breath*. Indeed so strangely is the *Gentlemans Palate* distemper'd by this same loathsom *Disease*, that he can now relish just nothing but the very *Excrements* of *discourse*. He is not onely taken with the *wanton* Language and *Lascivious* Dialect of Love, wherein to accomplish himself, he makes it too much his business to collect what he can out of all the loose *pastorals*, Beastly *Poems*, and *Bandy* pieces of *drollerie*, which by their *number* seem to turn

turn our *Book-sellers shops* into so many *Jakes*: But he takes a great deal of pleasure to *lick* with his *tongue* the nauseous *Botches*, and Putrified *sores*, and the infectious *Leprosies* of *wit*. O how does he delight to *dwell* upon the *sore* place of an obscene Poem! and he never *commends* the *Poet* for any thing but his *Infirmities*. He is no *company* for the *Gallant* of late, who will not once at least before the close of every Period commit *Lip-adulterie*. As there is not any more filthy vice of the tongue then this; so neither do I ever find the Gentleman more in Love with any other; Except it be that one which I am now to name.

And that is it, which indeed I *tremble* to *mention*, though he esteems it the greatest *Grace* and *Ornament* of his Discourse. I mean, *Swearing*. For as the *Gentleman* seems continually to *measure* out his *time* by *sins* instead of *minutes*; so his *louder Oaths*, were they not so very frequent, might well be compared to the *great Clock*, which gives us notice how his *hours* passe. This is that pleasing part of his Language, wherein he so ordinarily bids *defiance* to his *God*, and so powerfully *courts* the *Devil*; with whom

by this means he has a *frequent Converse* as if he were his *Familiar*. And he has so great a variety of these Hellish *complements*, that the *Master* of that *Language Sathan* himself may in a little time stand in need of an *Interpreter* to understand him.

This is a *sin* to which there are so few colourable *Inducements* or *provocations*, that *herein*, or not at all, the *Gallant* shews his *Proficiencie* under that *Good Master* he serves, and proves how *straight* he can go to *Hell*, and how *fast*, without a *guide* or *baite*. Here indeed he seems to cry out upon Eve for a *lazy* and *dull* sinner, whilst in every *Oath* he loudly *swears*, that *soul* not to be worth a damning which cannot *sin* without a *temptation*. 'Tis here he expresses his great *Charitie* to the *Devil*, for as if he were afraid the *tempter* should have too great a *load* of *other* mens *sins* at the *last* and *great* day of accounts, he freely *exempts* him from putting his *helping hand* to *some* of his sins, and openly professes he is able to go far enough *out* of the way to *Heaven* without a *seducer*.

How many *horrible* and *hideous Oaths* doth

doth he dayly *invent*, onely to *swell* up his *cheeks*, and makes his *words* sound *high* and *big* in the ears of those that *tremble* not to hear him? with what *boldnesse* and *pride* does he abuse Gods most *Holy* and *tremendous Name*, by making it a *cloak* and *varnish* to set off his most *false*, *loose*, and *prophane* speeches. As if indeed he had this desperate *design* upon Almighty God, to render his sacred *Name odious* to the world, by taking it so often into his *prophane lips*.

Unto *this* we may here adde that *other* as common extravagancy of his *Tongue*, which is the *abusing* and making a *Mock* of Gods *Word*, as well as his *Name*. His *Rhetorick* seems all *Low* and *Flat* so long as his *Metaphors* lye on *this* side *Prophanenesse*; but when he has once got a *trick* to *heave* up his *cheeks*, and *set his face against the Heavens*, and to *emboss* his discourse with a *Rumbling Oath*, then he begins to think himself an *Orator* with a *witnesse*.

§ 7. *His Religion and Conversation.*

I am afraid it is now too late to tell you what is the *Gentlemans Religion*, seeing he

has so very little either of *honesty* or *humanity*. The *sad* truth is, he is so far from being indeed *religious*, that he is *ashamed* of nothing so much as that any man should have the *charitie* to *think* him so. Against this *Ignominious brand* of a *Godly man*, he takes the readiest course he can to *vindicate* himself, that is, openly to *deride* all those that own it; *laughing* aloud at *all such* as have more *Religion* then *himself*. The chief *Ceremony* of his *Religion* next to that of *blaspheming* his *God*, is lustily to *curse* the *Devil*: and to *declaim* both against *Heaven* and *Hell* in a breath. It is below a *Gentleman* to be a *Beggar*, though at the *Gates* of *Heaven*, and the *Throne of Grace*, and he dos as much *scorn* to *say* his *Prayers*, as to *beg* his *bread*. Nothing but *Necessitie* can perswade him to do either. *Devotion* and *Humilitie* are names wholly inconsistent with *Nobilitie* and *Gallantrie*; These become not that *brave Heroick Spirit*, which had *rather* chuse to *starve* even his *soul* to all *eternitie*, then to receive *salvation* it self at the *expence* of a *petition*. 'Tis for such *faint hearted* creatures as have not the *courage* to undergo with *Alacritie* the *torments* of *Hell fire*,

to

to *ſtoop* ſo low, as to beg an *Heaven* on their *knees*: Alas he ſees no ſuch *lovelyneſs* in the *things above*, as may oblige him to ſo *ſubmiſſive a Courtſhip*: And yet he is ſo confident to *enjoy* them *all* at laſt, as if he thought God would be *beholding* to him for *accepting* his bleſſings: or as ſome fooliſh *lovers* take occaſion to *double* their *addreſſes* from the *unkindneſſe* of a *Coy Miſtreſs*, God would the more *earneſtly* importune him to be *ſaved*, the more *diſdainfully* he looks upon *ſalvation*.

If ever the *Gentleman* appears at *Church*, it is but to give you a teſtimony of his *courage*, whereby he ſhows how he *dare* ſometimes *venture* upon what he moſt *fears*. But then he behaves himſelf ſo *proudly* there, as if he would *command* the *great* God of *Heaven* and *Earth* to *keep his diſtance*; and he may be ſure, *ſo* he will, for he will *draw nigh* unto *none* but ſuch as will firſt *draw nigh* unto *him*. But ſometimes his appearance in the *holy Aſſembly* argues more *Cowardice* than *Courage*, and ſhews that he *fears* the *Conſtable* more than *God*; and to be *religious* more then appear ſo. Here if he ſtay long, he is no leſſe *pain'd* in *hearing* the

the *Sermon*, then if both his *Ears* were fast *nailed* to the *Pillorie*. To prevent *tediousness* and to give himself as much *ease* as may be; he *picks* up *here* and *there* something from the *Preacher* to make *merry* with, at the next *meeting*: Or else he *meditates* upon the *Ladies* as they sit in their *Sundaies-beauties*; and then he *returns* from the *Church*, as most do who come thither with no better *intentions*, ten-times more an *Atheist* then he came.

But as fast as the *Gentlemans Atheism* has taught him to *jeer* and *laugh* at all *those* who are so *soft-hearted*, as to profesſe a *Religion*, so well has their *Religion* taught them to *pitty* and *pray* for him that has none.

If the *Gallant* have no *estate* (as many who think themselves *Gentlemen* have *none*) he makes his *vices* his *trade*, and so *trafficks* first for a *living*, and then for *damnation*. The *Tavern*, for the most part, is his *Exchange*, where having prepared the way for *one wickedness* by *another*, some *drunken cheat* is usually the *Enriching Bargain*; and this, when discover'd, must pass by the name of an *Ingenious frolick*. Here he lies *drinking* out the *day*, except he be forced to *sleep* out

the

the laſt *nights* Intemperance. This is the ſtage of his *wit* and *wantonneſſe*: where he thinks himſelf a *Champion*, when he can kick *two* down ſtairs at *once*, the *drawer* and his *bottle*, and ſound the *Alarm* to the *ſkirmiſh* in a loud *peal* of new-faſhion'd *curſes*. After all's done there, he walks the *ſtreets* as *light* in his *head* as his *purſe*, and much oftener ſalutes the *Pavement* then the *Paſſengers*.

He drinks as *ſtoutly*, as if he meant to carry *liquor* enough with him in his Belly to quench the *flames* of Hell; or rather as if he meant to *drink* himſelf ſo far into a *Beaſt*, as he might thereby become *uncapable* of *Damnation*. When he has drunk his fill, he ſtudies how to make the next young *heir* he meets with *pay* the reckoning. If he chance to meet with ſome poor innocent *Lady*, whom a *ſweet word* or *two* may make his miſerable *prey*, he makes a ſhift to ſcrue a *ring* or *two* off her *finger*, and this will both pay the *ſhot*, and his *common ſhe* for his next nights *lodging*.

In a word, this *Ranting Gentleman* is a *Golden*, or at leaſt a *Gilded ſinner*, a *Royal ſlave*, a *Prodigal ſpark*; one who hates no *name* ſo much as that of *Chriſtian*; becauſe he

he is afraid it would make him *melancholy*. He travails over the wide *world* of ſin, till he have as little *money* as *Religion*, and no more *credit* than *mony*. So that he is uſually at laſt conſtrain'd either to lie *hid*, and ſo become his *own priſoner*, or to *pawn* his *Body* to his *Goaler* for his *chamber*, or elſe to become a *Citizen* of the *World*, and ſo at laſt is *every where* at *home*, becauſe he is indeed at *home no where*.

§. 8. *An Apologie for this part of the Character.*

Perhaps you may here expect my *apology* for making ſo *bold* with the *Gallant*, as in the foregoing lines I have done, which I am ſo far from *acknowledging* my ſelf *obliged* to do, that I ſhall *hardly* obtain mine own *pardon* for being no *bolder*. 'Tis out of no other *reſpect* then a tender *compaſſion* to his *Perſon*, and a moſt perfect *hatred* of his *waies*, that I *here* take leave of him. In good earneſt (Sir) I have not the *patience* to *follow* him any farther, no not in thoſe *paths* wherein he *walks* with ſo much *Pride* and *Complacencie*. If he think I have uſed him too

unkind-

unkindly, I ſhall onely anſwer, that it is no half ſo *ill* as he uſes himſelf: who by being ſo much his own *enemie*, has found out a very eaſie way for his *beſt friends* to be *ſo* too, and yet ſolve the *Contradiction* by an obvious *diſtinction* betwixt his *Spiritual* and his *Carnal ſelf*.

I thank God, I have learn'd to *hate a vice* in my *beſt friend*, and the more I hate it, the *better* I *love* my friend, whom I ſhall ever wiſh *ſo* well, as that he may continue *for ever virtuous*, that ſo I may *for ever* have his *friendſhip*. And I have as well learn'd to *love* the *ſoul* of my moſt *vicious enemie*, and the rather becauſe I know my *Saviour* did as *much* for *me*.

I dare not think a *ſinner* needs my *prayers* one jot the *leſs*, but much *more* my *pitie*, becauſe he pretends to be a *Gentleman*. I am ſure he would ſay as much himſelf, if he could but ſeriouſly conſider what *diſtinction* of *blood* or *degrees* there is to be expected in *hell*, or what *reſpect* will there be ſhewn to the *ſon* of a *Prince* more than to a *Beggar*. Which was beſt rewarded, the *Noble Dives*, or the *poor* and ſo long *deſpiſed Lazarus*; A *Captive* is ſtill to be look'd

upon

upon as a *Captive*, though it be his lot to lie *bound* in *Fetters* of *Gold*, and to have a ſtately *Palace* for his *Priſon*: Nor ſhal I think that *Malefactors* torment much the leſſe, who has the *honour* at his *execution* to have his *Fatal Pile* made up of all the richeſt *Spices* of *Arabia*. How great an *happineſſe* found he in his *death*, whoſe *ſentence* it was to be *ſmother'd* to death in a *Bed* of *Roſes*? That *Priſoner* may be in a *merry*, but in no very *good* Condition, who, when he ſhould be ſinging *Pſalms* unto his *God*, and ſo with the *Captive Apoſtles* ſet his *ſoul* at *liberty*; when he ſhould on the *wings* of *Devotion* ſend her out with *Noahs Dove*, to fetch in the *Olive-branch* of *Peace* and *libertie* from *Heaven*; when he ſhould do all this, can yet in a *rough* Note, and ſome *wild disjoynted Catch*, Crown his Cups, and *Invoke* the curs'd Inhabitants of Hell in an *Health* to the *Devil*: whatever *others* better *bred* and of a more *Gentile* Education may think of him, I ſhall never be able to *commend* ſuch a mans *courage* and *Alacrity*: But this I ſhall (I hope) be able to do, with all the due affections of a *Charitable Chriſtian*, *bewaile* his *madneſſe*, *Lament* his

Folly

Folly, and earneſtly *pray* that God would at length in great *mercy*, *reſtore* him to his *loſt ſelf* and *ſenſes*. Thus would I hold my ſelf bound to pray for a *Mad-man*, and truly no otherwiſe for our *Engliſh* Gallant: For were it my purpoſe to ſhew how *eaſily* a man might *be*, rather then how *hard* it is for him *not* to be, *Satyrical* upon ſo *foul* a Subject; or did I not more deſire with *oyl* to *heal* then with *ſalt* and *vinegar* to *vex* his *wounds*, I could, without the leaſt wreſting, fully apply unto the *Perſon* we ſpeak of, all the *Symptoms* and *degrees* of the moſt *extream madneſſe* or *brutiſh folly* imaginable. But I leave him here, and for thoſe others which are behind I ſhall ſtudy more *Brevitie* if not leſſe *Bitterneſſe*.

SECT.

SECT. II.

§. 1. *The ſecond ſort of Gentlemen not to be reckon'd among ſt thoſe which are truly ſuch.*

I Would not have you think (*Sir*) that I have done with the *ſpurious Gentleman* when I have done with the *Gallant*. I ſhould do ſome *violence* to the *true* Gentlemans *virtues*, ſhould I ſay all that are not included in the foregoing *Character* are *juſt* ſuch as *he*, and deal ſomewhat too *ſeverely* with him of whom I am now to ſpeak, if I ſhould conclude all that are *none* of the *beſt*, to be the *very worſt*. I find my ſelf therefore neceſſitated to ſay a little of *another*, who, though he may be thought by many degrees above the *former*, yet have I no reaſon to call him a *Saint*. If we eye the *common courſe* of his life, and his *ordinarie converſation*; we may perhaps diſcover in *him* ſomething more of *modeſty*, & the *man*, then

then in the *former*, yet ſhall we not find *much more* then what is to be read in thoſe *two names*, of *Religion* or the *Chriſtian*: At beſt, he has in him only *ſo* much of *Chriſtianitie* as may *ſave* his *credit* in *this* world; *not* his *ſoul* in the *other*. And of this *ſort* is, (alas I may too truly ſay) the far *greateſt* part of our *Engliſh Gentrie*; I muſt include very many of our *Nominal Nobilitie*, & not a *few* of the *Real* too, I mean as far as *blood alone* will make them *ſo*, under this Head.

This indeed is that *Gentleman*, whether of *Citie* or *Countrie*, whom his *neighbours*, as well as himſelf, do too often, for want of a *better*, *flatter* into *Some-bodie*. *One*, who though he has more *diſcretion* then to be *ſtark mad*; and more *ſobrietie* than to *dwell* in a *Tavern*, or to *transform* his *own houſe* (as too many chuſe to do) into a perfect *Bedlam*; I am ſure there *wants* very *little* of it in many, but the *correction* and *diſciplines*. Though he be not fully *arrived* at the very *height* of *vanitie*, nor can yet take a *pride*, be the idle *expence* both of *eſtate* and *honour*, to *purchaſe* an irremediable *poverty* to his *heirs* and to *himſelf* the empty *title* of *Spark* and *Gallant*: Yet he can hardly perſwade me

to believe, the *principles* whereby he is kept within theſe *bounds* of *modeſtie* and *ſobrietie*, ſuch as may merit him the *name* of *Gentleman* or *Chriſtian*. Indeed the greateſt *difference* betwixt *him* and the *Gallant*, ſeems to be *this*, that whereas the *Gallant* is the very *ſpume* and *froth* of *Nobilitie*, which ever works *upwards*, impatient of a *confinement* within any *limits* whatſoever, but alwaies *flies out* by reaſon of it's extraordinary *levitie* into *emptineſs* and *air*; this *other Gentleman* like the *lees* or *dregs*, by reaſon of too great a mixture and participation of more *groſs* and *Terrene* parts, *ſettles* wholly *downwards* till he come to the very *bottom* of all *baſeneſs*: Such *lees*, though at preſent, of ſome more *uſe* than the *other*, yet will they at *length* prove *good* for *nothing* but to be thrown away.

§. 2. *Several ſorts of ſuch Gentlemen.*

Such a *Gentleman* as he who hath a good *eſtate*, and a full *Cheſt*; and *theſe*, excepting a *Coat* of *Arms*, and a few old *Pictures* hung up in his *Parlor* or *Gallary* to let ſtrangers ſee who were his *Father* and *Mother*,

are

are *all* he has to *ſhow* for his *Nobilitie*: and yet his *too* great *care* in preſerving *theſe*, is for the moſt part, that whereby he forfeits his *Honour*: For as the *former* freely *ſpent* his *eſtate* to make him a *Gallant*, ſo this *latter* as freely *parts* with all *Gallantrie* to *ſave* his *eſtate*. If *nature* have bleſſ'd him with ſome *good parts* & *faculties*, and if the *care* of his *Parents* have added many more excellent *ornaments* & *accompliſhments* of a *Gentleman*; yet there alwaies appears ſome *abatement* or other in his *bearing*, which *diſgraces* all: And there is that baſe *alloy* of (I know not what) *droſs*, in his beſt *gold*, which renders it *uncurrent*, and altogether *uſeleſs* both to *himſelf* and all the *world* beſides. In *ſome* this is *covetouſneſſe*, and *love* of the *world*; in *others* 'tis *cowardice*, and a *poor ſpirit*; in a *third* ſort *Lazyneſſe* and a *love* of *eaſe*; and in *many* others *pride* and a *vain glorious humour*. Though in *favour*, to the *Gentleman*, or rather to the *world*, leaſt it might ſeem to be *quite void* of *all ſuch* things as true *Gentrie* and *Nobilitie*; men are willing very often to *beſtow* upon them too *good names*; calling the *firſt providence* and a *natural care*; the *ſecond pru-*

dence, and a *commendable policie*; The *third* a *good-nature* and a *peaceable mind*; And the *laſt Noble* and *brave Spirit*, and a *piece* of *neceſſarie ſtate*. I confeſſe I am as ready as any man to caſt into him all the *allowances* he can in any *reaſon* demand, or I with *ſafety* grant him, and *all* will be little enough to make him full *weight* for a *Gentleman*. But he muſt pardon me, if I love not to hear *good names* thus groſly *abuſed*; nor to ſee the moſt *beloved* and *plauſible vices* paſſe ſo currantly and unqueſtioned for *virtues*. *Call* them what we *will*, and make them as *good* as we *can*, as they are enough to *ſink* the *Gentleman* as far *below* his *name* as *hell* is below *Heaven*; ſo have they been too effectual and prevalent of late, to the *choaking* up all *breathings* of true *Religion* and *Pietie*, and to the bringing a glorious *Church* and flouriſhing *Kingdom*, to ſay no worſe, into a very *low* and *ruinous* condition. And this I dare be bold to affirm, though I take not my ſelf for a *Politician*, that let us all *pretend* and *endeavour* to what we can, till we can make theſe *gilded vices* to be *known* and *owned* by their *own names*, we ſhall have ſmall reaſon to hope for a *ſetled Church*, or

peaceable ſtate. I wiſh I had a *ſalve*, which applyed to the *Gentlemans blind eye*, might take of the *Pearl*, and make him *ſee* this truth.

§. 3. *The Provident Gentleman.*

The *Provident Gentleman* (as he loves to hear himſelf miſcall'd) is *one* who is ever putting the queſtion with him in *Job*: *What profit is there in the ſervice of the Almightie?* If you could once perſwade him to believe that every *good gift comes from above*, and that *whoſoever asks ſhall indeed receive*, you would ſoon ſee him grow *religious*, and heard him ſaying his *prayers* in good *earneſt*: But alas, ſo long as he can make a ſhift to fill up his *Coffers* by *delving* in the *dirt*, you muſt give him leave to continue *Infidel* in theſe *particulars*. He is content to hear of *glorifying God*, till you come to tell him he muſt do it with *his ſubſtance*, but then it becoms an *hard ſaying*, and he'l hear you of that at a *more convenient time*; perhaps he means it upon his *death-bed*. So little is he in *love* with, or *ſenſible* of what you call *Honour*, that allow him the *gain* and *profit*, let *God*

or *any one* elſe (it's all one to him) take the other. This *Gentleman* has juſt as much *God* and *Religion* as a *full cheſt* will *hold*, his *God* and his *gold* like *Hippocrates* his *Twins*, *live* and *thrive*, and are *ſick* & *dye* together: and yet it were much to be wiſhed he were but *half* ſo induſtrious to preſerve the *one*, as he is to keep the *other*. Inſteed of *laying up his treaſure in Heaven*, he lays up his *Heaven* in his *Treaſurie*, and, if God will be content with it ſo, he ſhall be ſure to have his *heart there too*. *Covetouſneſs*, I dare ſay, in *ſuch* as *he*, is the greateſt *Idolatrie*: I am confident he would *fal down* and *worſhip* the *Image* of a *Nero*, nay of a *Devil*, rather then *want* the *ſingle peny* that bears it. You will have much ado to convince him of the truth of the *Apoſtles* propoſition, *That Godlineſs is great gain*, except you will grant him that this is a Logical Converſion, and not to be queſtioned *that great gain is Godlineſs*. If with the *Silver-ſmith* he can by his *craft* get his *wealth*, then ſhall *Religion* become his *trade*, and the *Church* his *forge*: But till then you muſt give him leave to be a *worſhiper* of his great goddeſſe *Diana*. So far is he from putting in practice that good

and

and wholesom advice, to *be careful in nothing, but in every thing to give thanks*; that he dares never read the text but backwards *Give thanks for nothing, but in every thing be careful*: He cannot esteem it a true piece of providence to make the *day content with its own labour*, but on the contrary he gives *everie day* the *trouble* of *caring* for *many years*, and therefore is ready to phancy himself far from the *Rich Fools* condition in the *Gospel*, because he never yet could allow his *Soul* her *Requiem*, or think that he had *enough* for *manie years*.

He takes much more *pains* to leave his *Children rich* then *good*, and had rather give them a *portion* then a *blessing*. The main *advice* he gives them is to be *thrifty* and *good husbands*, let them make themselves *Godly* and *good Christians*. All the learning he intends to bestow upon them, is so much *Latine* as will fit them for understanding a *Bond*, and so much *Arithmetick* as may *secure* them from the *dishonestie* of an *unjust Steward*: If he suppose the *book* may be made a *thrifty diversion* to keep the from the greater *expense* of the *Tavern* or their *game*, he may perhaps allow *something* toward a *studie*.

And (be sure) he will be careful enough to give them so much *Law* as may be sufficient to *maintain* their own *rights*, and *rack* their *Tenants*.

If he go constantly to *Church*, 'tis more to *serve himself* than his *God*. Often because he hopes by being *his* frequent *Auditor*, he may *oblige* the *Parson* to let him his *tithes* at a *low rate*, or to *believe* him a man of *conscience*, that so he may *defraud* him of his *dues* without *suspicion*. For the most part this *Gentleman* is the *Patron*, or has the *Impropriation*, and yet, whilest he and his family grow *fat* by feasting upon the *bread* of the *Altar*, he grudges *him* who dispenses *freely* of the *bread of life* the very *crums* that *fall* from his *table*. The *Church* of God thus often *starves* for want of *food*, whilest such *dogs* eat up the *childrens bread*: Such mens whole *lives* are but so many *continued Sacriledges*, and all they can allege for themselves comes but to this, that they *hold* by it *sin* as their *land*, by right of *inheritance*, from their *Ancestors*: Their *coffers* grow full by robbing the Sanctuary, and at every meal with their *sacrilegious* teeth, like so many ravenous *Wolves* or *Vultures*, they *tear* in

pieces

pieces the *Body* of Christs languishing *Spouse*: But let her *dye*, the *Provident Gentleman* had rather see her *Carkess* then his *chests* grow *emptie*; and if by her *death* he may peaceably enjoy her *revennues*, he will hardly *mourn*, but as such enriched *heirs* use to do, at her *funerall*.

It is long since this good man turned *charitie* out of doors, as an *unthriftie Housewife*, and one that made it her businesse to *throw* all away. The *poor* come and go about his *gates*, as hungry *birds* about a *painted Vine*, at best they meet with an *hard crust* and *harder language*. He loves not thus to *lend* his *money*, though it be to the *Lord*, except he would give him *bond* to return him *eight* in the *hundred* here in *this world*. When our *Saviour* tells him of an *hundred* for *one* here below, and *eternal life* hereafter in Heaven, he hath as little *faith* to believe, as *patience* to wait for such a reward: Yet he could almost wish, upon condition the *former* part of the promise might be made good to him, *without persecution*; that the *latter* might be reserved for such who can prize a *God* in *Heaven*, better than a *thousand pound* in *hand*.

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If this Gentleman can but ſo far *deni*[e] *himſelf* as to do no open *violence* or *injurie* to any man, if he can arrive at that degree of *Chriſtianitie* which will enable him to reach the *negative* part of *Juſtice* and *charitie*, he is apt to think he has made a fair progreſs in the way to Heaven. And yet (God knows) he ordinarily miſtakes this part too. For to win *anothers* eſtate by ſome *quillet* in the Law, or by *bribing* a *Judge*, to *overreach* his poor neighbour in a hard *bargain*; to take *advantage* of a needy perſons preſent *neceſſitie*, and accordingly raiſe the *price* of his Commodity; to *exact* firſt *more* then he is able to pay, and then make him pay *uſe* for his *diſabilitie*; to ſend a poor naked ſoul to *Bridewel* inſteed of an *Hoſpital*, to the *ſtocks* inſteed of a *bed*, to call him *knave* and *vagabond*, that he may have a *pretence* not to *relieve* him: to ſuffer a languiſhing Creature to *dye* in the *ſtreet*, whileſt he had enough to *ſpare* wherewith to *feed* and cloath him; Or to permit a *breach* in the walls of *Jeruſalem*, when a ſmall *ſum* out of his *purſe* would *repair* it; Theſe he can by no means reckon amongſt the *ſpecies* of *injuſtice*, oras *defects* in *charitie*, but therefore

fore counts all good duties as things *unnecessarie* and no way obliging, indeed because *chargable* and seemingly *burthensom*, and such as contradict that thrifty *forecast*, and necessary *providence* he holds himself tyed to maintain. He thinks it a greater degree of *wisdom* to trust Gods *providence* now for some *miraculous* relief of the *present* poor, then to rely upon it for the *after-enrichment* of his posterity.

Certainly this is the *thing* that passes so currently for *providence*, even amongst those who are counted the *wiser* & more *religious* sort of our *English Gentlemen*: But if *this* can belong to *Christianitie*, then must *covetousnesse* and a *worldly* mind, be reckoned amongst our *Christian virtues*. It is (alas) too evident what good friends such *virtues* and such *Gentlemen* have been of late to our *Jerusalem*, whilest our *richest Gallantrie* has all along, in these calamitous times, chosen rather, by a kind of *constrained bountie* to *reward* the *Demolishers*; then *voluntarily* to part with a *farthing* to pay the *builders* of our ruinated *Sion*. Besides this, it is not a little to be feared that those many contrary *Oathes* and *Engagements*, *Vows* and *Protestations*

testations, which with the help of this *sauce* of *providence* have been so readily *swallowed* (I fear I may say) by the greatest part of our Gentry, will at last expose their *souls* within no lesse to *corruption*, then the contrary *qualities* do their *bodies* without. O how happy might this poor *Nation* have been even to this day, had not the *rich Gentleman*, under pretence of a *Natural affection*, and a *necessarie providence*, set an higher estimate upon his own *chest*, than the *Ark* of God; upon his own *Barn*, then the Lords *Temple*; had he not loved his *interest* more than his *religion*, the safety of his *body* more then the *salvation* of his *soul*, his *natural children* more then his *Heavenly Father*; and his *money* above them *all*.

§. 4. *The Prudent Gentleman.*

By this short view I have given you of the *Provident Gentleman*, I suppose you will grant him to be none of those we may call the *best*, or such as it might be wished, we had *many* of in our *Nation*: And truly the *Prudent Gentleman*, I mean him who is *now* adayes known by that name, is not of a much *Nobler dye*: very often you shall find him

him to be the very *same* alwaies very *neer* of *kind* to the former. *Cowardise* is as much afraid to be *known*, and therefore as loath to walk without her mask as *covetousnesse*, and would as gladly arrogate to her self the *never* more abused *names*, then *now*, of a *wise caution*, and a *Christian prudence*; as that *other* of a *virtuous thrift* and *necessarie providence*.

Insteed of being (as *wisdom* commanded his *Disciples*) *wise as serpents*, Gentlemen are become meer *Serpents in wisdom*, and have rendered themselves very capable of that commendable *character*, which was long ago given to the *Serpent*, *They are more subtile then all the beasts of the field*; and the *prudence* they boast of, and under which they vail a *carnal mind*, and a *carking cowardly soul*, is nothing else but a *worldly policie*, or rather a *Devilish subtiltie*. They have made one half of the text quarrel with, and justle the other quite out of their Bibles, advancing the *wisdom* of the *serpent* to so high and *intense* a degree, that it cannot *admit* the *least* proportion of the *holy Doves* more necessary *innocence*. Such a *foraminous* piece of *Net-work* has *Christian prudence*

been

been made of late, that these *glib serpentine Politicians* can so *wind* themselves *in* and *out* at pleasure, as if they meant neither *God* nor *man* should ever know certainly where to have them.

It is a very famous piece of the *Gentlemans prudence* to endeavour to *Out-wit* an *All-wise* God, and to go about to put *fallacies* upon him out of his own *word*, often making even Gods most *righteous precepts* the *Topicks* of his *disobedience*. How frequently endeavours he to cloak the violation of *one* law, by a *pretended obedience* to *another*, and by setting Gods *commands* at variance *one* with *another*, thinks to *steal* away his beloved *sin*, and not to be taken *notice* of? He dares not *take up his Crosse and follow Christ*, least he should become *felo de se*, accessary to his own death: Nor knows he how to *forsake Father and Mother for Christs sake*, without a breach of the *Fifth Commandement*, which binding him to *honour both*, he cannot see how he may in any sense *forsake either*. He dares not *part* with *houses* and *lands*, for fear he might seem to *despise* Gods good *blessings*; nor *hazard* his *estate* in the *vindication* of his *Religion* and his *Loyaltie*, least he

should

ſhould be ſaid to have thereby *thrown away* the *oppertunities* of expreſſing his *bountie* and his *charitie*: He knows how much he is obliged not to *denie Chriſt before men*, and to *give an account* of his *faith* to ſuch as *demand* it of him; but then he produces a *text* which tells him of *daies wherein the prudent ſhall keep ſilence*, and theſe daies he ſuppoſes ſtill *preſent*, whenſoever his *perſon* or *eſtate* may be *endanger'd* by an *open hart*, or an *ingenuous tongue*. He will be ready to ſuffer *perſecution* for the *Goſpel* of *Chriſt*, and, with S. *Paul*, to be *bound* and to *dye*: but this muſt onely be when his *prudence* is at a *loſs*, and he can find out no way *juſt* or *unjuſt* to avoid all this. As long as there are *ſhifts* enow left him, ſuch as *diſſembling* language, *Covert* engagements, *cunning* flatteries, *treacherous* compoſitions, *pettie* contributions, *underhand* compliances, in things both *Civil* and *Religious*, he thinks he wants no *honeſt evaſions*, to ſecure both *life* and *livelyhood*. Thus he is content to ſet him down in *quietneſſe*, whileſt the *enemies* of Gods *Church* advance in *troops* and *armies* againſt *her*; and thinks it enough, when he can ſay he *wiſhes* all wel, and *praies for the peace of Jeruſalem*.

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It were no *prudence openly* to declare his *opinion*, or to *act* on any ſide; alas he is but *one ſingle* man, and *one's* as good as *none* againſt the ſtream of the *multitude*, not conſidering that where *one* does not *joyn* with *one*, there can be no *multitude*. There are *other* Champions enow in the world to vindicate her quarrel, ſuch as have no *eſtates* to look after, no *families* to provide for, when if all were of *his mind*, there would not be ſo much as *one*; and beſides, who has greater reaſon to *labor* than he that has already received ſo great a *ſhare* of his *wages*. What though he freely *gives* away a large portion of his *goods* to the *enemies* of God? it is but the way to *ſecure* the reſt for *better* purpoſes. What though he be conſtrained with fair *ſpeeches* to *flatter* up the *tranſgreſſors* in their iniquities? his *heart*, for all this ſhall be for *God*, his *prayers* for the *Church*, and he is as *good* a *Chriſtian*, and as *loyal* a *ſubject within* as the beſt. Alas, 'tis no great matter to *comply* a little in outward things, to lay an hand upon a *Bible*, to *invoke* the *ſacred Name* of *God*, and *ſeemingly* to renounce *Religion* and *Loyaltie*; God knows, he *intends* no ſuch matter, but onely takes this

this course to keep his *Family* from ruine, and to preserve himself *safe* and *whole* to do *God* and his *Church* more service hereafter.

It is all one with him to go to *Church* or *Conventicle*, so he may by frequenting *either* be thought to *favour* the *Religion in Fashion*, and so not be suspected an *Enemie* to the *God* that *rules* the *men* in *power* with a *sword* in his *hand*. He can take a great deal of *pains*, rise *early*, and go *far*, to encourage a *seditious* Lecture; and when Sermons done, with an *Hypocritical* face *smile* upon the Preacher, and *inviting* him home with him witness his *thanks* and *approbation* in a *good dinner*: but he holds it *imprudence* to frequent that *true worship* and *service* of God, which the *excellencie* thereof and the *command* of his superiours commends to his *conscience*, lest he should be thereby thought *ill-affected* to that *Religion*, which he would have *good men* believe his soul *abhors*. He dares countenance *Rebellion* and *Sacrilege* both with his *tongue* and *purse*; but esteems it *dangerous*, and therefore (without all doubt) *Imprudence*, to contribute so much as a *good look* to the Encouragement

of the truly *Religious* and *vertuous*, leſt he ſhould be ſuſpected by the *proſperous* ſinner, an Enemy to *Treaſon* and *Wickedneſs*.

Till we can find a way how to *caſt out* this *Prudent Devil*, which (as the *Prophet* tells us) *is wiſe to do evil, but to do good has no underſtanding*; we ſhall ever hear this *poſſeſſ'd Gentleman* crying out with the *Damoniack* in the *Goſpel*, *What have we to do with thee, Jeſus thou Son of God? Why art thou come to torment us before our time?* Such a perfect *Gout* is this *prudent Cowardiſe*, that the lame *Gentleman* ever *cries out* at the very *ſight* of any thing looks like *Religion*, as if it would come too *near* him, and *touch* him upon the *ſore place*. So ſad a thing is it to ſtand in *fear* of *health*, leſt it ſhould make us *ſick*; to *tremble* at the *ſight* of what would bring us to *Heaven*, leſt we ſhould *loſe* our *Earth*; and to take ſo much anxious *care* to preſerve the *bodie* whole, for fear a *courteous wound* ſhould ſet open the door, and give the *ſoul* leave to *fly out* into *Heaven* and be at *reſt*.

If ſuch men be truly *prudent*, then are all true *Chriſtians* undoubtedly *fools*: Or if this *over-warineſs* be no more but a *prudent* and *Religious Caution*, then are moſt of our *Engliſh*

gliſh Gentlemen (which I have not yet *charitie* enough to believe) *Prudent Chriſtians.* But (alas) *Neutralitie* hangs too much betwixt *two*, ever to come ſo *high* as *Heaven*; and a *cold indifferencie* comes ſo far ſhort of that neceſſary *zeal*, which is the unfailing *conſequent* of true *Pietie*, that it is *impoſſible* it ſhould ever be Crown'd with eternal *happineſſe*. He that is not deeply *in love* with his *God*, cannot place his abſolute *felicitie* in the *fruition* of God; and he that is *afraid* to *do any* thing, or thinks it *prudence* to *ſuffer nothing* for him, is not *in love* with him. God has long ago told the *Gentleman*, and all others, how much of another *temper* he muſt be who will *live for ever*, inſtructing him what an *immediate contrariety* there is betwixt being *for God* and *againſt him*, ſo that there can be no *mean* left for ſuch a *prudent indifferencie*: betwixt *fighting under Chriſts Banner*, and being the *Devils Soldiers*. *Moderation*, 'tis true, in things of *Indifferencie* is a *commendation*; but the *Gentleman* needs fear as little that he can be *over-zealous* in a *good matter* here upon earth, as that he may be *over-happy* in Heaven. As there be no *Angels* but ſuch as

are either *very good*, or *very bad*; so every *Gentleman* is either a *Saint indeed*, or else *stark naught*. He that *sits still* shall come as *soon* to *Hell* as he that *sweats* in *pursuit* of it. But whosoever hopes to come to *Heaven*, he must *ever run* and with his face *that way* if he will be sure to *obtain*. I would wish that *Gentleman* who has not the *heart* to *confesse Christ before men*, to consider, how he can have the *courage* to hear *Christ denying him before his Father which is in Heaven*, or to endure those *torments* in *hell* which he shall be sure to undergoe for not *confessing* him here upon Earth. Such a *Lukewarm* soul is so *Nauseous* unto God, that he must at last *spue him out* into the Bottomlesse pit.

If this be *Christian prudence*, to secure an *Estate*, or preserve a *Family*, or save a *life* by being *frigid*, and so *Spiritlesse* in our *Profession*, as may make us *nauseated* by God, and set us at such a distance from Heaven; a *true Christian* shall have as little reason to *envy* the *Gentleman* his *Prudence*, as the poor *Church* of *England* has cause to be *proud* of his *Courage*.

Sect. 5.

§ 5. *The Peaceable Gentleman.*

The *Peaceable* and *Honest-natur'd Gentleman* (as many call him) is one to whom the poor *Church* of *England* is not much more indebted for his kindnesse then to either of the former: this is *he* that is so far from being Cordially sensible of the *afflictions of Joseph*, or the *dissolations of Jerusalem*, that he seems to have hardly so much of an *humane spirit* in him as to understand the *meaning* of those two *words*, *Happinesse* and *Misery*. *Three parts* of his time, at least, he spends in *sleep*, as if he were resolved to *die* all his *life* long; or by this course to keep himself *ignorant* of the *Concerning* affairs of the *world*; being *loath* to come *acquainted* with the truth of those evils which he is resolved not to take any pains to *remove*. The other *quarter* of his time he carefully *divides* betwixt his *meals* and his *sports*, and this he calls, living a *good*, *honest*, *quiet*, and *harmlesse* life, such as *hurts* no body.

Sometimes he seems even to *envie* the very *stones* that constant rest which *Nature* has indulged them, whereby they are made

incapable of any *motion* but what is occasion'd, and that but rarely, by some *violence* from without them. If he had so much of that *Philosophie*, which tells us the *celestial bodies* are in a *perpetual motion*, as to believe it for a truth, he would for that very cause be unwilling to go to *Heaven*. When he hears of an *Eternal Saboth of rest* for all those that go thither, he is *almost perswaded to become a Christian*, yet is he in a great *straight betwixt two*, for though he *love* his *rest* too *well*, yet he *hates* the very *name* of *Saboth* much *more*, especially when he hears St *John* telling him, that, the *Angels* and *glorified Saints never cease day nor night from praising God*.

Sometimes again he seems to grudg the poor *brute Animals* their *Irrationalitie*, and, to *share* with them, endeavours by a *sordid Sensualitie* to degrade himself into a *Beast*, or, at least, to become as *like* one as *humanitie* will permit him. That he may be better *acquainted* with their *natures* and *dispositions*, his *Dog* and his *Horse*, or his *Hawk*, henceforward become his principal *companions*; with these he *plaies*, and with these he *discourses*, and towards these

(if you seriously consider all his *terms of Art*, you will be ready to say) he has his *set forms* of *Complement*: and indeed his whole *studie* is to learn readily to speak that *language* wherein he may be *understood* by the silly *animals*. When the *weather* or his *health* or the like, will not befriend him in these exercises *abroad*, then he sits at *home*, *numbring* his *minutes* by the *turns* of his *Die*, or the *playing* of his *Cards*; or perhaps gets so much liberty abroad, as to measure out his *hours* by the motions of his *bowl*. Such a mercilesse *Tyrant* is he to *that* (which he fears he shall never loose or destroy fast enough) his *pretious time*; that he alwaies studies to invent variety of *executions* for it. Now he delights to *drown* it in his *Cups*, anon he *burns* it in his *Pipe*, by and by he *tramples* it under his *horses hoofs*; again he *knocks* it in the head with his *Bowl*, *tears* and *devours* it with his *Hawks* and his *Hounds*; there is nothing he will leave unexperimented, till he have certainly found out a way to prevent its *natural*, *honest* and *commendable departure*.

These Courses he willingly allows himself in, and desires to have *all* thought no

more or *worse* then his *contempt* of the *world*, and his *studie* of *retirednesse* from those *distracting combrances* thereof, which are unworthy of a *Christian*, or a *Gentleman*.

Sometimes he delights to consume a great part of his time in unnecessary *visits*, but studies withal to make them so *unprofitable*, as if he were desirous to have it thought men were *made* onely now and then to *look* upon one another: his *discourse* (what there is of it) being so *idle* and *impertinent*, that it serves to no other end, then to *exercise* his *tongue*, and keep it by much *motion voluble*; lest for want of *use* he should in a short time (as he does by most good things) forget to *speak*. Sometimes you shall have a *Complement* from him, but huff'd up with so many *hyperbolical* expressions of your *worth*, and of the *incredible* respects he has for your *person*, that you cannot chuse but suspect he only *labors* how to be *disbelieved*, or has learned of his *Dogs* how to *fawn* and *flatter*. And thus when he has made a shift to *lose* an *hour* or two, and to *trouble* his *friends* with much *impertinent* talk, he returns home again to *eat* and *play*, and *sleep*, and spend the remainder of his time as *idly* as he can.

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In a word this sort of *Gentleman* borders so closely upon him we first described, the *Gallant*; that I shall not need to say more of him, then only this, that he has some *degrees* lesse of *madnesse* then the other; he seems as yet but to *hang* about the *doors*, and has not gain'd an *admission* into the *Societie* of *Raunters*: Nor is this becaus he wants a *Genius* or *inclination* to evil in the general, but rather he is beholding to *one vice* to keep him from *another*, and being wedded so much to *this*, is forced to abstain from its *contrarie*. Either he is *tyed* to his *Chest* with a *Golden Chain*, which will not allow him the liberty of *ranging* into so many *costly riots*: or else a *leaden dulnes* so much oppresses his soul, that she cannot *Soare* so *high* in the vast *Region* of *Debaucherie*: So that if you find him free from any *one* vice, he is to thank the *contrarie vice* and not the *vertue* for it: or at best, he owes it to an *Infirmitie* of *Nature* that he is free from *both*.

Indeed for the most part this *Gentleman* is (as the *Philosophers* use to say of their *first matter*) though not perfectly *formed* into all those *noble* qualifications (as they are usually

ſually miſcall'd) of the *Compleat Gallant*, yet is he, at leaſt, in a *remote diſpoſition* to all or any of them: As the *Polypus* is ſaid to be alwaies of the ſame colour with the neighbouring *object*; or as the *Looking-glaſs* reflects as many different *faces* as are obviated to its own *ſuperficies*: So is this *Gentleman* not properly *one*, but *any* body; of the *Religion*, and the *humour*, and the *faſhion* of his *Companions*, as neer as his own *weakneſſe* will permit him to *imitate* them. And this is it which commonly purchaſes him the repute of a *Civil*, a *Courteous*, an *Affable*, a *good-natured* and *ſweet diſpoſition'd* perſon: Only becauſe he knows as little how to be *angrie* with a *vice*, as how to be *guiltie* of a *vertue*. Such a *Ductile*, *ſoft* and *Compliant* ſoul he has, that as the *Wax* to the *Seal*, he would fain *ſmile* upon every man in his *own* face, and *ſpeak* with every one in his *own* language: He *Complements*, and *Praiſes*, and *Flatters*, and performs *all* the offices of a *Gentleman*, as his *ſhadow* in the *glaſſe*, only by *reflection*. For a *fair word* he will part with his own *ſoul*, and *with* a *fair word* he does often occaſion the *ruine* of many more: whileſt he loves as much to flatter *others* up

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in *their* wickedneſſe, as to be flattered up by *others* in his *own*. *Say* and *do* what you will (ſo you injure not his *perſon* or *eſtate*, nor rob him of his beloved *eaſe*) you are ſure to have his *approbation*, and if for this *he* may have *yours*, he thinks it a reward and encouragement great enough. But I leave him.

§. 6. *The Stately Gentleman.*

There is yet *another* that challenges a *room* in this paper, and truly deſerves his *place* as much as any: If he will not be *angrie*, and in a rage *ſwear* to burn the paper, when he finds himſelf ſet in the *laſt* and *loweſt* place, all's well enough. And this is that *Stately* and *Majeſtick he*, whom I dare hardly *name*, leſt he ſhould take it as an *affront*: for though he *hunts* after a *name* and *reputation* amongſt all men, yet he looks upon it as a kind of *diſparagement* of his *vertues*, and an *undervaluing* of his *Honour*, to hear his *name* from *any* mouth but his *own*. But moſt of all he eſteems it *prophaned*, when mention'd by perſons ſo *inconſiderable*, as all thoſe of our *Colour*, unto ſuch as

himſelf

himself have ever appear'd.

This is he who thinks himself as much *too good* to be a *Christian*, as he thinks all *Christians too mean* to be accounted *Gentlemen*. His onely *God* is his *Honour*, and to give it something of a *Deitie*, he phancies it to be *singular*, & that there is *none other besides it*; when (alas) this *Idol* too is just *nothing*. But such is the strange *Omnipotence* of *Pride* and *ambition*, this Gentleman can first *create* to himself a *God* out of *nothing*, and then fall down & *worship* the idolized *vanitie* which his own ridiculous *phancie* has thus *set up*. That he does indeed more esteem this *shadow* then the true *God*, he too loudly affirms in all his *Oaths*; for when he intends what he saith shall *unquestionably* passe for *serious* and *creditable*, he swears by his *Honour* and *Reputation*: Other Oaths he hath enough, by the *Glorious Majestie* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, which are but too litterally the *burthen* of his *discourse*; these (as we said of the *Gallant*) he uses not for *confirmation* of the *truth*, but as the *sportive recreation* of his *tongue*, and the *graces* and *Ornaments* of good *Language*.

He it is, that (whereſoever he be) will ſee

that

that *all* men do their *duties*, but *himself*. And he doth *something* well herein, except, when by a *proud miſtake* he call an *unmerited reſpect* to his own *ſuppoſitious vertues*, their *indiſpenſible duties*. He looks that *all men* ſhould obſerve as great a *diſtance* from his *perſon*, as *he* is reſolved to do from their *vertues*; or as if *alreadie* he were (where I wiſh by the much deſpiſed grace of *humilitie* he may *at laſt* be found) in *heaven*. He expects no leſſe *obſervance* and *reverence* from his *Tenants*, then as if he were not only *Lord* but *Creator* of the *Mannor*: as though he would be thought as much *maſter* of the *Univerſe*, as he is the *ſlave* of his own *Ambition*. He *walks* up and down ſo *wantonly* and *affectedly*, as if he intended therby principally to *demonſtrate* to the *world* his great *perfections* and *excellencie*, that he muſt take much *pains* to do *amiſs*. This *Lordly Sir*, ſo long as he can but get a *cap* and a *knee* from his *Inferiors*, and the *chair* at every meeting with his *betters*, he thinks that all the *bleſſings* of Heaven (though a *Crown* of *Glorie* be one of them) can *adde* nothing to his *Honour*: Were it but for *this one* reaſon, he would never make it his buſineſſe to come

thither,

thither, because he may justly *despair* of ever being the *best* man *there*. If it may be conferred upon him as an *honorarie reward*, and upon the *meritorious* claim of his *vertues*, he will perhaps be *content* to wear the *Crown*; but as a *gift* he *scorns* it, lest he should *draw* upon himself an *obligation* to the *Donor* by accepting it: And as his *wages* he scorns no lesse to acknowledge it, for as he has not by any labour *earn'd* it, so is he afraid to be look'd upon to his *God* in the relation of a *servant*.

In short, this *Gentleman* phancies himself endow'd with such a *transfigurative* excellency, that (as the *Philosophers stone*, once *found*, should turn all things it touch'd into Gold) he supposes it able to turn all things into *Gentile* and *exellent* which he is in love with: All his *vices*, whatever *deformitie* the *dull* eye of the world apprehends to be in them, his *over-weaning humor* looks upon as no lesse then the most *absolute* of all *vertues*: and he conceits himself so *immoveable*, fixed and setled upon the highest *Pinnacle* of *Honour*, that *Baseness* it self shall never have any power to *degrade* him. Thus ever conceiting himself placed at so great a

height

height, it is no great wonder if he become so *giddie* at length in all his actions; and beholding *others* at so great a *distance*, I marvel not, that he begins to see *men* like *Moles* upon the earth, and to think them all so *blind*, that they cannot *discern* his *vanitie*. *This* indeed it is that makes him think neither *Church* nor *State* worth his regarding, he can with *dry eyes* behold both *vessels split* at once, and in the mean time *flatter* himself up with the *Devillish* hopes of *Enriching* his *Ambition* by the miserable *wrack*.

This is he, that can think it no *injustice* to *rob* the whole *world*, and *rifle* the *store-house* of *nature*, to *adorn* his Body and *humour* his Palate; to wear the *portions* and *livelihoods* of (I know not how many) *Orphans* and *Widdows* in a *Bandstring*; and carry the *lives* and *fortunes* of many languishing *souls* upon his *little finger*. I wish that whilest he casts so scornful an eye upon these poor *naked Beggars*, he would but seriously consider how many of their *contemptible rags* he hath *pick'd* up together, to *patch* up all that *braverie* upon his *own* back; whilst either his *oppression* occasion'd, or his *mis-*

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charitableneſs prolong'd their *lamentable* condition. He makes indeed almoſt the whole *creation club* to maintain his *Ambition*, and returns a *deriſion* in requital.

This Gentlemans chief *paſtime* and *ſport* whereby he makes himſelf *merrie*, is to *laugh* at *two* ſorts of men, the *Godly* and the *Poor*, the *one* as a *Preciſion*, and he that has *unmann'd* himſelf by too much *Religion*; the *other* as the *out-caſt* of *fortune*, or a man intended by *Nature* for nothing elſe, but by his *labour* to make him *rich*, and by his *ignorance* to make him *merrie*. The *Black-coat* or *Parſon* (for by theſe *names* he thinks he does ſufficiently *pay* the *Divine* and *Scholar*) he ever looks upon with as much *Superciliouſneſſe* and *diſdain*, as if the very *colour* of his *Coat* were odious and an *Eyeſore* to him, or as if becauſe *ſhame* and *fear* keep him from *immediate* and *direct Blaſphemie*, he were reſolved to expreſſe his *ſpleen* againſt God *himſelf*, by deſpighting his *ſervants*. He is ſeldom or never his *Auditor* but when he has a mind to *ſleep*, or is diſpoſed to be *merrie*, and then he comes to *Church* and *there worſhips God* juſt as he *honours* his *Miniſters out* of it: Nay he is unwilling

unwilling to allow his God that *ordinarie civilitie*, which and much *more* he expects from his own *Chaplain*, that of a *cap* and a *knee*: Or if his *breeding* have taught him more *manners*, then his *pietie* has *reverence*; then shall all his *Religion* be pent up into this *one* poor *ceremonie*, and so he makes his *worship* all one with his *complement*.

This is he, whose intollerable *pride* makes every thing, that is not the very *baseſt* kind of *flatterie*, paſſe for an *affront*, and an high piece of *diſreſpect* unto his *Perſon*. For this immediately he ſtudies a *revenge*, which he has learn'd to call a neceſſary *vindication* of his *Honour*. What excellent *Chimiſtrie* is there in ſuch deluded *Nobility*, which can *extract* a *Spirit* of *Honour* out of the very *dunghil* of *unworthineſſe*; and find ſo admirable a *ſweetneſſe*, in that which cannot be thought better than the very *Ordure* and *Excrement* of *Ambition*, *Malice* and *Envy*, I mean, *Revenge*. Let but the leaſt *circumſtance* of that *reſpect*, he ſuppoſes due, be omitted, and preſently there flies out a *challenge*, and for the moſt part ſo *vaunningly* worded, as if he meant his *breath* or his *Ink* ſhould do more *execution* than his *ſword*.

By this means he makes his first *thrust* at his adversaries very *heart*, that so he may *wound* his *courage* before they *meet*, and cause his *heart* to *fail* him before the *Encounter*; for *this* indeed is often the only way his *late repented temeritie* uses to leave him, for the securing of his *Reputation*. But if so be his *courage* stand upon the same *level* with his *Ambition*, 'tis nothing but the *death* or *disgrace* of his *Antagonist*, wil asswage his *fury*; in the *field* therefore he often sends his *body* to the *Grave*, and his own *Soul* to *Hell* at a Blow. This is his *Gallantrie*, and this the necessary *vindication* of that *Honour*, which is so tender, that every thing, except it have in it the unworthy *softness* of the most *servile compliances* with his own unconstant *humour*, *rends*, *spots*, or *grieves* it: and which nothing can *wash clean*, or make *whole* again, but the *heart blood* of him who durst give the *Affront*.

I hope he wil not take it as such, if I make bold here to take my leave of him; I have neither *leisure* nor *patience* to trace him through the wild *Labyrinth* of his *Pride*, wherein he has long ago with no small complacency lost himself, and all things which look

look like *vertue*. I wish all men, whom he studies to *provoke* into a *madness equal* with his *own*, may ever have that high *charity* for this *Gentleman*, which I have now; then should they *answer* all his *challenges* with this *prayer*, That God would give him more *courage*, then to suffer himself to be thus basely *affronted* and *domineer'd* over by so *dangerously* insulting a *Passion*, without the least *Essay* towards the *just vindication* of that *Name* and *Honour* which alone are valuable.

§. 7. *The conclusion of this part.*

I should as much *tyre* you (*Sir*) as my self, should I *run* (though with never so much *haste*) over all the particulars of the *Gentlemans vanitie* and *madness*; which are so *inseparably*, for the most part, *interwoven* one within another, that I fear I may already seem too *absurd*, by *dividing* them into so many *Sects* or *Species*. The plain truth is, *Vice* seems to be that very *blood* which *Gentility* so much *boasts* of; that which conveys it self through all the *Gentlemans veins*, and is dispersed into all the several

members of the body, in a measure suitable to the *capacitie* of each. Or rather you may call it the *common-soul* which *informes* and *actuates* the whole *body* of *Gallantrie*; and which is *communicated* to the particular *members* thereof, not by an *exertion*, or *distribution* of *parts* and *degrees*, but (to borrow once more the *Philosophers* phrase) it is *wholly* in the *whole*, and *wholly* in every *part* of the *whole*. If the great *varietie* and *diversitie* of *operations* will yet needs plead for a further *distinction*, we must say, what we use to say of the *various actings* of the *same* soul. This *diversitie* ariseth not from a *multiplicitie* of *Souls* or *Principals*, but from the many *powers* and *faculties* of that *one* soul; and the various *dispositions* and *qualities* of the *Material Organs*.

Really, Sir, the *Gentleman* we have hitherto spoken of, is but the more *curious* and *costly instrument* of *sin*, and would appear such a *breathless* thing *without* it, that a man might well question whether or no he would be found an *animated being*. For ought that I can yet discover, he has no more *motion* then what *vice* gives him, excepting *that* which he expresses when he is *asleep*, which

(setting

(setting aside his *excesse* therein) is almost the *onely* thing wherein he looks *like a* man.

To give you therefore the *conclusion* of this whole *character*; call him *any thing*, but what he *would* be call'd, and you can hardly *miscal* him; for indeed he is almost *any thing* but what he *would* be thought to be. A *Gentile* thing, made to wear fine cloathes, and throw away much *mony*: to *eat* the *best*, and *drink* the *best*, and *do* the *worst*: one that seems to have been sent into the world, to help *away* with the *superfluities* of *Nature*; and by his *Intemperance* to *devour* all those *temptations* which might *allure others* to the like *sin*. He knows no *shame* but that which arises from *singularitie*, nor any *singularitie*, but in *doing* and *living well*.

§. 8. *A more particular application of this Character to our present English Gentleman.*

It has, alas, been but too true in all Ages, that to be *Great*, and to be *Good*, are *two*: and never was there a more unde-

niable *demonſtration* of this truth, then in the preſent *Gentleman* of *England*; to the no leſſe *diſhonour* of the whole *Nation*, then *diſpargement* of his own *name* in particular Whileſt there is nothing *more* his *talk* and his *boaſting*, then his *blood* and his *breeding*, and yet nothing *leſs* his *care* then to *dignifie* the one, or make a *right uſe* of the other. How *few* of thoſe *Gentlemen* have we now to *ſhow*, who dare make it their *buſineſſe*, and their *glorie* to be *ſerviceable* to their *God*, their *Countrie*, or the *Church*; or that have *breaſts* ful of that *Heroick* courage and *magnanimitie*, that may *imbolden* them to *renounce* a ſin that is *profitable* or in *faſhion*? How *rarely* are the men to be met with, who indeed have a real *ſenſe* of any thing, but their *Meat*, their *Drink*, their *Apparel*, and their *Game*! Except you will inſtance in ſome of their moſt notorious *vices* wherein indeed they do too rarely *emulate*, and labour to *outvie* each other.

Heretofore when this ſhatter'd *Nation* was a well cemented *Kingdom*, and enjoy'd thoſe (*then* ſlighted, but *now* much deſired) bleſſings of *peace* and *plentie*; how by a *ſtudied* abuſe of thoſe great mercies did the

Gentleman

Gentleman even *dare* Almighty God to punish *him* or his *Nation*! And now that a *sad* and *long* experience of their Contraries has made him feel, though the will not yet be truly sensible of, the lamentable consequents and effects of his former bold wickednesses: how does he instead of *confessions*, *petitions* and *vowes*, draw up, as it were, his *Re monstrances* against his God, and wages an open *war* with *Heaven*, endeavouring to *force* the *Almighty* unto a *composition*, and that upon the most *unacceptable* terms in the world? It is too manifest (alas) to any eye, how little *holinesse* has been the *Product* of those *Judgments* which have doubtless, among *other* sins, been the especial punishments of the Gentlemans *Luxurie* and *prophaneness*. We hear him indeed very frequently crying out upon these *sad times*, but too seldom re flecting upon those much *worse men* who occasion'd them. Like a churlish *Dog*, snarling at him that *beats* him, but never considering whose the *fault* was that *caused* the beating. I know not, I confess, what should make the Gentleman so *Atheistical* in all his Actions, as either formerly he has *been*, or now *is*; Except

Gods

Gods *mercy* on the one hand perſwaded him he could never be *provoked* unto *Judgment*; or his *Judgments* on the other that he can never be *reconciled* in *mercy*, except he dares think the *benefits* he formerly enjoyed *greater* then a *juſt* God could poſſibly confer upon ſo *unworthie* a *ſinner*: or the preſent *Judgments* he now ſmarts under, *rather* the *croſsneſſe* of an unkind *fortune*, than the *tokens* of the incenſed *wrath* of an *Angrie God*. Whence elſe ſhould he be either ſo *ſtupid* or *unnatural*, as neither to live *thankfully* under the *former*, nor *penitently* under the *latter*.

§. 9. *The Winner and the Loſer in theſe Times.*

I find *two* ſorts of ſuch *Gentlemen*, one is the *Winner*, the other is the *Loſer*, in this late *game* (for indeed we have all along *ſported* our ſelves in our own *Miſeries*) which has been *plaid* in *England*.

The *former* of theſe thinks himſelf much *too happie* already, to become now *holy*. The fortunate *ſucceſſe* which he hath had in his *ſins*, makes him onely *repent* that he practi-

ſed

ſed them no *ſooner*; and the *taking* away of *Religious pretences*, makes him *ſorrie* for nothing but that he was no *earlier* an *Hypocrite*: It is a very ſad thing to conſider what foul *tricks* this *Politick* Jugler every day *plaies* behind the glorious *hangings* of theſe *Religious pretences*: what deadly *poyſons* he has ſent abroad into the world in this *perfumed breath*. This *Gentlemans* onely *Religion* is his *Art* of *Diſſimulation*, the fair *gilt* which makes his *Copper Coyn* to paſſe ſo *currently*. O what a *chargable* commodity has this *Legerdemain* been to our little world! whileſt they who *have* it, purchaſed it at no *lower* rate, then that of all *ſinceritie* and *honeſtie*; and they that will live *ſafe* by them, muſt become as very *knaves* as *themſelves*. That *Garment* of *Religion* which is now worn and in *Faſhion* with theſe men, is of a very *ſlight* ſtuff, and indeed by long *wearing* and often *pieceing* is ſo very full of *diverſly* colour'd *patches*, that it is hard to ſay which is *that*, which belong'd at *firſt* to the *whole*: And whence is all this, but from the *Gentlemans* ſcorning the good and ſtrong *lineing* of *Morallitie* (ſo much now adaies decried by the moſt)

which

which would have held all much longer *together* : he is the onely *Saint* in the world (if you'l believe himself) and the *Moral-man* is no companion for him. O how many fair *Estates* and glorious *Churches* has this mans *furious zeal* reduced to *ashes* ? and yet, alas, the long promised *Phœnix* of *Reformation* appears not yet. How many *Palaces* and *Temples* has his *Piety* defaced ? How many rich *treasuries* has his *self-denial* plunder'd ? And whence all this, but because *Robberie* and *Sacriledg* are much more *profitable* appendages of *his Religion*, then the more *costly formalities*, and *expensive superstitions* of the *other* ? To how many *Sons* of *Rebellion* has that one plausible pretence of *Christian libertie*, by this Gentleman, been made the *Mother* ? And yet for all this is our *Freedom* but still in *Idea*, and our happinesse a *Phancie*.

How *dearly* has the *Church* paid for the *New-coyning* of this *Language*, and refining his *prophaneness* and *Ribaldrie* into *Dissimulation* and *canting* ? O what an enriching commodity is *hypocricie*, which has set up so many *broken tradesmen* in the world *compleat Gentlemen* ? And *extracted* our most

refined

refined Nobilitie out of the very *drosse* of the *people!* Indeed if to be *rich* be to be a *Gentleman*; if to be *craftie* be to be *prudent*; if to *dissemble* be the highway to be *sainted*; and to be *fortunate* the sole *felicitie*, which terminates the *hopes*, and must crown the *endeavours* of a Christian: if the *fears* and *cowardice* of *fools* and *sinners*, and the *scorn* and *pity* of the *wise* and *good*, will make a man truly *honourable*, who hath no *foundation* of his own whereupon to *build* a *Reputation*; then is this *prosperous* and *thriving* Gentleman, and none but such as he, the *true* Gentleman of our Nation.

But the *Gentleman* on the *losing side* will, I know, think it too much (and wel he may) that another should grow so *honourable* at his *cost* and *charges*, and give him so few *thanks* for his *honour* when he has it. He is no lesse troubled to think how he shall yeild him so much *honour now*, then he was to part with his *estate* to him a *while* ago. But then, alas, what does this *Gentleman*, who (with no smal passion) calls himself a *loser*, towards the *regaining* of what he has *lost*? truly just the *same*, which at first *occasioned* the *losse* it self: as if not being *Evil*, but

but *evil* to a *leſſe degree* had been the *onely cauſe* of all his ſufferings; and the way to remove his *afflictions* were to be ten times *more* a *ſinner* than *before*: He ſo behaves himſelf under the *correcting* hand of God, as if he thought, the merciful God did onely *chaſtiſe* his *children* to make them *cry* and *complain* of his unkindneſſe, not at all to make them *ſenſible* of their *errors*, or forſake their *wickedneſſe*. Certainly ſuch *reſentments* of Gods dealings with us is a *ſtubbornneſſe*, not a *penitence*; and ſuch a *prepoſterous* improvement of Gods *deſerved* judgments, is the way to provoke him unto *more* and *greater*, not to *perſwade* him to withdraw the *leſſe* and *lighter*. O that the *ſuffering* Gentleman would but ſeriouſly think of this! who grows daily (as tis viſible in all his actions) *worſe* by *correction*; and only *ſwears* at, and *curſes* his *oppreſſors*, inſteed of *faſting* and *praying* for the pardon of his *offences*. He takes it to be an undeniable *priviledge* of *Looſers* to *talk* what they *liſt*, though never ſo *prophanely*: and looks upon this *time* of his ſorrows as the chief *opportunitie* of ſerving *himſelf*, and *eaſing* his *heart* by all kinds of *merriments*, and therefore

fore he makes haſt to *drink* and *play* away his *cares* and the ſcant *reliques* of his *eſtate* together. Neither yet can I believe he would be half ſo bad as he is, were it not more in *oppoſition* to his *enemie*, then out of *love* to his own *vices*. He often abhors and abſtains from the vices of *other men*, not (as good *Chriſtians* do) for the *ſins* ſake, but for the *ſinners*; from *whom* he endeavours to ſet himſelf at ſuch a *diſtance*, that he never reſts till he be gotten into the contrary extreme, and often into the more *ſcandalous*, though not alwaies the more *dangerous* of the two. As if *vice* could have no *oppoſite* but of its *own name*, nor any means were left him to become *one* way *better* then his adverſaries, but by being *another* way *worſe*. Was the former an *Hypocrite*? He, leaſt he ſhould be thought ſo too, will be *openly prophane*. If the one will not *ſwear* or *kiſſe* the *book*, when called to it by a *lawful* Authority; the other to be croſſe, will ſwear a thouſand *idle oathes* againſt Gods expreſſe *command*. Thus betwixt them do they labour to ſhow the world what a *Latitude* there is in *Atheiſm*.

I might to *these* very seasonably here adde a *third* person, one that has plaid his *Cards* so well, that he is neither *Loser* nor *Winner* in this *sad game*. One, who (I am sure) has done as little *good*, as he *thinks* he has done *hurt* to any body: who still makes a shift to lie *lurking* in some *hole* or other till the *sport* (as he cals it, whilest it touches not him) may be over, so he can but *sleep* in an *whole skin*, and with a *full purse*, he takes no thought how the world goes: What my thoughts are of this *quiet Soul*, I shall have told you sufficiently by saying thus much, he loves his *ease* and *safetie* better than his *God*. If you desire to read him more at large, I must intreat you to cast your eye a little back, and with the *Provident*, *Prudent* or *Peaceable Gentleman*, you will be sure to find him.

§. 9. *How good Englishmen such Gentlemen are.*

And now (Sir) how much reason the poor *Church* or *Kingdom* of *England* has to brag of her *Gentrie*, I think I have abundantly told you. Her *richest Sons* do not alwaies

alwaies prove the moſt *affectionate* and *Natural* to their *Diſconſolate Mother*. But indeed daily aggravate her *grief* and *ſorrow*, by their *prodigal* courſes and moſt *barbarous* behaviour. What do they leſſe then with the ungrateful *Mule*, hourly *kick* at the *paps* which gave them *ſuck*? And with the bloody *Tyrant*, whoſe *Character* it was, to be *a lump of dirt kneeded up together in blood*, they have *torn* out the very *Bowels* of a moſt *compaſſionate* and indulgent *Mother*. Our *Church* may very well complain of ſome who would be thought her own *Sons*, as *God* of his ungrateful people of old, *She has brought up Children and they have rebelled againſt her, and among all the ſons ſhe has nurſed up, there is none to pitty her or lead her by the hand.* When they were *full* and waxen *fat*, then they *forgot God*; and now that ſome of them are *lean* enough, may as the *fat kine* in *Pharaohs viſion*, even *eaten up* of the very *leaneſt cattle* in the Nation; yet being ſo many waies *ſmitten they do but revolt more and more.* It will be a *mercie* rather then a *Judgment*, if God *vouchſafe* to *ſmite* them once *again*.

Thus, whileſt one is *ignorant* and *can* do nothing,

nothing, another *Lazy* and *will* do nothing, a third *Cowardly* and *dare* do nothing: whileſt one is ſo *prudent* he thinks it no *wiſdom*, another ſo *covetous* he holds it not *providence*, a third ſo *Lordly* he accounts it *below* him to do any thing but what may foment his own ſinful inclinations: Whileſt one is too *voluptuous*, another too *wordly*, a third too *ambitious*; whileſt one has a *Wife*, another a *Farm*, a third a *Dog*, and the fourth a *Pot*; It will ever either *misbeſeem* their *dignitie*, or *croſſe* their *intereſt*, or *hinder* their *calling*, or *injure* their *Families*, or *thwart* their *humours* (and indeed *theres* the *main let* of all the reſt) to follow *Chriſt* or take care of his *Spouſe*. God give them *grace* betimes to *love her* better, in whoſe *arms alone* they can hope to be *ſafe* from the roaring *Lion*; and to abandon thoſe *Dalilaes* which ſo long as they *court*, they can neither love *Her*, nor ſecure *themſelves*! In a word, I ſhall put up for them a *ſhort* prayer but a *full* one, if they would but underſtand it—*God make them all ſuch as Gentlemen ſhould be!* And what that is, I ſhall now endeavour, to the beſt of my skill, to tell you: though both for want of

Age

Age and *breeding*, I must necessary come as far *short* of him I would describe, as I have been all this while *above* that other, whom our *Nation* had been more *happy*, never to have *known*. The *Gentlemans* vertues are as much *above* my reach, as the *Gallants* braveries *below his* imitation.

SECT. III.

The True Gentleman.

§. 1. *An Apologetical introduction.*

BEing now (Sir) to give you the *True Gentlemans* character, you might very justly expect to meet with *something* truly like the *Subject*, *High* and *Noble*. He is indeed too *sacred* a thing to be *touched* by so *common* a Pen; every *slip* whereof can be deemed no lesse then a prophanation of his worth, who is the liveliest image which God has left us of himself upon any of his *Creatures*. However, seeing where there is so *venerable* an *Excellencie*, as all *Encomiums* may be thought *Folly* and *Presumption*, so can *silence* be judged no lesse then a *Sacriledge*: seeing we use to *offer* unto *Heaven*, not so much what we *owe* as what we *may*: I think it much

much better becomes me to say that *little I can*, then just *nothing*; and to tell you, if *not* what the *Gentleman is*, yet at least *so much* of his *greatnesse*, as falls to *my share* to *understand*. I had much rather be *censured* for committing such a *pious error*, then be *condemned* for the wilful omission of so *necessarie* a *dutie*. I dare not suspect the *Gentlemans goodness* to be of a less *extent* then *my ignorance*; and therefore I doubt not but he can *pardon* as *often* as I through *weakneſſe* shall *offend*. Where I *erre*, let him think it was the *brightneſſe* of my subject which *dazled* my *eyes*, and occasioned me to *stumble*. Where my expressions fall *low* and *flat*, I do beg of him, that he would impute it to that *Reverence* which I bear unto *his vertues*, which Commands my *Pen* to keep it's *Distance*.

I hope you will not blame me for this *Apologie*, for I would gladly *keep off* as long as I can, when I cannot *draw nigh* without a *necessitie* of *erring*. Even in this short *Preamble* you may be pleased to read *something* of the *Gentlemans Character*; to wit, such a *Greatnesse* as commands a *Distance* and *Reverence*, and such a *candor* as can

pardon a *failing*; and (which is indeed the ſumme of all I have to ſay) ſuch a *Man* as is *truly* a *Gentleman*. Which *name* ſpeaks *all* that bears a *contrarietie* to the *thing* we lately ſpoke of, whoſe very *name* is ſuch a compleat *Summarie* of all *Vices*, that there is but one thing left to *denominate* the true Gentleman; I mean, as abſolute a *Combination* of all *vertues*. All which I can confer to his *Character*, will amount to no more then an *imperfect paraphraſe* upon his *Name*; and as much as I underſtand of this, take as follows.

§. 2. *His general Character.*

The *True Gentleman* is one, that is as much *more*, as the *falſe* one is *leſs*, then what to moſt he *ſeems* to be. One who is alwaies ſo far from being an *hypocrite*, that he had rather appear in the eyes of others juſt nothing, then not be *every thing* which is indeed truly *vertuous* and *noble*. He is a man whom that moſt *Wiſe King*, he beſt reſembles, has fitted with a Character—*A man of an excellent ſpirit*. This is he whoſe *brave* and *noble* ſoul ſoares ſo high above the

ordinarie reach of *mankind*, that he seems to be a distinct *species* of himself. He *scorns* so much the *vices* of the *world*, that he will hardly *stoop* to a *vertue* which is not *Heroick*; or if he do, it is by his good *improvement* of it, to *make* it so. He is one to whom all *honour* seems *cheap*, which is not the *reward* of *vertue*: and he had much rather *want* a name then not *deserve* it.

This *Gentleman* is indeed a person truly *Great*, because truly *Good*; His *Honour* is of too *excellent* a nature to be supposed the *Creature* of any *thing* besides his own *vertues*; and those *vertues* too *eminent* to be esteemed *less* then the most *refined* actions of so *great* a soul. *He* is no lesse the *glory* of *mankind* then *man* the *glory* of the whole sublunary *Creation*. One that would every way deservedly be accounted *more* then what is *humane*, were not one *part* of him *Mortal*; However it is his *first care* and *endeavour* to make this *mortal* part of him such, as may make it apparent to the world, how great an *Excellencie* may be the companion of so much *frailtie*.

Till he may be so happy as to *enjoy* the *Heaven* he *hopes* for, he does what he can to

be an *Heaven* to himſelf; and by his extraordinary pains, ſo *beautifies* his ſoul with all *Cœleſtial* accompliſhments, that he needs only *die* to be in *Heaven*; and ſeems to want nothing of thoſe glorious Spirits which dwell *there*, but onely to be *without* a *bodie* and as *high* as they.

He looks upon himſelf whileſt in *this* world as no more then a *Probationer* in the *School* of *Honour*; and makes it his buſineſs ſo to *behave* himſelf at preſent, that he may be ſure of an *admiſſion* into that true *Honour* (when the *Day* comes) which will be as *certain* and *durable*, as *true* and *great*: Well knowing that the onely way to be *Lord* of *many* things, is to be *faithful* in theſe *few* wherewith he is now intruſted.

His *Soul* is ſo truly *great* and *Capacious*, that nothing but an *Heaven* and *Eternitie* can *fill* it: So nobly *high* are all his thoughts, that he is ever aiming at a *Crown*: So *active* and *mounting* his holy *Ambition*, that it diſdains to *perch*, longer then a *breathing ſpace*, upon the moſt exalted *ſpire* of all *Sublunarie Glories*. He is ſo *throughly* ſenſible of the *Cœleſtial* Nature of his Soul, that

that (did he not think it *one* great part of his *happineſſe*, to *ſuffer* any kind of *miſerie* in *ſubmiſſion* to his *God*) he could not think his *life* leſſe then one *continued torment*; and ſo long a *detention* here upon the *earth*, a meer *reſtraint* and *confinement* from all *comfort* and *bliſſe*.

As for the *bleſſing* of *this* world, he looks upon them, as the *child* ſhould do upon his *farthings* or his *Counters*, ſmall things; *indulged* him for the *recreation*, not the *buſineſſe* of his ſoul. Yet (ſuch a *good houſwife* is *virtue*) he reaps no ſmall advantage to himſelf, from theſe *ſubordinate* enjoyments; which by their frequent *conſenages* perſwade him the more to be in *love* with what's both more *precious* and more *uſefull*. Knowing that his *Manſion* is prepared in *Heaven*, he can eſteem the *world* no better then the handſome *frontiſpiece* to that moſt glorious *building*; where he beholds a great many *fine* flattering objects, and *prettie curioſities* both of *Art* and *Nature*; but all's no more than an *earneſt* and *kind invitation* to him to *enter* in and *poſſeſſe* thoſe unſpeakably excellent *Manſions*, which theſe things ſo dimly *ſhadowed* out unto

his eye; these *well dressed dainties* which he enjoyes here, he dares but *taste* at most, to *prepare* him an *appetite*; he intends to *feast* himself in *Heaven*.

To give you the *summe* of what I think of him in the *general*: He is every way so much *more* then a *man*, that he is no *less* in all things then *himself*. One whose rare *excellencies* are such, as would make us believe his *breeding* had been amongst the *Angels* in *another world*, rather than amongst *Gentlemen* here in *this*: and that he were only *lent* us a while, an *universal pattern* for Mankind to *imitate*; And to let us see how *much* of *Heaven* (if we will receive it) may *dwell* upon *earth*. He is so *refined* from all *Mixture* of our Courser *Elements*, as if he were absolutely *Spiritualized* before his *time*; if ever he were *proud* of any thing, it was of being the *Conquerour* of *that*, and all other *Vices*. He *scorns* and is *ashamed* of nothing but *Sin*. He lives *in* the world as one that intends to *shame* the world *out of love* with *it self*: and he is therefore *singular* in all his Actions, *not* because he *affects* to be so, *but* because he *cannot* meet with *company* like *himself* to make

him

him otherwiſe. In a word, he is ſuch, that (could we *want* him) it were *pity* but that he were in *Heaven*; and yet I pitty not much his continuance *here*, becauſe he is *alreadie* ſo much an *Heaven* to *himſelf*.

§. 3. *His chief Honour and Dignitie.*

His *firſt Honour* in this world, is to be *born* the moſt *noble* of Gods *creatures* here *below*: His *next* is to live one of his moſt *Obedient* and *laborious ſervants*, like thoſe *above*: His *greateſt* to *die* his *beloved Son*, that ſo he may *reign* with him *for ever*. It was the *Honour* of his *Infancie* only, to have *Noble Parents*; It is the *Honour* of his *riper years*, that he can *Imitate* their *Vertues*, and it will be the *Crown* of his *Old-Age* to be as good a *father* as his *own*; *Blood* and *Birth* then ſtood him inſtead, when his *tender* years had not yet render'd him *capable* of *vertue* and *worth*. When he comes to *Age*, he *Enters* upon his *Honour*, not as upon his *eſtate*, by the *will* or *title* of his *Anceſtors*, but by the *claim* of his *merits*; looking upon it not as his *lot* or *inheritance*, but as his *choiſe* and *purchaſe*. He has an eſpecial care

that

that his *Honour* and his *Perſon* may both *live* and *grow* up, but never *die together*. He accounts it much *below* a perſon of his *quality*, to *owe* all that *reſpect* which is *given* him when he is a man, to his full Coffers; or all the *Reverence* which is *paid* him when an *old man*, to his *gray hairs*: But he ſo *provides* for his *Honour*, that whatever *reſpect* is *offered* him, may be eſteemed a *debt* and not a *Preſent*; and that his *future goodneſſe* may not be thought the *Product* of the *Old*, but rather an *obligation* to *New reſpects*: Such he *civilly accepts* when *paid* him, but ſeldome *challenges* when *delay'd* or *withheld*; ſo far I mean, as they concern his *perſon*, not his *office*. For though it be *one Honour* to *deſerve*, yet is it *another contentedly* to *want* them. He needs never go *abroad* to *ſeek himſelf*, and therefore he hearkens with more *ſafetie* to his *own conſcience*, then the *peoples acclamations*; and he had much rather *know* himſelf *Honourable*, then be *told* that he *is* ſo.

His higheſt *ambition* is to be a *favourite* in the *Court* of *Heaven*; and to this end his *policy* is to become not a *great* but a *new*

Man:

Man: and to *dresse* up himself in all those *Spiritual Ornaments*, which may make his soul truly *amiable* in the eyes of the *Great King*. He considers how that he owes *himself* unto *God*, as he is his *Creature*; and he endeavours to *discharge* that *Old* debt, by a most earnest and importunate *suite* for *New* favours; ever praying that God would make him *fit* to *serve* him, by making him first a *New Creature*. He could never yet think the *Old Man* fit to make a *Courtier* of *Heaven*, and therefore he uses to walk in his *white Robe*, and his *Wedding garment*, that so he may be admitted into the *Kings Presense*. He furnisheth himself betimes with such *Apparel* as this, and he *fits* and *settles* it to his soul *before-hand*, knowing that the *longer* it is *worn*, the more *splendid* it *grows*, and the *more* it is *used*, the *longer* it will *last*; the onely way to *wear it out*, is, not *to wear it at all*: but having once *attired* himself in this *habit*, now *every day* is with him an *Holy-day*, and he is henceforward *every where* at *Court*.

But that which he esteems his great *Honor indeed*, is *this*, that he can with *confidence*, and *truly*, call *God* his *Father*, his *Saviour*, his

his *Friend* and his *Brother*, the *Church* his *Mother*, and the *Angels* his *fellow servants*. Such *Parents*, such *Kinred*, and such *Company* he may safely *boast* of; but this he does no *other* way, then by his *Obedience* and *gratitude*. He behaves himself as a *Kings Son* ought to do, that is, he does nothing *misbecoming* his *Birth* and *Dignitie*.

§. 4. *His Out-side and Apparel.*

If we may spare so much time from the contemplation of those *richer* Excellencies of his *inner man*, as to take notice of his *out-side*, we may there behold the *Ingenuous Emblems* of his *better self*: so much good care he takes that there be nothing found about him, but what may speak him indeed a *Gentleman*; and present you (so far as the *matter* will bear it) with the fair *picture* of a *Noble Mind*. He would gladly so *polish* and *adorn* his *Body*, as becomes the *lodging* of so *great* a *Soul*. He looks upon it as a thing onely *so far* deserving his *care* and *pains*, as it is a necessary *Instrument* of her *operations*: and yet he rather could wish himself (might it so be) *freed* from the

comber some

cumberſome companie of his *fleſh*; becauſe it proves often ſo great a *clog* and *hinderance* to the more *active* and *vigorous* inclinations of his *better* part. So long as he is *confined* to his *Tabernacle* of *clay*, he makes the *beſt* that can be made of a *Neceſſarie Evil*: ſo *feeding* his *body* that it may have *ſtrength* enough to *ſerve* his *ſoul*; and ſo *cloathing* it, that the *other* part may be kept from *freezing*, and fit for more *ſprightly* actings. Indeed he never makes *much* of his *earthly* part, but in *ſubſervency* to his *Spiritual*; that ſo he may the better, as he is commanded, *Glorifie God both with body and Soul, which are his.*

Hence is it, that you may alwaies obſerve in his *Habit*, ſuch a *gravitie* as beſeems a *Chriſtian*; and yet ſuch a *decency* as becomes a *Gentleman*. He chuſes rather to have his *diſtinction* from other Men founded in his *vertues* then in his *cloaths*. Herein he ſhows that he looks more after what's *ſerviceable* and *uſeful*, then what's *pleaſing* and *faſhionable*. So much *curioſitie* he has, as not to be *ſlovenly*; and ſo *little*, as it cannot ſhow that he is *vain* or *wanton*. He had rather have his *Apparel Rich* than

Gandie

Gaudie, and yet rather *warm* than *Rich*. It is *neatneſſe* not *braverie*, a *decent* not a *gorgeous* attire, which, next unto whats *uſeful*, he aims at.

In every *ſuite* he buys he hath as great a regard to the *poor* mans *neceſſities*, as to his own *humour*, and makes choiſe of that *cloath* or *ſtuff* which may pleaſe God hereafter upon the *Beggars back*, more then what he knows may now flatter the wanton eye of the *World* upon his *own*. He has much better thoughts of *Vertue*, then to hope his *fine cloaths* may gain him a *reſpect* where *that* could not; nay on the other ſide, he knows that *Goodneſſe* is enough of it ſelf, to advance the *Rag* above the *Robe*, and a *Leathern Cap* above the *Golden Diadem*.

He pities the *unskilfull wantonneſſe* of the world, which alwaies (as *Children* and *fools* uſe to do) ſets an higher value upon the *varniſh* and the *gilded frame*, then on the lively *features* and excellent *Art* in the rich *piece* they adorn: and he cals it a *blindneſſe*, at leaſt, a *weak ſight*, which cannot *behold* a *vertue*, but (as we do a *dull picture*) through the *Gliſtering Glaſſe* of *Vanitie*. He eſteems

eſteems his *penny* in the *poor* mans *purſe* a much greater *Ornament*, then a fair *Plume* in his own *Hat*. Neither knows he how he may with a good *conſcience* wear that, which might be made many a poor mans *livelihood* (as too many now love to do) in a *Band* and a pair of *Cuffs*. He is more pleaſ'd to ſee his own *cloaths cover* anothers *nakedneſs*, then *diſplaying* his *luſts*: and thinks it more honourable to wear the *charitie* then the *braverie*.

If his *Place* or *Office* challenge an *Habit* above his deſires, by what he is forced to do, he ſhows what he *would chuſe* to do; and moſt lively expreſſes his *ſingular humility*, in his *neceſſitated gallantry*: ſhowing how he can *condeſcend* even to any thing, ſo it be *innocent*; though by a *Conformity* contrary to his natural *inclinations*. And even herein he takes care to provide himſelf ſuch *Apparel*, that his *caſt ſuite* (as we call it) may not be quite *caſt away*; and to this end he chuſes rather to ſwagger in *Gold* then *Tinſell*, in *Cloath* then *Stuff*: that ſo it may be *ſullied* before it be *torn*, and *unfit* for *him* to wear, before it be *worn out*; and *then* moſt becoming the *poverty* and *mean* condition

condition of another, *when* it ſhall be below the *State* and *Dignity* of his *Place* and *Perſon.*

It is moſt certain (and the *Gentleman* knows it as well) that the *Temper* and *Diſpoſition* of the *Soul*, is no way better *Diſcernable*, then through the *Habit* and *garb* of the *Bodie*: He that longs after *New faſhions*, will not be backwards in embracing *New Religions*: both proceeding from *one* and the *ſame* dangerous *Principle*, an *unconſtancy* of *mind*, and a *deſire* of *Noveltie*. The *True Gentleman* knows it by *experience*, that where there is no *levity* in the *thoughts*, there appears no *alteration* in the *Body*; where no *inconſtancy* and *Pride* of *Soul*, there's no *change* or *flaunting* in the *cloaths*. And therefore that the world may know that he has a *fixed* and *reſolved ſoul*, he has one *conſtant garb* and *Attire*: and he will never yield that to be *out of faſhion*, which is both *Serviceable* and *Frugal*. Alas, the poor *Body* (he knows) deſires nothing but what may preſerve it *alive* and in *health*: It is the *laſcivious ſoul* which calls for all thoſe other *ſuperfluities*: and the *Gentleman* accounts it below him to gratifie his *luſts*,

and

and to be at so vast an *expence* to *cloath* his *Humour*. He could never, since he was a *child*, play with a *Feather*, or think himself happy in the *glistering* of a *Lace* or *Ribband*. He leaves these *toyes* to those *silly Creatures* who are resolved to continue for ever in their *childhood* or *infancy*, and *dare* be so *foolish* as to think a *broad band* and a *flaunting Cuff*, as necessary as *Heaven*. He can *think* himself a *man* without such a *vanity*; and *know* himself a *Gentleman* without any such *mark* or *bravery*: alwaies wearing such *cloaths*, as his *Body* may in *old age* have good reason to *blesse* the *moderation* of his *soul*; and the *needy* may have no less cause to pray for the *health* of his *body*.

§. 5. *His Discourse and Language.*

When you hear him *speak*, you will think that he intends no lesse, then to give you a *taste* of his *soul* at every word: Nor indeed is it possible you should in any thing plainlier discover the *nobleness* of his *spirit* then in his *sweet breath*, so *divinely* moulded into most excellent *discourse*. Every

word he speaks, speaks him, and gives you a fair Character at once both of his *Abilities* and his *Breeding*.

If you respect the *Quality* of his *Discourse*, it is *Grave* and *Noble*, *Serious* and *Weighty*; and yet alwaies rather what is *fit* to be spoken, then what he is *able* to speak. His *words* are most *Proper* and *Genuine*, but not affected; His *Phrase high* and *lofty*, but not *Bombastick*; His *Sentences close* and *full*, but not *obscure* or *confused*. His Discourse is neither *flashy* nor *flat*, neither *Boyish* nor *Effeminate*, neither *Rude* nor *Pedantick*: It is alwaies *Sober*, yet *Ingenuous*; *Virile*, *strong* and *masculine*, yet *sweet* and *winning*. He loves a *smooth* expression, but not a *soft* one: A *smart* or *witty* saying, but without a *Clinch* or *Jingle*. His words are those which his matter will best bear, not such as his *Phancy* would readiliest *suggest*. No poor half-starved *Jests*, no dry *Insipid Quibbles* can get any room in his *Rhetorick*; hardly a word in all, but what hath his Emphasis, nor any sentence without his full weight.

If you would eye the *Quantity* of his speech, it is not *Long* but *Full*; not *Much* but

but *Great*: He ſpeaks not alwaies, but when he ſpeaks he ſaies All. He as often ſhowes how well he can be ſilent, as how well he can ſpeak; and others alwaies love more to hear him talk, than he himſelf. He makes no leſſe uſe of his Ear in all companies, then of his Tongue; & by his ſerious harkening to the more impertinent diſcourſes of his Companions, plainly proves he has no leſſe *Patience* than *Rhetorick*. He makes it evident, that he has his *tongue* (that *unruly Beaſt* in moſt mens mouths) as much at his *Command* as his *Wit*, and that he is able to make both *reſt*, as well as both *move* at his pleaſure.

His ſayings are never long or tedious, but they alwais reach home; and he will very ſeldome take any thing leſſe then a *Neceſſity*, for an *Opportunity* of ſpeaking. But then uſually he delivers all with that facility and perſpicuity, as if his words were not the *elect & voluntary*, but the *ready* and *natural* emanations of his Soul. No *Paſſion* ſhall at any time more diſturb the Order of his words, then it can Cloud the Serenity of his *forehead*. He cannot make himſelf merry, much leſſe proud, with his own

Inventions; nor does he ever catch at the applause, but aims at the Edification of his Auditors.

If you will look upon the *matter* and *substance* of his discourse, you shall see, 'tis alwaies what he *finds*, not what he *makes*: not what he supposes may afford the *fairest field* for his *Phancy* and *Invention* to roave in; but the *best Garden* of such choise *fruits* as the *Stomacks* (not the *Palats* onely) of his company shall be best able to *bear*. Or such as may prove most *Medicinal*, when seasonably applied to the several *diseases* of those that *hear* him. These he alwaies studies rather to *heal* then *discover*, and yet rather to *discover* than *flatter*. Hence he often distributes amongst them the bitter as well as the sweet: and rather that which may *nourish*, then what may *please*.

And yet here it is, if ever, that he acts the part of the *Tempter*: for he makes even the soureſt Apple (which he knows to be *wholsom*) so *pleasant* to the *eye*, that he *forces* such as need it, by a *Pious Fraud*, into a real *love* of what *naturally* they most *hate*. Indeed the onely way which for the most

part in such company is left him to prevent the *losse* of his *own* time, is to make others with whom he converses gainers by his *societie*: and he does his utmost endeavour, that every one that hears him, may by what they hear, either *gain a vertue*, or *lose a vice*.

This is it, which makes him very carefull to avoid, whatsoever might rationally be supposed able to *vitiate* either his *own discourse* or the *minds* of his *Auditors*. And very good reason *he* has to be more *cautious* in this respect then *other* men, seeing the most *odious* vice from *his Language* would gain so great a *Loveliness* as would probably make it one of the strongest *temptations*. But his *Rhetorick* has too *sweet a face* to be made the Mother or Midwife to any thing that has the *Monstrous* shape of *Sinne*: he should foully Adulterate so great a Purity, who should go about to *match* it with any thing lesse than *Piety* and *Vertue*.

Obloquy and *Scurrilitie* are too deformed and *wry-faced*, to gain any place in his *affections*: He that is able, when he will, to create to himself a *Reputation* not inferiour

to the *highest Stories* as much, as he *needs* little to *rob* any *other* man of *his*. His fingers are too clean to be foul'd by throwing *dirt* in other mens faces. He is as much afraid to discover a blemish in another mans *eye*, as he is to suffer a greater in his own; and will rather *charitably* condescend to lick out the Mote with his *tongue*, then deridingly to talk of it. He holds it too much below a man to imploy his Nails in vexing an old sore, and scratching till he make a new one. He leaves it to Dogs and Ravens to prey upon Carrion. Alas, it is a very hungry wit, which is fain to *feed* upon such *nauseous dyet*. Other mens infirmities, especially if natural or accidental, are much more the objects of his Charity and Pity, then of his Merriment and Derision. He judges it a *cruelty* proper to *weakness* alone to *Murther* the *Sick*; no true *ingenuity* can be so *barbarous* as to sport it self in the *misfortunes* of the *miserable*. He esteems that (as well he may) a meer *Dwarfish wit* which cannot tel how to show it self to the world but by *trampling* (& so *advancing* it self) upon the *Reputation* of others. It is a Barren Phancy, or at least has alwaies a very

Hard Labour, which can be *mother* to nothing but to what *misfortune* muſt be the *Midwife*. The *True Gentleman* has both more *wit*, more *honeſty*, and more *charity*, then to permit his *tongue* to be ſo *foolifhly*, ſo *unworthily*, ſo *Tyrannically* buſied.

Nor doth he leſſe abhor to come near that filthy *puddle* of *obſcenity*; 'tis a *Sin* and no *Minerva* that can be for ſuch naſty food. He never carried the *Goats tongue* in the *Gentlemans head*, but wiſhes that all who do ſo would for ever uſe it as *Goats* do, that is, continue alwaies *mute*. All his diſcourſes are as *chaſt* as *fair*, and the ſweet *Loves* in recital whereof he ſo much pleaſeth himſelf and all thoſe *Good* men which hear him, are no other then thoſe betwixt God and his own ſoul.

He is too *juſt* to himſelf and his own *unuſurped Majeſty*, to ſuffer his talk to *flag* into an *idle*, much leſſe a *wanton* ſtrain of *Drollery*: that's too *Plebeian* and *Vulgar* for a *Gentleman*, and *this* no leſſe too *foul* and *Beaſtly* even for a *Man*: and he muſt be more then *both* theſe in every expreſſion a *Chriſtian*. He cannot but with as much *wonder* and *aſtoniſhment* as *pity* and *compaſ-*

ſion, hear thoſe *puny* ſouls, which can invent no other method of *gracing* their Diſcourſe, and make it *taking*, but by a *complacent* rehearſal of their own and other mens *uncleannesſes*; nor can find *matter* for an *hours* talk, without being beholding for it to a *Miſtreſs* or a *whore*: Or at beſt by *dreſſing* up ſome empty piece of *Folly* in *fine words*. Thus can they never be merry, but as Children uſe to be, with a *Baby*, or a *Rattle*.

His Soul preſently *boyles* up in a pious *Agonie* within him, whenſoever he hears a *vain Oath*, or any thing that ſounds like *prophaneneſs*: He never mentions the dreadful *name* of *Almighty God*, but with that due *Reverence* both of *Soul* and *Body* which ſuits with its *greatneſſe*. He is too much the *friend* of God, and is every way too neerly *related* unto him, to hear him *diſhonoured* with *patience*; or to ſuffer his *name* to be made ſo *vile* and *cheap*, as to be uſed (as too commonly it is) onely as an *expletive particle* to prevent a *Chaſme*, or make up a *gap* in the *ſentence*, or to make all run more *ſmoothly*.

He has the like Holy reſpect for Gods

Word as his *Name*. He is too much in *love* with *Scripture* to see her *prostituted* to every *licentious phancy*, and by an impudent *wresting* made the subject of every *Atheistical* wit. The *Gentleman* looks with a more *reverent* eye upon this *Sacred* Fountain: not as set open to be *troubled* and made *muddy* by the *Wanton Goats*, but to *water* and *Wash* the tender *Lambs*. He useth it further as a wholsom *Bath* for his *White* Soul, which will preserve her both *clean* and *whole*.

I should injure the *Gentleman*, to dwell any longer upon his *negative* vertues. Onely, this is an *indulgence* given to our *ignorance*, that we are allow'd to speak in the *negative* of all *great* perfections, and say what they are *not*, when we cannot, as we should, expresse what indeed they *are*. If you will hear what I have to say more of his discourse in short, then know, that all his *words* are not onely the *pretty pleasing*, yet *empty bublings* of a *restlesse phancy*, a *raging lust*, or a *wanton* and *frolick humour*: But all of them the *grave*, *weighty*, and well *proportion'd breathings* of his *great* and *holy Soul*.

Sect. 6.

Sect. 6. *His Behaviour and Civility.*

His whole *Behaviour* & *Carriage* is *masculine* and *noble*, such as becomes his *Heroick* spirit; and yet alwaies accompany'd with a wonderful *Humility* and *Courtesie*. His *Body* is only made *straight*, & the more *it self*, not (as most mens are) *new moulded* by *art*: He has just so *much* of the *Dancing-School* as will teach him how to *laugh* at those that have *too* much. He has made more use of the Vaulter and Fencer, then the Dancer; for his desire was more to be a *Man*, then a *Puppit*, and to be a *servant* to his *Country* rather then his *Lady*.

If in things of *this* nature he sometimes studies anothers satisfaction more then his *own*, he will show how much he can be *more* then a man, not how much *less*, and how *active* he can be, not how *Apish*. He so behaves himself, that by what he *does*, you may rather conclude he *can* doe *more* if he *will*, then that he *hath* done *all* he *can* doe. In these, as in all things else of the like *indifferency*, he manifests his *greatest* power *there*, *where* most men have the *least*; in *refusing*

sing to do, what his is sure would gain him the empty applause of the Multitude: Though, so far as he can judge the *sport* or *Recreation* innocent and lawful; he had rather manifest a *slighting* and a *disregard*, then an *hatred* towards them.

His *Complements* are not (as in others) the wild *extravagances* of a *Luxuriant Language*, but the *natural* breathings of a sincere *kindness & respect*; His civility is alwaies one, with his *Duty*, his *friendship*, or his *charity*. A *Court-dresse* cannot bring him in love with a Lie; nor can he look upon a *Fashionable Hypocrisie* with a more favourable eye, then upon a *glorious cheat*; He judges of all *dissimulation*, as in it self it is; for though in *Complement* the *Practice* of it may seem *Princely*, yet in its own *nature* he knows 'tis *Devilish*, and in the *issue* will prove *damnable*. He scorns to be Sathans Scholar, though for so profitable a lesson: for it was He indeed was the first Master of this *Ceremony*; when he Complemented our first *Parents* out of their *Innocence* and *Paradice* at once; tickling their ambition with this strain --- *Ye shall be like Gods.*

It

It is his care, that all the *Obedience* and *Honour* his *Inferiors* are obliged to render unto *him*, may seem no more then an imitation of that he pays unto his *Superiors*: And that the *courteſie* and *civilitie* of his *equals* may be thought nothing elſe but the *reflection* of *his* towards them. But if anothers kindneſſe chance to get the *ſtart* in ſhowing it ſelf, he makes it apear that his *backwardneſs* proceeded not from any want of good will, but oppottunity; & he endeavours to requite the *earlineſs* of his *friends* Courteſie, by the *meaſure* of his *own*.

His *Inferiors* may behold in him how well *Humility* may conſiſt with *Greatneſs*, and how *great* an Affability, Authority will admit of. By his *practice* our *licentious* world might eaſily be convinced, that *Freedome* and *ſubjection* may dwell together like friends.

All his *words*, and all his *Actions* are ſo many *Calls* to *Vertue* and *Goodneſſe*, and by what he himſelf *is*, he ſhews others what they *ought* to be. If *Heaven* were ſuch a thing as ſtood in *need* of an *aſſiſtant* Temptation (which a man would almoſt believe when he ſees how little men love it for it

ſelf)

ſelf) certainly it would make choiſe of the *Gentleman* as the doveliest bait to draw others thither, were not the Generality of Mankind grown ſo *ſtupid* in their ſins, as to fall in *love* with *hell*; were they not *infatuated* even to a *confidence* in thoſe *vanities*, which are *worſe* then *nothing*, and *beſotted* into a *ſenſuality* below what's *brutiſh*; who would not make *haſt* to *Heaven*, were there no greater *Happineſſe*, than the fruition of ſuch a *companion* as is the *True Gentleman*?

And truly thither with all *ſpeed* he muſt reſolve to go that intends to *enjoy* him *long*: for he makes too much *haſt* to that *place* of happineſſe, to ſtay *long* by the *way*. Such *good men* indeed are *ſoon taken away*, and this is ſo little *laid to heart* by us, that we gave great reaſon for our own ſakes to fear, that *they are taken away from the Judgments yet to come* upon this ſinful and rebellious Nation. The world grows ſo thin of ſuch as he, that we may too truly now ſay he is but *one* of a *thouſand*; and then 'tis no leſſe then a *thouſand* to *one* that very ſhortly whoſoever would *find* him, muſt go to *Heaven* to *ſeek* him. And indeed it were an high

high injury to perſwade him to a longer *ſtay* here, except we would aſſure him of our *company* thither at laſt.

Sect. 7. *His Inſide.*

It is now time to take a ſhort view of his *Inſide*, and it muſt indeed be a very *ſhort* & *imperfect* one; for you cannot but imagine what would be the unfortunate *event*, if ſuch *weak* eyes as mine are, ſhould *gaze* too *long* & *intently* upon the *Glorious* body of the *Sun*: I ſhall onely therefore be ſo *officious* to ſuch (if any ſuch there be) as need my help, as to ſet *open* the *windows* for them, the *Sun* (I am ſure) will *ſhine* in of it ſelf. And truly his *rayes* dart in ſo *thick* and *faſt* upon us, we ſhal hardly know *which* to take notice of *firſt*: An *underſtanding* here we meet withal, ſo *clear* and *unclouded*, a *Will* ſo *regular* and *uncorrupted*, *Affections* ſo well *refined*, ſo *orderly*, & *unintereſted*, that 'tis wholly evident, that as *Nature* found *Materials*, and *Education built* the Houſe and ſet all in *Order*; ſo do *Religion* and *Morallitie Govern* within, and betwixt them keep all *clean* and *handſom*.

His

His *vertues* seem to be so much the *Necessarie* & *Natural* Emanation of his most *active* and *boundless* soul, that he is in danger by being *altogether good* to lose the *praise* & *honour* due to so *eminent* a Goodness: If he could *leave off* to be *Vertuous*, the world might then seem to have some *excuse* for being *vicious*. But his *Goodness* is too *absolute*, to grow *out* of *love* with *it self*, and too *knowing* to lye *obnoxious* unto such a *cheat*, as to part with her *own* face, in exchange for the *fairest* of *Vices*. I wish the world would *forbear* to *love* vice, till he *begin* to *forsake* vertues; & that all our Gentrie would endeavour to be like *him*, till *he* become like *them*, or *esteem* any thing truly *Noble*, which he cannot *prove* to be really *Good*.

As for his *Intellectual* Excellencies, so far as he owes them *purely* and *immediately* to *God* and *Nature*, I think it not fit so much as to touch any further upon them; least I should not bear up *even* in that great *variety*, wherein they are distributed among the *many* individuals; God having *proportion'd* them out unto the *severals* in so *different* a measure, as nothing but his own

Infinite

Infinite wisdom can give a *particular* rea-
son of it. Onely this I may safely say, tha
whatsoever his *talent* is, the Gentleman
digs not in the *earth* to *hide it*; but so
trafficks with it, till *Art* and *Industrie* have
brought in an *encrease* some way propor-
tionable to the *Stock* of *Nature*: at least t
that degree which may intitle him to the
Euge of his Lord; and the glorious *welcom*
of a *good and faithful Servant*. He make
use of Gods *Bountie*, not as a *Warrant* fo
his *sloath*, or an *indulgence* to his *idleness*
but as a *Spur* and motive to a grateful
Care and *Industrie*: Not as a *treasure* to b
prodigally spent, but a *stock* to be *thriftily hus-*
banded and improved: He accounts it
thing most unworthy in a *Gentleman*, to b
an *ill husband*, especially where the *treasur*
is *Gods*, and he but his *Steward*; ye
such a steward, as has the *use*, as it were,
of his Lords *purse* for his Incourage-
ment.

His *acquired* Intellectual accomplish-
ments, are too *numerous* and *various* to be
here characterized; something must be said
of them hereafter in his *studie*, though but
very little; for I chuse rather to *insist* upon
what

what denominates him *Good* and *Noble*, then *great* and *knowing*: for though the *latter* be *useful* and *excellent*, yet the *former* are, more *praise worthy* and *necessary*.

Sect. 8. *His command over himself.*

His *Will* and *Affections* he makes the *Instruments* and *servants*, not the *Guides* and *Mistresses* of his *Soul*. He subjugates his *Will* unto *Reason*, and *this* to *Religion*: and by this means it comes to passe that he never misses of having his own free *Choice* in all things. He both *Doth* and *Hath* what he *will*, because he never *wills* but what is according to *reason*, nor thinks any thing *Reasonable* but what's *honest* and *Lawful*: thus by making *Gods will* his *own*, he is never *crost* in his *desires*.

Thus he exercises the *first* and *main* act of his *Authority* at *home*: and that he may be more *expert* in governing *others*, he first *practices* upon himself; and learns to command his *inferiour* Soul. He will not *submit* in the least to the *Tyranny* of a *Passion*, nor hearkens he further to the most tempting *Suggestions* of his *Sensitive* part, then

he sees that *subject* to the *grave* and *sober* dictates of its lawfull *Empress Right Reason*. His *affections* when *prepared* and fitted by an *unprejudiced judgment* for his service, he delayes not to put into *exercise*, but imployes them as so many *wings*, whereon his soule may be carried up *above* the reach of *Vulgar* men. It would be too great an *indulgence* in him, to suffer his *Passions* to be their owne *carvers*, and *chusers* of their own *objects*: for *these* being the Natural *Daughters* of his *untamed sensitive Appetite*, have too much of their *mother* in them, to be *discreet* in their choise, like *wanton* and *imprudent* Girles, they would pitch upon the *fairest* rather then the *best*, and more labour to *flatter* the *sense* then *obey* the *Reason*. As their *Lord* and *Soverain*, therefore he *appoints*, and *Reason cuts* them out their work, and *assigns* every one its proper task; and by this meanes at length they become the *beauty*, *ornament* and *strength*, which otherwise had naturally been, the *Blemishes*, *disorders*, and *Infirmities* of the Man.

He desires in all things to be *above* the *world*, that's his *Ambition*, and therefore *he sets his affections on things above*, and *points* them

them out the way to *Heaven*, that's his prudence. The *soul* without them would be *lame* and unable to *go*, and they without its *eye* of *Reason*, are *blind* and know not which way to go, but (as the *Cripple* upon the *blind mans* back) let but the *judgment* direct *them* in the right path, and then *they* will carry the *soul* to Heaven. The *Gentleman* is too much a *man* to be *without* all *passion*, but he is not so much a *beast* as to be *governed* by it.

In this *moderation* and *Empire* over *himself*, where he gives *Law* to his *affections*, and *limits* the extravagances of *Appetite*, and the insatiable *cravings* of *sensuality*, the just *rule* he goes by, is not *opinion* but *knowledge*, not that *leaden* one, which is so easily *bent* and made *crooked*, or *melted* and *dissolved* by the *heat* of *passion*, or the *arts* of *Sophistry*, into *error* and *Scepticisme*, but that other *Golden* one, which lies as *close* and *firm*, as 'tis made *straight* and *even*. When he would *imprint* the true *lovelinesse* of any *object* upon his affections, he takes it into a true *light*, and has a care to remove from before his eye all those cunningly wrought *Glasses*, or other instruments of *Sathan* and

Lust, set so frequently to *prejudice* and *deceive* the *sight*: whatsoever might cause him to *mistake* a *false* object for a *true*, or to see a true one *amisse*: so endeavours he to be as free from *error* as from *vice*: esteeming it as a *sin* to act against his *knowledge*, so a *shame* at least to be *deceived* in his *opinion*.

He judges of *things*, as he does of *men*, not by what they *promise*, but by what they *prove*; and so he *trusts*, and *loves*, and *feares* them; not for what in *appearance* they *seems* to be, but for what in the *use* and *trial* of them he *findes* that in truth they *are*. He accounts not an *Ox* therefore more *terrible* than a *Lyon*, because he is *greater*: not a *Pebble* more *desirable* than a *Pearle* because 'tis *heavier*. But he first collects the *Excellency* of every thing from its *usefulnesse*, and *tendency* unto that *end* he *aims* at in the *pursuit* after, or *use* of it, and then he *proportions* his affections according to that *degree* of excellency he has thus *rationally* concluded to be in it. After this manner does he in the first place *Love* it over his *Passion*, till in a long *obedience* she have served out her *apprenticeship* to his *Reason*: then is

she deservedly *enfranchised* into a *vertue*, & so becomes at length her *Lords Mistress*; and 'tis *she* will get him a *reward* for his service in *Heaven*.

Sect: 9. *His Magnanimity and Humility.*

There is a Brave *Heroick* vertue, which is as a *second soul* unto the true *Gentleman*, and *Enspirits* every part of him, with an admirable *Gallantry*; I mean, *Christian Magnanimity* and *Greatnesse* of *Soul*. This presently heaves him up to that *size* that the wide *world* seemes too *strait* and *narrow* to containe him, or afford *room* enough for him to expresse the *activity* of his Spirit. This is it which teaches him to laugh at *small* things, and disdaine to goe *lesse* then his *Name*. Being carried up on *high*, upon the wings of this *Vertue*, he casts *down* his eye upon those *little* Happinesses, which seeme enough to satisfie the *narrow* souls of other men, with no little *contempt* and *scorne*; but on those poore *starvlings* themselves, whose *earthly appetites* can make such *trash* their *diet*, with as much *pitty* and *compassion*. It is this *Vertue* which so *ennobles*

all his *actions* that they bear a juſt proportion to the *largneſs* of his *thoughts*, and permits him to engage in nothing which is not truly *Honourable*. And it is this ſame *Vertue* which makes his own *Boſome* his *Treaſury*, and that ſo *rich* and *ſelf-ſufficient*, that all the *external* felicities this world has or can *caſt in* to the *Bargain*, are look'd upon by him with as ſlender a regard, as the *Widows Mite* would have been by the great *Lord* of the *Temple*, without a large *augmentation* from her *piety* and *devotion*. It is this *vertue* which makes him a *calm* in his own *breſt*, when the whole world beſides *rages* like a *troubled Sea* round about him. Let the *ſtorm* and *tempeſt* threaten never ſo loudly a *ſplitting* and a *wrack* to other *unballanced* ſouls; he knows not how to fear, whileſt his courage is his Anchor, and Innocence ſafe Harbour. This is it which makes him conclude their labour very ill ſpent, who for the cheriſhing of a childiſh humour, uſe to *ſweat*, and *conſume* their *ſtrength* and *Spirits* in purſuit of a *Feather*; or *ſtrain* their *backs* to take up every *ſtraw* that *gliſters* in their way. It ought to be a much nobler *Game* then ſuch

a ſilly *fly*, that this *Eagle* vouchſafes to *ſtoop* to.

But as this brave *Vertue* thus teacheth the *Gentleman*, to be *enough* to himſelfe, and reſt *content* and *ſatisfied* with what he hath at *home*; ſo does it likewiſe teach him to be *too much* for himſelfe, and commands him not to vindicate *all* of himſelf wholly to his *own* uſe and ſervice. It were pitty ſo *great* a *Goodneſs* ſhould be thus *confined* within *one* ſubject, as not to be able to *diſtribute* ſomething of it ſelfe to *every* one of its neighbours. Nay this *Chriſtian Magnanimity* doth ſo *ſtretch* out his Soule, that ever *that* too ſeemes to be *communicated* unto *others* beſides himſelfe: It is a kind of *violence* and *reſtraint* to her to be pinned up within the narrow *Province* of one *Individuall* body, and therefore ſhe ſtudies how ſhe may *enlarge*, if not her *Empire*, yet her *charity*; and make a *number* by being the *objects* of her *bounty*, the *witneſſes* of her *Greatneſſe*. Indeed ſo *diffuſive* and ſpreading is *Vertue*, when ſhe growes in ſo *rich* a ſoyle, that of a *little* ſhe ſoone becomes *great*, and of *One* a *Multitude*. This *Grain of Muſtardſeed* growes up ſo faſt, and ſo

great, that many may reap the benefit of its growth, by partaking of its branches. And such a *Cloud*, as at first might appear but of an *hand breadth*, will suddainly make a *nation* happy in that refreshing *dew*, which by its *plenty*, will argue a strange *increase* after so *smal* an appearance. Indeed the *Gentleman* acts as if he intended, that his *soule* should in a short time *animate* the *Universe*; & make it more than ever the poor *Philosopher* could dream of, *One great Gentleman*; and the severall *Individuals* therein but the numerous *members* of his own body. Though the *indocile* and *untractable* spirits of the *common* sort of men be such as *force* him against his will to be *singular*; yet to show us how *unwilling* he is to *remaine* so, his *vertues* are too *charitable* to be long *alone*: and hence are all his *breathings* such, as might well be thought intended by him to *inspire* his company with something *like* himself; and all his *Actions* so many earnest *Essayes*, towards the *assimulating* of their Natures unto his own. He is Master of so *inexhaustible* and *Miraculous* a treasury of *goodness*, that he may very well afford *every* man a *little*, and yet keep *all* unto *himself*.

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He knowes not how to *be* good, and not to *do* good, and therefore one halfe of his ſtudy is to *give himſelfe* away. Neither his *breſt* nor his *purſe* are ever *ſhut* to ſuch as *need* him, and (God knowes) more *need* him, then will make *uſe* of him.

The *Gentleman* may well be compared unto a Great *Booke*, which alwayes lies *wide open* to the world; that whoſoever wants *advice* or *counſell*, may freely *conſult* him at pleaſure: there they may *read*, what himſelfe, as opportunity ſerved him, has taken great paines to *copy* out *faire* in all his *Actions*, what ever is both *ſafe*, *great*, and *good*: thus in *one*, and at *once* they may behold both the *rules* of a *good life*, *Precept* and *Example*.

Nor doth this *virtue* more manifeſt it ſelfe in a liberall *diſtribution* and *inſtruction*, then in as *free* and *impartiall* a *correction* and *reproofe*, whenſoever it is requiſite, chuſing much rather to *croſs* the *humour* of his *friend*, then flatter his *vice*; and to loſe his *friendſhip* here, then his *company* (if it may be poſſible for him to have it) in Heaven another day. He is not *afraid* to call every man by his *own* name, or adde the *Epithete* which

which is due unto it: that ſo every one that comes into his preſence, may be *afraid* to bring a *bad name* along with him. He can *envy* no man becauſe he cannot ſee any one *better* than himſelfe; neither yet can he *deſpiſe* any man, becauſe he really *diſires* every one might be as *good* as himſelf.

So that, what's moſt of all commendable, this moſt excellent *vertue* is accompanied with a moſt exemplary *humility*; and there is nothing can more deſervedly *exalt* him in the thoughts of *all* men, then this, that he is ſuch a *Diminitive* in his *own*. Nor does this proceed from an *ignorance* of his owne *excellencies*, but rather hence, that he *knows* whence he *had* them. Neither does he therefore *preferre* every man in *Honour* before himſelf, becauſe he knows not what other men are, but becauſe he knows not what they may be. He is really ſo *high* that he may with eaſe *reach* Heaven, but he *makes* himſelfe ſo *low* that he may goe in at the *ſtrait gate*. When he lookes upon his owne *vertues* (which he had rather *ſhow* then *ſee*, and *have* then *ſhow*) he will not think them *great*, becauſe he intends to make them yet much *Greater*; neither can he tell how to

applaud

applaud himself when he *sees* them *great*, because he knows well how little *he* either *made* or *deserved* them. It is this *vertue* that makes him much more desire the *friendship* of a *vertuous beggar*, then the *favour* of a *vicious* and *licencious Prince*; because *this* he must assuredly *lose*, seeing he knows not how in a *compliance* to his humour to become *wicked*; but *that* shall never *end*, but *last* as long as his *Heaven*. He chuses his *companions* not by the *outward* habit of their body, but that *internal* of the soul; and sets an higher *value* on them for their *Merits* then their *Births*. He is so little *proud* of what he *is*, that he is indeed very *Humble* for what he is *not*. He will never be perswaded (as most of those we call *Gallants* do) to *pride* himself in his *Vanity*, *Boast* of his *folly*, and *Glory* in his *Prophaneness*.

Sect. 10. *His Charity and Temperance.*

The Gentlemans *charity*, is no other then his *Soul drawn out to his fingers ends*. Every piece of *money* he hath, bears as well the *impression* and *Image* of this *vertue*, as *that* of his *Prince*; and *this is* it which makes him

him value the *Coyne more*, and the *Silver leſſe*. He is indeed that true *Briareus*, which has as many *hands*, as he meets with *receivers*: and for this cauſe he is look'd upon as a *Monſter* in theſe latter dayes, and very *rarely* to be met with.

The courſe he takes to *air* his *Bags*, and keep them from *moulding*, is to *diſtribute* freely to *all* that are in *need*. If he take ſome paines to become *richer* then others, it is onely to put a *cheat* upon that which men miſcall *Fortune*, and to manifeſt he hath a *power* ſo great as hers; that is, to make himſelfe *poor* again at his pleaſure; and to ſhow that *charity* can entertaine as *rich* ſervants as *ſhe*. Though God hath indulged him the *priviledge* and *inheritance* of an *Elder brother* in the world, yet he wiſely conſiders that the *youngeſt* of all may in equity challenge a *childs portion*. He eſteems it a very high *Honour*, that God hath vouchſafed to make him *one* of the *Stewards* in *His* great *Family*: and he is nothing *ambitious* of *his Epethete* to his *Name*, or *reward* of his *pains* who is recorded in the *Goſpel* for his *injuſtice*.

When by *giving* to the *poor*, he *lends* to

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the *Lord*, the Honour of being the Lords Creditor is all the intereſt he expects; and doubtleſſe this *Happineſſe* is not *every* mans, to have *God* his *Debtor*. He accounts it much the *ſafer* way, to truſt his *Charity* than his *Luxury* with the *Bag*; the former will bring in an *even reckoning* in *Heaven*, the latter perhaps a *jolly one* in the *Tavern*, but a very *ſad one* in *Hell*. He delights not to ſee *any* thing *ſtarve* but his *Luſts*, he lets theſe *crave* without an *anſwer*, and *die* without *compaſſion*. I would to God, there were many in the world ſuch as he, we ſhould then ſee *fewer Beggars*, and *more Gentlemen*. Mens *backs* and *Bellies* would not then ſo frequently *rob* and *undoe* their *ſoules*: Nowadayes, the Gentlemans *cloathes* wind about his *body*, and his *body* about his *Soule*, with no greater *kindneſſe*, then the twining *Ivy* about the *Oak*; the *Apparel* ſucks away the *nouriſhment* which is due to the *body*, and *this* that *other* which we owe to the *Soule*.

Where he is not able to make his *Eſtate* *adequate* to his *deſerts*; he takes a better courſe, and *Levels* his *deſires* to his *fortunes*, though he *ſeldome* haye all that he *deſerves*, yet

yet he *alwaies* has whatsoever he *covets*. He never wants *much* of that which is *needful*, because he *enjoyes* all that he is in *love* with. He makes his *life* and *health*, not his *Estate* or *ambition*, the *standard*, his *Reason*, and not his *Humour*, the *judge* of his *Necessities*.

Such is his *Temperance* and *Sobriety* in the use of those *Creatures*, of which by God's *blessing*, he is made *owner*; that he *sacrifices* very *much* to his *God* in the *relief* of the indigent, *nothing* to *sin*, in satisfying the importunate cravings of his *carnal lusts*. Above all, he is *ashamed*, when *Fortune* hath used him very *hardly*, and spoil'd him of many opportunities of exercising his *bounty* and his *charity*, to permit his *lusts* to use him yet *worse*, and leave him *nothing* at all. He scorns *first* to *swaggar* and *swill* away his estate, and *then curse* his *fortune* for using him so roughly; first to *make* himself a *Beggar*, and then cry out upon his *poor* condition; or to complain he is *as poor as Job*, when every day he *fares as deliciously as Dives*. When he has the *least*, he shows that he is able to live with *less*; and when he is brought into a *low* condition

tion, he tries how he could bear up in a *lower*; and proves by his *cheerfulneſſe* in that ſome would call *want* and *miſery*, that *Happineſs* does not conſiſt in *ſuperfluities*. He is *content* with *any* thing, and by this means *enjoyes all* things: and is ſo *Charitable* of a *little*, that it is evident in that *little* he *wants* not *much*.

He chuſes rather to be *well* in the morning, then drunk over night: and at any time had rather be free from the *Sin*, then *pleaſe* his *Companions* with the *Frollick*. His *money* is too *little* to *love*, but too *much* to *throw* away: and he had much rather *give* it then *loſe* it: preferring his *charity* before his *Game*, and the *poor* mans *life*, before his *own wantonneſſe* and *riot*: Though he had never ſo *much*, he could never have *more* then *enough*, becauſe he ſees ſo *many* that *want* what *he* has, and *pities* all he *ſees* in *want*. He looks upon his *eſtate* as that which was given him for *uſe* and not for *waſt*: and upon ſo much of it as he *loſes* at play, as that whereby he hath *rob'd himſelf* of a *vertue*, an *another* of a *comfortable* livelihood, and he cannot *ſport* himſelf with ſuch *loſſes*.

Sect. 11.

Sect. 11. *His Valour and Prudence.*

Having spoken already of the Gentlemans *Magnanimity*, I shall need to adde very little of his *valour*; which he excercises more in *obeying* his *God*, then *Opposing* his *Brethren*. His highest piece of *Fortitude* is that whereby he *conquers himself* and his sin; and in this he is alway *practising*. He knows that by thus becoming his *own captive*, he shall not want the *usage* of a *Gentleman*; and thus being made his own *Lord* too, he is sure to be *free* from all the *world* besides. He looks upon it as the basest degree of *Cowardice*, to yeild unto those *feeble passions*, which, did not both *Reason* and *Religion* step into their *Succour*, would certainly become the *prey* of every *light* and *empty* toy. His Christian *Fortitude* is such, that he fears not to *Encounter* the Great *Goliah* of *Hell* or an whole *Armie* of such *Philistins* as have set themselves in array against his *Happiness*, all at once; not though they be such, as by their *Cunning* have already got *within* him. He never gives over *resisting the Devill* till he have put

put him to *flight*. He hath that *greateſt courage* which is ſo rarely found in others, who would be call'd *Gentlemen*, he dares be *Religious* in ſpite of the *World*. He ſets himſelf, without betraying the leaſt *timidity*, againſt that great *Bugbear*, which ſo *ſcares* moſt men, not onely out of their *wits*, but out of all *good actions*, *ſhame*, or *deriſion*. Theſe are they which, as the *Elephants* in King *Pyrrus* his Army terrified the *Romans* with their prodigious *Bulk*, do ſo *affright* the greateſt part of our *Gentry*, that they never leave *flying* till they *tumble* into the *Bottomleſs Pit* together. The True Gentleman, like the ſtout *Minucius*, has by experience proved theſe *Monſters* to be of more *Bulk* than *Mettal*, and to want *nothing* but an *Adverſary*, to bring them into *Subjection*.

The *True* Gentleman has ſo much *true valour*, as not to *fear* the brand of a *Coward*, where his *courage* would be his *ſin*, and his *conqueſt* his *ruine*. He is ever the *fugitive* in ſuch a *chaſe*, and dare *boaſt* of nothing but being *routed*. 'Tis then alone he *fears* not *death*, when he is ſure there is no *Hell* will *follow* it. His *life* is more *dear* to him, then

that he ſhould be content to part with it for any thing *leſſe* then *Heaven*. He has an *Honour*, and that's his *Religion*, a *Miſtreſſe* too to vindicate and defend from all injuries and affronts, and that's his own *Soul*: For the ſakes of *theſe two* he is engaged in many a *Duel*, with thoſe *Hereſies* and thoſe *ſins*, which would *ſtain* and *corrupt* the *one*, or *ſteal* away and *deflower* the *other*.

He thinks that *Honour* too *dear* which muſt be *bought* with a *Murther*; and a *Name* which is never to be *worn*, but by his *Monument*, none of the *cheapeſt*, when *purchaſed* with his *life*. He has much *honeſter* thoughts of his *Miſtreſs*, then to think her ſuch a *Proſerpine*, that either *he* or his *Rival* muſt be ſent to *Hell*, before *either* can *enjoy* her.

There is indeed a *Beauty*, for which the *Gentleman* thinks it no *loſſe* to *die*; but ſuch an one as is often *black*, though alwaies *lovely*: I mean, his own *Mother* and his Saviour's *ſpouſe*; the *Church* of God: and there is an *Honour* which he holds *cheap* enough when bought with the high *price* both of *life* and *livelihood*, though (if he might have his choiſe) he had rather *pre-*

ſerve

ſerve both to *maintain* it, then *loſe either* to *purchaſe* it, *Loyalty* to his *Prince*, and *Fidelity* to his *Countrie*: For theſe he does not fear to *Embrace* a *Stake*, to make the *Scaffold* his *Bed*, and a *Block* his *Pillow*: ſeeing he is aſſured, that whoſoever thus *lies down* to *reſt* at *night*, ſhall without fail *riſe* again to *Glory* in the *morning*. He holds it much more deſirable to *live* a *Beggar*, then to *die* a *Traytor*: And that his *honour* and *Conſcience* ſhould expoſe him to *Tyranny* and *Violence*, then his *Treachery* or *Hipocriſie* buy out his *temporal ſecurity*. He thinks it no great matter to *truſt* that *God* with his *Perſon* and his *Family*, who hath *truſted* him with his *Spouſe* and his *Children*.

Hence is the *Gentlemans* prudence, the *Legitimate Daughter* of *Loyaley* and *Conſcience*, not the *Baſtard* of *Covetouſneſſe* and *Cowardice*: 'tis mixt of *Diſcretion* and *Wiſdom*, not *Craft* and *Knavery*. He was never yet ſo blindly *zealous*, as to worſhip a *Golden Calf* for a God, that ſo he might keep his *Cheſt* from being *broken* open. Nor was he ever ſo abſolute a *Stateſman*, as to call *Rebellion Reformation*, for fear of *poverty*

or an *Haltar.* His natural affection to *wife* and *children* is such that he would enjoy them *for ever* in happinesse; and therefore his care is *so* to *part* with them *now*, that he may *meet* them again in *Heaven*, not in *Hell*, hereafter: His whole *Policy* is to avoid an *eternal*, though by incurring a *temporal*, misery. Such a *Politician* onely he thinks fit for *Heaven*, that hath *prudenty* managed his *Lords* affairs upon *Earth*; he cannot call him either a *prudent* or a *faithful Ambassador*, who prosecutes his *own* design with more earnestnesse then his *Masters*; or acts more vigorously for the advancement of his *own* particular *interest*, then the *Publick good*, or his *Princes Honour.*

It is his *prudence* to *secure* what's *best*, by the *loss* of whats *indifferent*, whensoever he is *necessitated* to part with *one* of the *two*; and he chuses rather *freely* to part with *that* which he is only *sure* once to *lose*, and by that *loss* become eternally *happy*, then to *throw* away *that* which in spight of *violence* he might for ever have *kept*, and can never *part* with, without his utter *ruine*: If *tares* must spring up amongst the good *corn* in that *field* wherein God has intended him a labourer,

labourer, he had rather ſhow by his *activeneſs* that they were not ſown whileſt he *ſlept*; then by a *covetous lazineſs* give the *enemy* an opportunity of compaſſing his deſignes; or occaſion the diſheartening of his *brethren*, by withdrawing *his* ſhoulder, and leaving them *alone* to bear the *burthen* in the *heat* of the *day*. He can think it a greater *prudence* with the *Diſciples* of his *Lord*, to leave his *Father* and his *net*, to follow a *Saviour* through *perſecution* into *Heaven*; then with the carking *fool*, to lie modelling out a *Barn* which may contain his *wealth*, and in the mean time ſuffer his *ſoul* to be ſtoln out of his body by the ſedulous craft of the *ſeducer*.

Sect. 12. *His Behaviour in both Fortunes.*

If *Fortune* ſmile upon him, and be indeed ſuch as he dare call her *good*, he makes it his buſineſſe to be altogether as *good* as ſhe; and will be ſure as well to *deſerve* as to *wear* his *Livery*. His care is that her good uſage of him may be rather deem'd the juſt reward of his own *moderation* and *good Husbandry*; then the unmerited *Bounty* of ſo

blind a *Miſtreſſe*. He makes his *Proſperity* a motive to his *Piety*, not (as others) the *oppertunity* of *diſplaying* his *Vanity*. He proves by his example, that *he* moſt happily *enjoyes* the *World*, that glories *leaſt* in the enjoyment of it. He looks upon his preſent flouriſhing condition, rather as that which is not without ingratitude to be *refuſed*, then with eagerneſſe to be *deſired*; and upon what he now *poſſeſſes*, as that which he knowes not how *ſoon* he may *loſe*; and therefore he makes himſelf now ſo *careleſſe* an *owner*, that (if the wind chance to turn) he may prove a *cheerful* and *contented loſer*. He dares not phancy himſelf one jot the *neerer* Heaven, for being thus *mounted* on the deceitful wings of *Fortune*, leſt when the contrary wind of *adverſity* diſmounts him, and his unexpected fall *awakes* him from his pleaſant *dream*, he ſhould find himſelf to be *really* as *low*, as he was before but *ſeemingly high*. If *Fortune* be content to *lodge* with him as his *gheſt*, ſhe is *welcome*; But he cannot be ſo dotingly enamour'd of her, as to entertain her, either as his *wife*, or his *harlot*; leſt either an untimely *divorce* ſhould *break* his *heart*, or ſhe

ſhould

ſhould bring a *Baſtard* for a *Son*, and ſo at length *ſhame* and *diſgrace* him. He can neither ſo far *flatter* her as to call her *Goddeſſe*, which he knowes of her ſelf to be no more but a *name*; nor ſo far *Honour* her as to *ask her bleſſing*, becauſe he knowes that whatſoever *goodneſs* men are apt to aſcribe unto her, is but one of the *meaneſt* bleſſings of a *greater* then *ſhe*. *Laugh* ſhe never ſo heartily, her *pleaſantneſs* ſhall never *overjoy* him, ſeeing (for ought he knowes) ſhe either does or may ere long *laugh* at *him*, and if ſhe *Frown*, *he* can frown as faſt as *ſhe*, and that for her kindneſſe. He never *relies* upon her, becauſe he knowes ſhe is naturally ſo *unconſtant*: nor can he ſee any reaſon why he ſhould be *proud* of being her favourite, becauſe he may every where behold many of the moſt *undeſerving* altogether as much in her *Favour* as himſelf.

To ſpeak the whole, the *true Gentleman* hath ſo ſlight an eſteem of *Fortune*, that he cannot vouchſafe her the *Honour* of a *Beeing*, but leaves that to thoſe poor Heathens who were indeed as *blind* as they *ſuppoſed* her to be. Whatſoever *bleſſings* he enjoyes

he received them, as indeed they are, as the *bounties* of an indulgent *father*, with *thanks* and *love*; and he useth them to that *end*, for which he supposes so *good* and *prudent* a father would bestow them on a *beloved Son*; so that he may make them as much *instruments* of his own *good*, as they are *testimonies* of his Fathers *affection*. He looks upon his Prosperity, not so much as a *reward* for doing *well*, as an *encouragement* to do *more*, and an *opportunity* of doing *better*: Much lesse can he think his flourishing condition, as many seem to do, a piece of *Heavens* flattering *Courtship*, where no more is intended, then the affording him an opportunity of *pampering* up his *lusts*, and making himself a *Glorious Sinner*. Seeing he has already received so *bountiful* a reward for doing so *little*, he accounts it a shame for the future not to make himself a fit object for a *greater*, by doing both *more* and better. Such an *ingenuous* spirit hath the *Gentleman*, that he thinks every reward for whats past, an obligation to future good services; and he had rather wait with patience for all his *arrears* together, then ever be thought to have received the *last payment* here.

If

If it be his lot to groan out his daies under the heavy preſſures of *affliction*: he is not like the inconſiderate *drunkard*, who in the morning after his *double* intemperance in *drinking* and *ſleeping*, complaineth that his *head akes*, and begins to *curſe* his *Pillow*, and his *Bed-maker*, for his want of eaſe; forgetting to turn that *ſin* out of doores which occaſion'd all this the day before: Nor like a *wretched* and *impenitent Malefactor*, who when he is hurried away to a juſt *Execution*, does nothing but *cry out* upon the *hard heart* of his *Judge*, and the *Rigour* of the *Lawes*; *Curſing* the *Executioner*, but forgetting to *repent* him of the *murther* or the *robbery* which brought his *body* into the hands of *this* executioner, and will, unrepented of, deliver his *ſoul* into the far leſſe merciful of *another* hereafter: But like a natural and hopeful child, he ſeriouſly conſiders his own *errors*, which provoked his Father thus to *chaſtiſe* him; and ſo by *ſtroking* the hand, and *kiſſing* the rod, and humbly *begging pardon* for his offence, he ſets his fathers affections, which before he had *turn'd aſide*, not *loſt*, into their own proper *channel* again.

He

He looks upon his *Afflictions* with one eye, as *Corrections*, and ſo blames *himſelf* for the *occaſion*, but bleſſeth *God* for the *Charity*; with the other, as *Tryals*, and ſo makes it his care that he come not all *droſs* out of the *Furnace*. The ſame fire which *conſumes* others, doth but refine his ſoule, and ſeparating from it, the more groſſe and *Terrene* Mixtures, makes it the fitter for Heaven. He grudges not to undergo the *Winnowing*, ſo he may be ſure to loſe the *Chaffe*, and be made all *Wheat*, ſuch as his Lord may think fit to receive into his *Garner*. He is aſhamed to think that God ſhould loſe his pains, and the more he *threſhes*, find onely more *ſtraw* but leſſe *Corn*: rather, like good grain from the *Mill*, he comes forth from the *grinding*, *more* in *meaſure*, *purer* in *colour*, and *readier* for *uſe* and *ſervice*. Though a *Bryar*, or a *Thorn*, may *ſcratch* or *prick* his *heel* a little, in his way to Heaven, and draw a little *uſeleſs* blood, though he may ſometimes be ſo *intangled* in the *Brambles*, that he may be forced to part with ſomething of his *fleece*, and perhaps ſo much of the *skin* too, as may make it *ſmart* a while; Yet has he

too

too *high* a ſoul, to fall ſo much within the *reach* of theſe *creeping* brambles, as to receive from them the leaſt *ſcratch* in his *face*. He alwaies carries an *head* as *erect* as his *hopes* are *high*; and takes great care that neither his *Religion*, his *Honeſty*, nor his *Honour* be made to *ſuffer* by it.

He dares not make either a *baſe compliance* with the *vices* of his *perſecutors*, the *refuge* of his *cowardice*; or the *wings* of the *Potent*, by bribing their *Ambition* with *flattery* and *diſſimulation*, his *Sanctuary* of protection. He will not attempt the *lightning* of his ſufferings by a *voluntary* caſting any *part* of his eſtate into the devouring Treaſury of the *Churches Enemy*; nor hope to appeaſe the wrath of a diſpleaſed God, by bringing an *oblation* to the *Avarice* of his oppreſſors; neither doth he eſſay to *drown* his *ſorrowes* in the *bottom* of his *Cup*: But he flies, and takes *Sanctuary* at the *Horns* of the *Altar*: and by a *magnanimity* which becomes a *Gentleman*, ſhowes that true *Honour*, is a *Jewel* indeed, ſuch as will not *break* with the *Hammer*: His *Religion*, like the *Flint*, never ſo much diſcovers thoſe holy *fires* of *zeal* and *devotion*, which were

not

not before ſo apparent, as when it moſt experiences the *vielence* of the *hardeſt ſteel*: And his *innocence* is ſo perfectly *malliable*, that the more you *beat* it, the *broader* it grows. In ſhort, the Gentleman carries himſelf ſo *evenly* betwixt theſe *contrary* winds, that he is neither *ſhaken* by the *one*, nor *puff'd up* with the *other*: He is ſuch in *proſperity*, that he does not *fear adverſity*; and ſuch in *adverſity*, that he need not to *wiſh* for *proſperity*; ſuch indeed in *both*, that it ſhall never *repent* him, that he hath taſted *either*.

Sect. 13. *His reſpect and affection for his Countrey.*

The true *Gentleman* is no leſſe *ſerviceable* to his *Country*, then *Honourable* in *himſelf*. He cannot phancy himſelf ſo *great*, as to forget that he is but a *creature*, and ſo made for *ſomething*; and till he can perſwade himſelf to be a *God* (who is his own *End* and *Happineſs*) he cannot think that he was made *onely* to ſerve *himſelf*. He that made him made him a *brother* to *many*, and he owes a duty of *love* unto them all.

He

He is not like a lump of *Gold* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, which is neither for *ſight* nor *ſervice*; but like *that* which haveing once received the *ſtamp* of the *Prince*, is ever after *current*, and *uſeful* to *many*. Neither reſembles he the *Glow-worm* or a *rotten ſtick* in the *dark*, which hath no more *light* then will ſhow it ſelf to be *ſomething*, though no body by that light *alone* knowes *what*; but *illuminates* nothing *elſe* about it: no, he rather emulates the *Sun* in the Firmament, from which this Inferiour World receives all its *life* and *vigour*. Thus the *Gentleman* is continually ſcattering the *rayes* and *influence* of his *vertues* round about him, quite through all that lies within the wide Sphere of his motion. As amongſt the *Elements*, the moſt *Noble* and *Pure*, is alwaies the moſt *active* too; and moſt *profitable*, as well as moſt *high* and *diſtant*: And as the *high ſt* of bodies, to wit, the *Celeſtial* cannot naturally *reſt*; but indeed by their continual and ſwift *motion*, do never fail to *labour* for the *benefit* of the *whole* World beſides: So is this *Little Heaven* and *glory* of mankind, never without ſome commendable *buſineſs* and *employment*, and ſuch

ſuch as ſhall aſſuredly at laſt tend unto the great good and advantage, of as *many* as he within the *compaſſe* of his *influence*.

The *Gentleman* (without doubt) is made for ſome other end, then to ſtand, like a *fair* and *goodly Tulip*, in a *painted pot*, in ſome *window* or other *corner* of the Chamber, onely to grace the Room, without either *ſmell* or other *apparent vertue*: He is rather like the ſweet and *lovely Roſe*, which *perfumes* the Air all *about* it, and is beſides, no leſs *medicinal*, then *fragrant*. If ever the Gentleman *ſeem* to be *idle*, he does no more but *ſeem* ſo. He onely *ſets* himſelf *down* a while, as he would do a *Bottle* of precious *Water*, which has been *troubled* by much *motion*, that ſo it may by a *ſetling* of its heavier parts become *clear* again: Thus does he order his *Soul*, that after ſhe hath been violently *ſhaken* to and fro, and much *troubled* with the affairs of the World; he may by this *reſt*, give leave to the more *terrene* parts therein to draw towards the *bottom*, that ſo the *Groſſer deſcending*, his *beſt* and *cleareſt thoughts* may again be *uppermoſt* and at *Liberty*. He carries not his *fine* body up and down the *ſtreets*, as men uſe to

do

do their *Dancing-horſes* in a *Fair*, onely to be *ſeen*, and make *ſport* for the *Spectators*. No, though never ſo *gloriouſly* trick'd up, and accounted, yet does he freely *ſtoop*, to take ſome part of that weighty *burthen* of the *Commonwealth* upon his *back*; and never walks with more *eaſe*, nor ſhowes more real *ſtate*, then when thus *loaden*.

He cannot call him a *man* that is without all *calling*, knowing that every *ſervant* (and every *man* ought to be Gods *ſervant*) how *proud* ſoever muſt have his *work*. Seeing God hath ſo bleſt him with *abundance*, that he *needs* not *work* for his *own bread*, he will in *gratitude* to his God, *work* for his *Countries peace* and *ſafety*. He ſcorns to have it thought, that *he* is the onely *cumberſome* thing in the *Nation*, the onely *Wen* in the *Body Politick*, which growes *great* onely by ſucking away that *nouriſhment*, which ſhould *feed* and *ſtrengthen* the *ſerviceable* members, and is good for nothing at length but to *improve* the *Chirurgion's skill*, and the *patience* of the *diſeaſed*. Thoſe *parts* and *members* of the man which are *uppermoſt* in the body, and moſt *honourable*, are alwaies moſt *buſied* too for the God of the *whole*:

In

In the *Head* are placed the *Eye* and the *Ear*, and the *Organs* of *ſenſe*; there is too the *Underſtanding*, *Phancy* and *Judgment*, to *ſee*, to *hear*, *diſcern*, *contrive*, *plot*, and *direct*: and as he knowes it is his *honour* to be made a *part* of the *Head* of his *Country*; ſo doth he own it his *duty*, not to refuſe the exerciſe of that *office* which belongs unto him. Hence he thinks it an *unworthineſſe* in him, not only, to do *ill*, but to do *no good*; and theſe *two* he can very hardly *diſtinguiſh*, as ſome would fain do, ſeeing undoubtedly that which doth *no good*, is *good for nothing*, and this is to be *ſtark naught*.

He holds it to be (as indeed it is) a crying ſhame, whileſt the *Taylor*, and the *Cobler* are juſtly reckon'd among the *Neceſſary* members of a *Commonwealth*, that the *Gentleman*, who takes it as an affront not to be thought much *better* then ſuch *mechanicks*, ſhould not be ſo much as *uſeful* to the place where he lives: or at moſt, but as the *trimming* is to a good *ſuit*, or the *hair* to the *head*, which may be *cut off* and thrown away, and no great hurt done to either. This indeed is the *Gentlemans* priviledge,

not

not to be ſervant to any *one* particular Member, but to the *whole* body; and that whileſt others in their inferiour Condition, are onely made capable of ſerving a *few*, his fortune is ſuch as will allow him to be truely ſerviceable unto *all*. Herein conſiſts his *Honour*, that he is not put to work as a *drudg* or *journy-man*; but is a *Freeman* indeed, and *Maſter* of his trade; and whileſt others *toyl* hard, and receive a *ſcant* pittance when their work's done; He is able to work *gratis*, and ſo *oblige* a great part of the world by his *ſervice*. Indeed this muſt needs be the greateſt obligation can be laid upon the *Gentleman*, to labour *harder*, and do better then other men, becauſe he is beforehand, not onely furniſhed with good *tooles*, by an *Ingenuous Education*, to work withall; but hath (as was ſaid) received ſo great a part of his *reward* already, and yet is aſſured of an infinitely greater yet behind. How is he aſhamed to *deceive* him by his *Idleneſſe*, who of his great *goodneſſe* hath ſo farre already *truſted* to his *honeſty*?

As he *refuſeth* no Employment, which may render him according to the meaſure

of his Abilities *serviceable* to his *Country*; so is he no way *ambitious* of that which he knowes to be *above* his *strength* and *reach*. As his great *love* to his *Countrie* perswades him not to *refuse* the *higher*, so doth his *humilitie* Command him to *accept* the *lower*: he accounts no burthen *heavie* which he is *able* to bear, nor any *light* which is either *beyond*, or not *worth* his bearing. He makes not his *Ease* an *excuse*, nor the *Difficulty* an *apologie* for his refusall. He dischargeth his trust with that *fidelity*, which will be sure to gain him, though perhaps the *hatred* of the *Bad*, yet the *applause* and *love* of the *Good*, and the unanimous *thanks* of his *Countrie*.

§. 14. *His studies and Recreations.*

That he may in good time be fitted for the *Calling* he intends, he begins to think upon it early in the *Morning* of his age; and accustomes himself to the *yoak* whilest he is *young*, that so he may bear it without *galling* his neck when he growes *old*. He makes it *now* his businesse to gather the *thyme*, which he intends shall prove *Hony hereaf-*

hereafter; and to lay up in the *Spring* what may ſtand him in ſtead when his *winter* is come. That he may indeed be *young* in *Old-age*, he learns to be *Old* in his *youth*: and he ſucks ſo much out of every *ſcience* now, as *Experience* and *years* may by *degrees* hereafter improve into that *Prudence* which becomes a *Gentleman*.

Having in his greener yeares onely ſo much *diſcretion*, as to *find* the *want* of what he ſhould *have*, he is willingly directed by the *prudence* of another, till he can get enough for himſelf. He is not *Impatient* of *Subjection* now to that wiſe and grave *Inſtructor*, from whoſe both *dictates* and *examples* he hopes to gain ſo much as may make him the *Inſtructor* of others hereafter. And he learns ſo betimes to *obey*, that the world may never have reaſon to ſay he began to *Command* too *ſoon*. It is his choice to live under a *ſevere* diſcipline, rather then to be left to himſelf as his *own* Maſter; leſt perhaps failing in his *firſt* Command, whereby he ſhould have Govern'd *himſelf*, he might deſpair of better ſucceſſe in his *ſecond* of commanding *others*.

His firſt care therefore now is to be wholy

guided by him to whoſe *prudence* he is intruſted; leſt by rejecting *him*, he might ſeem to diſparage the *judgment* of his *parents*, who made that *choiſe* for him. Where the *Commands* laid upon him *ſeem* to him *irrational*, ſo long as he knowes them not *ſinful*, he had rather *diſtruſt* his own *judgment*, then neglect his directors *counſel*: and he never thinks himſelf (as very many doe) a *better man* then his *guide*, 'till he be ſure he *knowes the way* to that he aimes at, *better* then he. He never ſhowes himſelf more to be his *own* man, and at his own diſpoſal, then by this *unconſtrained* act of *reſigning* himſelf up unto *another*.

When he is come to that maturity of *Age* and *Diſcretion*, as to be able to benefit himſelf by his *Company*, he will be ſure to make choiſe of ſuch *Companions* as may ſerve him inſtead of *Books*, and of ſuch *Books* as he intends ſhall often ſerve him for *Companions*; He is not aſhamed to be now the *worſt* man in that *Company* wherein he may *learne* from his betters, how to be the *beſt* in *another*: this is much more *honourable*, then to be the *beſt* man *there*, *where* he can never learn to be *better*, but

often

often *worſe* then he was before.

The *Studies* whereunto he cheerfully applies himſelf, are ſuch as will more *make* the *man*, then *pleaſe* the *Boy*. He takes delight in nothing which will ſend him *back* again towards his *Infancy*, but *Innocence*. As for *Poetry* and ſuch like *pleaſing* ſtudies, he does not wholly neglect them, but uſes them as good *ſauces* to make others more *ſubſtantial* and *nouriſhing relliſh* the *better*. He loves not to ſpend his time in cracking *Empty* Nuts without a *Kernel*; nor to break his *tender* teeth by *gnawing* upon *Saples* bones. Neither Nice *Criticiſmes* nor tough *Notions*, can recompenſe him for the vaſt expenſe of that precious time, he ſhould be at in making himſelf the Maſter of *either*. When he is entred into the fair *garden* of the *Muſes* it is not his only buſineſſe to *pick* up here and there a *few leaves* to hide the *Nakedneſſe* of his *diſcourſe*; or to *adorne* it with *Bloſsomes* and *flouriſhes* out of ſome *Poetick* figment, or *Romantick* ſtory; but he *gathers*, *eats* and *digeſts*, that which is *fruit* indeed, and ſuch as is truly *wholſome* and *nouriſhing*: Nor doth he, as the Emperours Army, ſie loytering, and picking

up *Cockle-ſhels* upon the *ſhores* of good litterature, but he boldly launches out into the main *Ocean*, and there contemp'ates the wonders of the *deep*. It is not his deſigne to be called a *Witty Gentleman*, and ſuch an one as can talk *high*, and breath *flaſhes*, and *thunder* out *big* words, and ſtore himſelf with ſo many *jeſts*, and ſo much *Bombaſt*, as may *tickle* ſome, and *ſtupifie* others; he ſtudies more to make himſelf a *man* then a *Companion*; and more how to *live* and *do well*, then talke *finely*. *True Hiſtories*, and *Sound Politicks*, and *grave Morall* diſcourſes, are the *fruitfull* Gardens where his *Muſes* doe ordinarily *recreate* themſelves: that ſo by his *Pleaſures* as well as *Paines*, both the *Common-Wealth* may in due time be happy in *him*, and *he* in *himſelf*. As for thoſe *lighter* and more *ayery* ſtudies, ſuch as too frequently by their lovely *paint* & *diſſembled* beauty, *ſteal* away the *amorous* and *unfixed* youth of moſt Gentlemen, he makes the ſame uſe of *them* which he does of his *Galleries* or his *Arbours*; whither, now and then he comes to take a *turne* or two for *Recreations* ſake, and as he paſſes along ſometimes caſts a *careleſs eye*, upon

thoſe

thoſe many pretty *bloſſomes* or *pictures* which he finds there. Theſe may for a *moment* or two command his *eye*, but never his *affection*. Of ſuch toyes he had rather ſay hereafter that he *has ſeen* them, then that he *knowes* them, He would be *ignorant* of *nothing*, but he would onely be *acquainted* with the *beſt*. He has a more *Maſculine* ſtomack, then to *feed* upon that which is all *ſauce*, but if there be a *little* in the Diſh, to make him relliſh his *meat* the better, he is not *diſpleaſed* with it, though ſo long as his *meat* of it ſelf is *good*, he doth not *greatly deſire* it.

Divinity can never lie out of the *true* Gentlemans *way*, becauſe he is alwaies going towards *Heaven:* For notwithſtanding ſhe ſeems ſo *pale-faced*, and of ſo *ſoure* a Countenance to thoſe that *love* her *not*, becauſe they do not *know* her; yet is there ſo much *heavenly beauty*, and ſo many *noble features* diſcernable in her face, by the Gentlemans *undiſtemper'd* Eye, that he ſoon begins in earneſt to *love* her, and he can never go on farre in any other path whatſoever, but he muſt often caſt a *longing Eye* back upon her. Still bearing in mind the

happy place whither he is travailing with ſo good a will, he *calls in* at other *Arts* and *Sciences* as at ſo many *Inn s*, to take a ſhort *repaſt* by the way: or he ſtands *looking* upon them a while, as upon ſo many *way-marks* ſet up at the ſeveral *turnings* and *croſs paths*, that from them he may receive *directions* which way to turn: But the *knowledg* of his *God*, that's the way he conſtantly *walks* in, and that which will certainly bring him at laſt to that *home*, where he ſhall meet with a *Wellcome*, which will abundantly recompence the *tediouſneſs* of his *journey*; and an *entertainment* ſuitable to the *Quality* of a *Gentleman*.

His way being *long*, it is not amiſs that he allowes himſelf ſometimes a *recreation* and *diverſion*. But then his *recreation* ſhall be alwaies ſuch as he *dares not* make his *buſineſſe*, and yet ſuch as he *dares* ſafely make his *play*: It hath alwaies ſo much of *Innocence* as to be *blameleſſe*, and ſo much *Brevity* as to be no *Hinderance*. It has ſo much *Youthfulneſs*, as not to be a *Buſineſſe*, and yet ſo much *Buſineſs* as not to be *Boyiſh*. It ſhall bring with it ſo much real *pleaſure* as may make it a *refreſhment*, and yet ſo little

little *lovelineſſe*, as may ſpoile the *temptation*. He may ſtep *over* the Hedge into the pleaſant *Meadow*, and pluck a ſweet *flower* or *two* to *ſmell* to as he goes along, but he dares not lie him *down*, or *rowle* himſelf upon the tender *graſſe*, leſt he ſhould be tempted to too *long* a *ſtay* and thereby be *benighted* in his journey.

He thinks it no *prudence* to fall in *love* with any *ſport*, which like a cunning thiefe, *ſmiles* him in the *face*, whileſt it *cuts* his *purſe*, *ſteals* away his *time*, and *cheats* him of a *good Conſcience*. If *Agar* once begin thus to inſinuate her ſelf into *thoſe* affections, *which* are *only* due to her *Miſtreſs*, out of dores ſhe ſhall goe: He intends not to *ſell* his *Charity* at ſo *cheap* a rate, as the *falſe pleaſure* of his *game*; Nor has he ſo little either *thrift* or *Religion*, as to make ſo *fooliſh* an *Exchange*, and part either with his *Soul* or his *Time* for the *Tranſitory* delight of a *dangerous* temptation. His uſual *Recreation* therefore is, to make a *play* of his *Study*. He makes *one* Study, like a *ſhooing-horne*, to *draw on* another, and makes the *variety* the *recreation*. Thus he takes the ſureſt courſe that may be for making his

Study

Study ſo much his *Delight*, he ſaves himſelf the *labour* of ſtudying for a *Paſſe-time*.

Sect. 15. *His Good Husbandry at Home.*

When the Gentl. man comes to have the manageing of his own *Eſtate*, he takes pains to inſtruct the World, how far a man may be *Frugal* with *Honour*; and a *Good Husband* without a ſuſpicion of being *worldly* or *covetous*, and again how *freely* a man may *ſpend* his *Eſtate*, and yet be no *prodigal*. He hath ſo *circumſpect* and watchfull an Eye upon all his *affaires*, that you may ſee he had much rather *give* away his *eſtate*; then be *cheated* of it. He would be *cozen'd* of *nothing*, for fear of loſing the opportunity of *beſtowing much*. As he would not allow the *unfaithfulneſſe* of a *ſervant*, to prevent the *Bounty* of the *Maſter*; ſo neither would he have the *Maſters negligence* to occaſion the *ſervants diſhoneſty*.

His *Table* is *moderate*, that ſo his *Charity* and *Hoſpitallity* may *exceed*: as he ſtudies to be good *himſelf*, ſo endeavours he to make *every* member of the *Family* as *good* as he; and he will have his *ſervants* to be his

his *Diſciples*, no leſſe then his *Children*. Neither ever does he ſo *wholly* vindicate their *ſervice* to *himſelf*, but he allowes them *time enough* to *pay* what they *owe* both to *God*, and their *own ſoules*.

If his condition of life be *ſingle*, he ſo behaves himſelf therein, that no man ſhall thence be able to conclude, either that *he* wants a *Wife*, or his *houſe* a *Miſtreſſe*; So much *chaſtity* has the *one*, and ſo much *good order* is there in the *other*. But if he think it fit to *change* his condition, he endeavours to chuſe a *ſecond ſelf*, that may *ſuit* with the *former*; that ſo they may be (as near as he can effect it) one *Spirit*, as well as one *fleſh*. Whom, not long agoe, he *courted* rather as a *Vertue* then a *Miſtreſſe*; he now *uſes* as a *wife* and not as a *ſervant*; not (as 'tis uſually of late) calling her *Miſtreſſe* and *Lady before* ſhe be his *wife*, whom he intends to make his *drudge* all her life time *after*. Nor does he (as too many) marry *onely* for *Mony*; knowing that *ſuch* are in danger of committing *Adultery* after *Marriage*, ſeeing they never marry'd the *Woman* but her *Portion*. With him *Vertue* and *Love*, not *Mony* and *Parentage*, make the Match:

and

and the *queſtion* he asks, is not--*What has ſhe?* but--*What is ſhe.* He makes *Prudence* and *Religion* the *guides* of his *Love*; and ſo he becomes as *good* an *Husband* and *Father*, as before he was a *man*.

Sect. 16. *His Religion.*

I have told you (Sir) already that the Gentleman is not *aſhamed* to be call'd a *Religious* man; although that *Epithete* be thought no better then a terme of *debaſement*, by the *degenerate* Gentry of our age. He *owns* a *God*, and he *Worſhips* him, and makes that *Honour* which he obſerves *others* to render unto *God*, the ground of *his* reſpect to *them*. He looks upon no man as a *Gentleman*, but *him* alone, who derives his *pedigree* higher then from *Adam*, even from *Heaven*: and he accompts all thoſe who can brook any *Diſhonour* or *Contempt* of their *God* that one *Common Father* of us all, as a *Baſtard* and no *Son*. It would be no *Honour* for him to ſeek an acquaintance here upon *Earth*, and therefore by his frequent *Devotions* he often goes to ſeek out a better in *Heaven*; where he may be ſure

to meet with ſuch as ſhall be worth his *keeping*. He dares call every man a *Fool* to his face, who with *Davids Fool*, ſuffers either his *tongue* or his *heart* to ſay *There is no God.*

If you ask him what *Religion* he is of, his anſwer is ready, of his *mothers*; that is, he is a *true Son* of the *Church*: And yet is he onely ſo far *her Son*, as he ſees her willing to continue his *Saviours Spouſe*. Neither is he content to be ſtill an *Infant* in Religion, and to be taught onely (as *mothers* uſe to teach their *young* children) to ſay his *prayers* and his *Creed* by *rote*, but he *prayes* and *believes* and *practiſes* all truly *by heart*: Notwithſtanding, he never *forgets* his *Mother*, nor neglects to *Honour* her with his *Life* and *Subſtance*. He is alwaies more ready to take her *Directions* for the *Forme* and *Method* of all his *duties*, then to be *Diſciplined* by all thoſe *Chatting Dry-Nurſes* which are ſo buſy about him, ſuch as indeed have *talk* enough, but (alas) no *Milke*; whoſe whole buſineſſe is indeed to make him *undutiful* to his *own Mother*, and to ſet light by all her *Counſels* and *Commands*: perſwading him to believe that a *true Child*

of

of God, not *ſubject* to a *Mother* in any thing; And they never ſhow their *venemous* teeth more plainly, then when they goe about to make him forget what this *Mother* of all *Chriſtians*, by a ſtrict *Command* from her *Deareſt Lord*, has ever been moſt *carefull* to *teach* all her children, to ſay--OUR FATHER.

He goes not to *Church* to *ſave* his *Credit* or his *Purſe*, to *ſee* his *friend*, or *ſpeak* with his *Tenent*, but to *meet* his *Heavenly Father*, and *Commune* with his *God*, and to take *Directions* from *him*, how to *behave* himſelf the following *Week* or *Day*. When he is there, he makes his *heart* accompany his *tongue*, and his *Eare* keep time with the *Preacher*. Every *Morning* and *Evening*, like a *Dutiful* Son, he in private *Confeſſeth* his *faults*, and *begs* his Fathers *pardon* and *bleſſing*; and for the better ordering of his *following* duties, reads over with *care* and *humility* ſome part of thoſe *Directions*, which he had long ſince commanded his ſervants to ſet down in *writing* for his uſe.

He chuſeth his *Religion*, not by its *commonneſſe* but its *truth*: and often *weighs* each branch

branch of it in the *Balance* of the *Sanctuary*, that he may be ſure it is *full weight*. He takes it not up by *votes*, nor (as it is moſt evident too many do) thruſt his hand at all *peradventure* into an Hat-full of *Lots*, being content with whatever he *hits* on *firſt*; for ſhould he goe the *firſt* way to work, he knowes, he ſhould be ſure to have, not whats *beſt* and *ſoundeſt*, but the *eaſieſt*, and moſt *gainful*; if the latter, it is an hundred to one that he ſhall draw a *blank*, and be made an *Atheiſt* for his labour. Here he dares not by any means follow or embrace what's moſt in *Faſhion*, for that ('tis clear) is *Hipocricy* the cunning *Siſter* of *Atheiſme*, or *Atheiſme ſhamed* or *frighted* into *conformity*; but he profeſſes that which is moſt *Ancient*, for that (he may be ſure) will at laſt be found moſt true.

His *Religion* is not ſuch a *Young*, *Light*, and *wanton* Girle, as pleaſes the vain *Phancy* of every giddy *Intereſted Profeſſor*; but ſuch a *Grave Matron* whoſe natural *Beauty*, and *Conſtancy*, the Gray-haires of *Prudence* and *Sobriety*, have ever judged to be truly *Venerable*, and moſt deſerving of the *Chriſtians* embraces. This is that worthy *Lady*, which

which he dayly *courts*, to make her the *Miſtreſs* and *Protectreſs* of his *Soul*, and ſhe it is alone that can give him a *breeding* fit for *Heaven*.

He ſhowes how *freely* he can go on in the wayes of *Godlineſſe* without a *Spurre*; and how *baſe* a thing it is, and unbecoming his *Quality* to be *driven* into Heaven by *force*. By his *haſte* and *cheerfulneſs* in his race, he evidences his *ſenſe* of the *worth* of what he aims at; And by his *egerneſſe* in the purſuit of another world, endeavours to confute the *folly* of thoſe, who would linger out an *eternity* (were it poſſible) amongſt the *Onyons* and *Fleſhpots* of *this Ægypt*. As he was *born* a *man*, ſo he had his *Inheritance* upon *Earth*; but as he is *New-born* a *Chriſtian*, he leaves this *traſh* to the *Prodigal younger Brother*, expecting a *Poſſeſſion durable in the Heavens*.

He feares as little the names of *Preciſe* and *zealous*, wherewith the *Devil* in the Mouths of his *Diſciples*, thinks to *fright* him out of all *Holineſſ*; as *they* underſtand them, who thus too frequently *abuſe* them. That *Boyſterous* breath which the *prophane* world ſends forth to *deride* and *croſſe* him in his intended

intended voyage, he, like a *skilful* Pilate ſo orders by the right *Compoſing* of his *Sayles*, that he makes *that* his greateſt *advantage* and furtherance, which was intended for his *ruine*. He can go to Heaven with any *wind*, and with any *Name*, where he is ſo ſure to meet with a *title* of *Honour*, *a name written in the Book of Life*, even the *Honour of all his Saints*. He cannot Phancy that to be any *debaſement* of his Spirit, which carries him out upon ſo *High* and *Noble* Atchievements; but thinks it an Happineſſe to go into *Canaan*, though it be through a *Red Sea*, and a rude *Wilderneſſe*; whileſt others (alas) feed ſo greedily upon the *Quailes*, that they never *ſay grace*, but in a *murmuring*, that they have not *more* and *better* cheer; He feeds more upon his *hopes*, then his *enjoyments*, and bleſſeshis God for *both*.

And now this *Religion*, which he has thus wiſely *eſpouſed*, and entirely *loves*, he dares not proſtitute to *Intereſt* or *Humour*: But as any man accounts the enjoyment of *one* thing which he principally *loves*, enough to recompence him for all that he has been conſtrain'd to part with in his purſuit after

it: ſo the *Religious Gentleman* can freely part with both *Humour* and *Intereſt*, with all he *enjoyes*, and all he hopes for here, for his *Religions* ſake, being ſure to find them all again hereafter, in the fruition of *Her*, whom he ſo ſincerely loves. Like a *Prudent* lover, he removes all occaſions of *Jealouſy* from his beloved; His *Religion* ſhall never have cauſe to fear, that either his *Pleaſure* or his *Honour*, or his *Profit*, ſhall gain ſo much upon his affections, as to become her *Rival*.

§. 17. *The Concluſion of this Character.*

Thus (Sir) Whileſt I goe about to give you the Character of a true *Gentleman*, I am faln into that of a *Chriſtian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is ſuch a neceſſary *Connexion* betwixt theſe two, that they ſeem to be no more then the *Different Names* of the *ſame man*. If you deſire to have his picture in a leſſe Compaſſe here it is.

The *true Gentleman*, is one that is *Gods ſervant, the worlds Maſter*, and his *own Man*.

His

His *Vertue* is his *Buſineſſe*, his *Study* his *recreation*, *Contentedneſs* his *reſt*, and *Happineſſe* his *reward*. *God* is his *Father*, the *Church* is his *Mother*, the *Saints* his *Brethren*, all that *need* him his *Friends*, and *Heaven* his *Inheritance*. *Religion* is his *Miſtreſs*, *Loyalty* and *Juſtice* her *Ladies* of *Honour*; *Devotion* is his *Chaplain*, *Chaſtity* his *Chamberlain*, *Sobriety* his *Butler*, *Temperance* his *Cook*, *Hoſpitality* his *Houſekeeper*, *Providence* his *Steward*, *Charity* his *Treaſurer*: *Piety* is *Miſtreſſe* of the *Houſe*, and *Diſcretion* the *Porter*, to let *in* and *out* as is moſt fit. Thus is his whole *Family* made up of *Vertues*, & he the true *Maſter* of his *Family*. He is neceſſitated to take the world in his *way* to Heaven, but he walks *through* it as faſt as he can; and all his buſineſſe by the *way* is to make himſelf and others *happy*. Take him all in two words, he is a *man* and a *Chriſtian*.

And here (Sir) 'tis time that I beg both the Gentlemans pardon and Yours, for thus abuſing his name; and preſuming to give you his Character, whoſe excellencies are not to be *comprehended*, much leſſe *expreſſed*, by any one *leſſe* then himſelfe. I

have an *Apology* at hand, for giving you this *rude* and *Imperfect* draught of his *Picture*: that I give it you *at all*, it is my *obedience* to your Command; that you receive it so *miſhapen* and *ill proportion'd*, beſides the little *experience* and leſſe *skill* of the Painter, he has this to ſay for himſelf; he could hardly tell where, being abſent from ſuch as *you* Sir, to find a *true* Gentleman to draw it by: But either he was conſtrained to take it from the *Dead*, and then no wonder if his work fall ſhort both of *complexion* and *life*; or by that faint *Idea* he had in his own mind, & therefore he hopes he is excuſable, though he ſometimes miſtake in the *Feature*. If you meet in any place with too *deep* a *ſhadow*, where there ſhould be more *light*, he deſires, that beſide the *weakneſs* of his *eye*, you would conſider the *Darkneſs* of the *Time*, and the *uncertain light* he ſaw by. For we live ſo much in the *Evening* of the word, when the thick and foggy *miſts* of *Ignorance* darken the ayre; and that fading light we have, is ſo *variouſly* refracted by our *Glittering* Vices; and ſo *often* reflected by the *diſfigured* glaſſes of *Phancy* and *Humour*; that there is nothing troubles him ſo much,

much, as that he is unhappily furniſhed with ſo *many excuſes* to plead for his *errour*. But if any will not be ſatisfied with this, he yet layes claime to a further *Priviledg* of a *Painter*, that is, to be a little more *talkative*, and to ſay ſomething more in vindication of what he has done; and thereby demonſtrate, that the excellent *Original* he would have *Coppy'd*, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at this *day*, in *England*.

SECT. 4.

SECT. IV.

1. *How few of the true Gentlemen are now to be found in* England.

I Need not tell *You* (Sir) who have paid ſo dear for the ſad *changes*; that it is our hard hap to live in a *reforming* Age, wherein moſt things grow every day *new*, but very few things *better*. And I do heartily wiſh it were as ſeriouſly *Conſider'd* by *themſelves*, as it is well *known* to *moſt*, *rejoyced* at by *ſome*, and ſadly *lamented* by *others*, what a *decreaſe* and *waning* there has been in the *Gentry* of *England* within a few of the laſt years; and that not only in the *number* of their *Perſons*, and *largeneſs* of their *Eſtates*? but even in the *Excellencies* of their *Souls*, and the *greatneſs* of their *Vertues*, as if it had been a *ſmall* thing for them to live ſo long the *deſpiſed Vaſſels* of their *Hypocritical Adverſaries*, the good *maſters* that have ſo long *ruled* us, except they had

had been permitted by the ſevereſt kind of *cruelty* to take *vengeance* of their own *vertues*, and render themſelves ten times more the wretched *Captives*, and diſpicable *ſlaves*, of their own Tyrannical *Luſts*, and Atheiſtical *Humours* then before. Indeed an *Atheiſt* and a *Gentleman* in the opinion of many, have for a long time been either *Synonimous*, or at leaſt *Convertible* termes: I dare not, I confeſſe, have ſuch hard thoughts of *all*, though I could heartily wiſh, they would rather take ſome pains by their *lives* and *Converſations* to prove this to be an *abſurd*, then *ſtretch* their *lungs* to cry out upon it, and *ſwear* it to be a *raſh* and *uncharitable* Cenſure.

Indeed, if on the *one ſide*, in a feigned *ſhow* of Religion to exclaim againſt *drunkenneſſe* and *ſwearing*, and other ſuch like *lowd* and *open* Prophaneneſſes, will ſuffice to Denominate the *Saint*: Or if on the *other ſide* to cry out upon *Hipocricy* and *Injuſtice*, *Rebellion* and *Sacrileadge*, *Lying* and *Perjury*, may be thought ſufficient to conſtitute a true *Son* of the *Church* of *England*: then have we *all* enough to ſay for our ſelves; and to prove that moſt of our *Gentlemen*

are indeed *Chriſtians*. But, alas, it is too manifeſt, that on the *one* hand, all this *Canting* and *ſuperficiall ſanctity*; all theſe *ſtrained ſighs* and *groans*, and *turn'd-up Eyes*, are no better then Sathans *Sundaies* Garbe, or the painted *masks* and *vizards*, which *Avarice*, *Ambition* and *Intereſt* love to be *ſeen* in abroad. Theſe are the *enriching Crafts*, whereby our *Demetriuſes get their wealth*. Many who have paſſed for *Saints* a long time (*experience* has ſhown it us) have been juſt ſuch as *he*, who had rather make *Silver ſhrines* for *Diana*, ſo they may be ſure to be well *paid* for their work, then build *Temples* for the *Worſhip* of a *Crucified Jeſus* in hopes of an Heaven, and meet with his *Croſs* for their pains. And on the *other* hand, all thoſe *ravings* which we dayly hear againſt *Oppreſſion*, *Hipocricie* and *Tyrannie*, I am afraid, they are not ſo often the *ſeaſonable* overflowings of a *devout* Spirit, a *ſincere* Soul, and a *Loyal* heart; as the wild *out-rages* of a *boyling* Paſſion, of a *confined* Vice, and a *reſtrained* luſt, which makes the ſufferer like a *mad man* to *gnaw* upon his *chains* and *fetters*: or elſe they are the *violent* motions of a *revengfull* ſoul, which *frets* it ſelf at the *proſperity*

ſperity of the *wicked*, and had rather ſee its *enemies miſerable*, then *it ſelf ſober* and *good*. This is in truth that which many have thought enough to give *either* party the title of *religious*: but how they make good their claim to this title in their *Actions*, it is but too viſible.

Certainly if the *Gentlemans life* and ordinary *Converſation* may be thought (as it ought to be) the beſt *Index* to point us out to his *opinion*; we ſhall have much adoe to meet in moſt of thoſe that own that name, with a *good Opinion* either of *God* or *Religion*. Moſt of them (I am ſure the *Younger* ſort) do grudg either of theſe the leaſt place in their *diſcourſe*, and therefore, it is to be fear'd as little in their *thoughts*. They would as ſoon, nay much ſooner make choice of a *Tinker* or a *Fidler*, then of a *Religious* man for their *Companion*. Alas, ſuch an one would ſpoil all their *mirth*, and make their very *lives*, by plunging them into a *melancholy mood*, meer *torments* to them. Any thing that's *grave* and *ſerious* they perfectly *loath*, and utterly *reject*, as that which cannot at preſent ſuit with their more *ſprightly* and *flouriſhing* years: *Age*

and

and *ſcarcity* of their *Juvenile* blood, will *hereafter* (they think) make this a buſineſſe of *Courſe*, and ſo they had rather have it then make it now a matter of *choice*: what need *they* be Religious *now*, who ſhall (as they think) whether they will or no, be ſo *before* they *die?*

If we ſhould but a while take notice how many *Riots*, the *Gentlemen* of our times dayly commit, all thoſe wanton *Frolicks* and *Revellings* they are not onely *guilty* of, but *Glory* in; eſpecially when they are at the *Tavern* or ſome other *good Houſe* of *expence* and *Merriment*, we ſhould be readier to *loſe* our *ſelves* in Admiration of their *Madneſſe*, then to *find* out any thing of real *Honour* and *Nobility* in *them*. To behold them there *Contending* for the *Victory* over a *pot*, and taking the *meaſure* of their *Gallantry* by the *ſtrength* of their *Brains*, or *Capacity* of their *Bellies*: to hear them there drawing up with ſo much complacency an *Inventory* and *Catalogue* of all their *ſinful* extravagances, and in a *double* proportion intermixing their *prophaneneſſes* with their *wine*: whilſt they *drink wine with a Song* and prove themſelves *mighty to drink ſtrong drink*: To

hear

hear them *roaring* themſelves *out* of *breath*, never taking leave of their *wine*, but of their *ſenſes* too: nor forbearing their *Oaths* 'till they be able to *ſpeak* no more; would you believe theſe men could ever be ſo *ſober*, as to *mention* the name of *Chriſtian* or *Gentleman*?

And yet 'tis moſt *certain* as well as *ſad*, that you can never be more ſure to meet with our *Gentry* in any place, then at theſe *Academies* of *ſin*, and *Nurſeries* of *uncleanneſſe*, there *exerciſing* their *abilities*, and making themſelves *expert* in all thoſe *arts* whereby they may moſt gratifie *Sathan*, and as it were, in ſo many open *Bravadoes*, *challenge* the *Almighty* into the *field*, and *dare* him to do the *worſt* he *can*.

But (alas) we need not ſeek ſo great an advantage over them, as to *take* them there, where they have ſo often *loſt* themſelves, and it heartily grieves me, as certainly it muſt do every *Charitable Chriſtian*, to ſee them ſo deſperately *madded* with the *fear* of being accounted *Holy*; and ſo ravenouſly *greedy* of eternal *deſtruction*, as thus to *ſwallow* it down by whole *Bowles*, and make their Companions *Mirry* at the working out of

their

their own *Damnation.* Doubtleſſe *Sathan* hath but two much Power over theſe men when they are moſt *Sober*, they need not give him the *advantage* of finding them ſo often *drunk*. Except in a *Gallantry* they deſire to ſhew the World how *boldly* they dare *defie Heaven*, and how much they *Scorne* to *owe* their *ruine* to *any* but themſelves.

At ſuch *good* places as theſe, is it, that our *Gentlemen* make all their *Bargains*, *entertain* all their *friends*, *treat* all their *Ladies*: here they *Conſult* about the weightieſt affaires of the *Common-wealth*; *Seal* and *Confirme* all their agreements in the very height of their *Intemperance*; as if they were afraid they ſhould *know* or *remember* hereafter what then they did; or as if they were Confident *then* to be in a Capacity of doing all things *beſt*, when they were *leaſt* of all themſelves: There can be no *meeting*, at leaſt, no *parting* without a *Cup*; as if there could be no ſurer pledg of *friendſhip*, or tie of a *civil Correſpondence* and *Familiarity*, then by being thus *Drunk* together, or at leaſt, next dore to it.

And now all this *Madneſſe*, muſt be thought

thought no worſe then the *Demonſtration* of that *civility* and *courteſy* which they owe one another; a *neceſſary kindneſſe*, or an *handſome treatment*: And who ſo refuſes either to goe along with them, or to do as they do when he is there, he is no better then an *uncivil fellow*, and no *Companion* for *Gentlemen*: what a *diſgrace* is it held for a man to leave a *drop* in the bottome of his *Cup*? What an *affront* is it to the Company, not to pledge every man his *whole one*? And not to admit every *Health*, it is no leſſe then the greateſt diſreſpect and *Injury* can be offer'd to the *perſon* in remembrance; whoſoever refuſeth it, eſpecially if it be a *Lady* or a *Minion* is remembred, ſhall be ſure to hear of it with an *Oath* now, and perhaps a *Challenge* anon.

More *Ceremony* is uſed, and more *Reverence* by halfe, to *ſet off* their drunken *Revel*, then to *grace* the *Worſhip* and ſervice of their *God*: All muſt be *bare*, and all upon their *knees*, and a *Catch* inſtead of an *Hymne*: this is their *morning* and their *evening Devotion*; but whether this be the true *ſervice* of their *God*, or the *buſineſſe* of *Gentlemen*, I dare appeal to thoſe *Conſciences* of

theirs

theirs, which they now endeavour ſo to *ſilence* and *drown* both by their *Drinking* and their *Roaring*.

Nay, it ſeems very evident, that even theſe *Gentlemen* themſelves make this *Sottiſh paſtime* the moſt infallible *mark* of true *Gallantry*: and account him a perſon of *worth*, and without all exceptions *fit* for their Company, whoſoever can but *take off* his *Cups* handſomely, and is verſed in all the *Methods* and *Maximes* of this *Helliſh Art*. Indeed they have made it a kind of *Science*, and have given it ſo many *rules* and *lawes* of late, that he that will now be *expert* in it, had need to ſerve out an *Apprenticeſhip* to learn all the *circumſtances* and *termes*, though he be never ſo perfect in the *Subſtance* before. *Any* perſon how *contemptible* ſoever ſhall not be thought unworthy of their company, if he be but the *Maſter* of this *Art*. Even he whom they would almoſt ſcorne to own for a *man*, when *Sober*, and in his *right wits*, when he is *drunk* or *mad*, though but a *Tinker* or a *Cobler*, he is a companion for *Gentlemen*. I do not grudge the poor ſellowes the *honour* of ſuch *Society*, nor indeed can I think it any: But

I

I am more the *Gentlemans friend*, and more tender of his *reputation* then he himſelf: I do therefore make it my *prayer*, as it is doubtleſs much the *grief* and trouble of all *good* men to ſee them otherwiſe at preſent, that they may at laſt become more *charitable* to themſelves, then thus to *debauch* and *un-man* their own ſoules, and fall as much below the *Nature* of men, as the *Quality* of Gentlemen.

§. 2. *An Enquiry into the more civil ſort of our Engliſh Gentlemen.*

But let us look upon our *Gentlemen* in a more *ſober* Poſture; though, I am afraid they will take it as an *Injury* done them, to conſider them thus *abſtractedly* from the *higheſt* degree of *debauchery*: take away their *Pot* and their *Pipe*, and you rob the moſt of them, of the moſt delightſome *method* they know, of *ſpending* their *time*, which is ſuch a *trouble* to them. This is it, which is their *burthen*, and their *diſeaſe*, that as the Stag with the Arrow in his ſide, they run, and ſhift, and throw themſelves about from place to place, and are alwaies *mad* to be

rid

rid on't; 'till the *ſad moment* appear wherein they are call'd out of the World, and then their *time* and *life*, both equally *deſired*, *vaniſh* together. This *waſting* of their *time*, they eſteem a thing ſo *innocent* in it ſelfe, that they ſeem to apprehend a *Goodneſſe* in it, great enough to make them a *pretence* for all their *other* vices, and *ſinful* employments, ſhrouding them all under the generally approved names of *Neceſſary Paſſe-times* and *diverſions*. *Cards*, or *Dice*, *Bowling* or *Hunting*, or *Fidling*, or any thing that has but a *Motion* in it to delude the tedioufneſſe of their *houres*; ſhall be welcome to them, and thought to be things not onely *harmeleſs* and *honeſt*, but as invented to this good end of *paſſing away* the *time*, things *deſireable* by moſt, and very *commendable* in a *Gentleman*. In theſe they *merrily* ſpend, both their *Nights* and their *Dayes*, their *livelihoods*, and the greateſt part of their *lives*; whileſt the poor neglected *Soul* all this while, cannot be allowed ſo much as *half an hour's* time in the *Morning*, by her *Devotions*, and viewing her face in the Glaſſe of *Gods Word*, to *dreſs* her ſelf for *Heaven*.

Into

Into how many *Gentlemens Families* ſhall you come, where they do not ordinarily by *ſleeping* out all the *morning*, make it *night till noon?* They riſe from their Beds juſt ſo *early* as their *Dinners* may prevent their *Devotion*: When they are thus removed from *bed* to *board*, they feed there their *Luſts* better than their *Bodies*, and yet their *Bodies* more than their *Souls*. The *table* is the *Altar* where they *ſacrifice* their *Healths* to their *Appetites*; and *Temperance* to *Luxury*. They chuſe their meat, by its *Coſt* and *rarity*, not *uſe* and *wholſomneſſe*; and it is too true a Proverb, That *whats farre fetch'd and dear bought, is meat for Gentlemen.* After they have thus ſatiated for a while their *luſts*, and gratified the *delicacy* of their *Pallates*, they muſt ſit out an hours *impertinent* and *idle tattle* to digeſt their *exceſſe*: when they have done this, they are ready for another *nap*, and that prepares them for another *meal*, except the *Tavern* or their *game* prevent it.

If they chance to hear of ſome *Pamphlet*, *Libel* or *Paſquil*, wherein ſome *honeſt name* is a ſufferer, or where *chaſtity* is put

do *penance* in an *obſcene ſheet*; any peice of *Drollery* or wanton *Ballad* upon a *Miſtreſſe*, a *New Romance* or a *play*, preſently the *News* of it is diſpatch'd from one to another, theſe ſhall be *read* and *ponderd over and over*, and be their diſcourſe and paſſe-time at every meeting. For mine own part it hath a very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a *Club* of *Gentlemen*, but as often as I have, I have been *frighted* out of it again, or have had good cauſe to repent me afterwards, that I was *not* ſo, by that *wild* kind of *behaviour*, and *looſneſs* of *talk* I *heard* or *ſaw* amongſt them. The *beſt* of their talk at any meeting, is but to ask and impart the *Newes* then ſtirring, or to give their judgments of the *Ladies* and the *faſhions* of the times; to find fault with their *own* Taylors, or to commend *anothers*; to *droll* out the time, or vie *Wits* by abuſing each other, but every man moſt of all himſelf. If any man in the Company can (and there be not many that can do ſo much) by ſome ſlight *probleme*, make a ſhift to poſe his fellowes; he thinks he has done wonders, and has ſufficiently vindicated his *credit* from the imputation of *Ignorance*

norance or *idleneſs* for ever.

Alas (Sir) what is it that even the *prime* of our *Gentlemen* pride themſelves in? even *they* whom we are prone to eſteem highly, and ſtile *Civil* and *Ingenious* perſons! what but a little *vain* and *glittering* Apparrel? and he's the Compleateſt *Gentleman* for the moſt part, who wears the beaſt *ſuit*, and ſhines moſt in a *tinſel bravery*. Who is thought the man of the higheſt *inward* accompliſhments, but he that can talk *volubly* of the *cuſtomes* and *vices* of the *Court*, or that which is moſt *like* it now there is *none*? He that can tell you how much he is *courted* by the *Ladies*, and how much he is in *favour* with our *Great Folks*. He that can expreſs himſelf *modiſtly* in a Complement, that can *ſpeak* much, and *dance* well, and *hand* his *Lady* with the greateſt *grace* along the ſtreets: theſe are the *brave Gentlemen* that are every where cry'd up as they go for *Gallant* and well accompliſh'd perſons. Or if you would go higher yet, then he muſt be the man, that has *laden* his memory with a few broken *Ends* and *Chippings* of Hiſtory: or can tell you ſtrange ſtories of the *faſhions* and *Cuſtomes* of *other Nations*,

and tell you where he has been, and what *rarities* he has ſeen; and at once perhaps both *diſcommend* and *practiſe* their vices. Or if he be yet a more through *Scholar*, and generally acquainted both with *books* and *men*, ſo far as to *applaud* and *cenſure* and talk *Skeptically*: If he be an exquiſite *Mathematician*, or *Muſician*, or the like; We think we have reaſon enough to ſuppoſe him company for the *beſt*; and certainly he were ſo, would he but labour to be *one* of them, when he is *amongſt* them. But, alas, what's become of his *God* and his *Religion* all this while? If you can find a *little* of either in his *diſcourſe*, 'tis much, though there be juſt *nothing* of them in his *life*; All thoſe *other* accompliſhments were truly commendable, were they thus accompanied, but not being ſo (alas) they are ſtark naught.

Let us paſſe on to thoſe who are thought by many the moſt *Sober* and *ſerious* perſons of all others, and even amongſt theſe (I fear) we ſhall find too many, on whom we can onely beſtow this *poor* commendation, that they are more *gravely wicked*, more *cautiouſly ſinful*, and more *ſoberly Atheiſti-*

call,

call. Such are the men, who (as I have told you before) flatter themſelves up in a kind of *Negative Juſtice*; and thereby with thoſe whoſe *perſons* and *eſtates*, they have not *actively* violated or diminiſhed, are eſteem'd perſons of much *worth* and *Honour*; and yet theſe are no better then the *tamer* ſort of *Sathans* ſervants, whom by a long *uſage* he has made ſomewat leſſe *wanton*, and brought up to his *hand*; and has taught them to *cozen* and *diſſemble* almoſt as well as himſelf. I need not tell any affectionate *Son* of the diſtreſſed *Church* of *England*, how good *friends* and *ſervants*, theſe *good*, *honeſt*, *civil*, *ſober* and *Prudent* men, have all along been to his poor Mother: How many of them have *quietly* ſtood by, and look'd on, if with no *delight*, yet (I am ſure) with a great deal of unworthy *patience*, and baſe *connivance*, whileſt *ſhe* has been mercileſly *torn* in pieces, by the *cruel* teeth of thoſe *ravenous* beaſts, which *pretended* to *watch* and *defend* her: and yet not ſo much as an *Arrow* ſhot out of any other *Quiver* then their *mouths* in a *Chimney-corner*, againſt any of them. Whileſt the *Younger Gentleman* want *true*

Prudence, and the *old* have *too much* of that they *miſcall* ſo, they all prove very bad *Souldiers*, for ſuch as pretend to fight under *Chriſts Banner*, and on the behalf of his *Church*; which truly *now*, if ever may be call'd truly *Militant*, and that too for *want* of *good Souldiers*. If our Engliſh Gentlemen be made to *ſtay* for, and *expect* their *Honour*, till they ſhall be *Knighted* in the *field* for that *good ſervice* which they have done the *Church*, of which they would be thought *Members*; It will I fear, be a *ſad* and unwelcome *ſword* muſt *Dub* them.

It is too plainly apparent, that very few of them have ſo much reall *Honour*, as may make them *ſenſible* how they *loſe* it. For if they had, could you imagine it *poſſible*, that ſo many *horrid murthers* and *rapines*, ſo many incredible *Treaſons* and *Blaſphemies*, ſuch as their *Poſterity* will not find *faith* enough to believe, ſhould be thus *openly acted* and *frequently vented* even in their *faces*, and not a man ſo much as *move* his hand to *revenge* what's *paſt*, or *prevent* what's to *come*? Nay how often have the greateſt part of them, by a baſe *compliance* with *thoſe* men who have alwaies ſtruck at the very

very *root* of that *Religion*, which they ſo *ſolemnly* (ſome of them more than once) *ſwore* to defend, given themſelves not only the *lie*, but the *perjury*? Alas, their *Honours* are ſo *jaded* by *drawing* after them the *Dung-Carts* of their *eſtates*, that they now brook any *rider* whatſoever. Had but one *tenth* part of all thoſe *vaſt* ſums of *Money*, and thoſe many excellent *parts*, which theſe *ſuppoſed* Good-husbands, have *prodigally* laviſh'd out in the *Tavern*, or at their *Game*, been put to that *good* uſe it might have bin, the *Church* might have received her own with *uſury*; *England* might yet have had the *face* of *England*, and *they* deſerved the *Name* of *Gentlemen*.

Sect. 3. *An Appeal to the Gentlemans own Conſcience.*

For *confirmation* of all this that hath been ſaid, I ſhall dare to make my *appeal* to the *Gentleman's conſcience*, though I dare not think it to be one of the *beſt*, or moſt *impartial* in this caſe. I heartily wiſh he could in *earneſt* and in *truth* tell me, that whoſoever ſaith *England* has now but *few*

true *Gentlemen*, is guilty of a *Scandall*. I confeſſe I could almoſt willingly be *guilty* of the *Sin*, upon condition his *innocence* would once *prove* me a *liar*.

If he can think it poſſible to be a true *Gentleman* without any *ſenſe* of true *Honour* or *religion*; or if he dares call him *Religious* and think him *deſirous* of *Heaven*, who (though his whole *life* be little enough to prepare for it, yet) grudges to ſpend one *minute* of his time to gain it: If he have the *charity* to account him *pious*, who ſuffers his *ſoul* to *ſtarve* for want of *Spiritual* food, and yet can *feaſt* and *Pamper* up his *luſts* every hour: if he can have a true *ſenſe* of *Honour*, who can phancy himſelf *happy* in *Sathan's* ſervice, and oftener upon his *knees* to *him* then to his *God*; who makes his *Soul* the very *drudg* of his *Body*, and his *carnal* appetite the *Miſtreſs* of his *life*; and every one of his *members* the *ſlave* of ſome *luſt* or other: If that man can rationally be thought, to ſet a *juſt* eſtimate upon an *honeſt reputation*, who had rather lie *dabling* in the *dirt*, and *wallowing* in the *mire of Sin*, then *walk* in the *pleaſant* paths of *Holineſs*; the *high-way* to *Heaven*:

If

If it be a mark of *Religion*, to drein out a vaſt eſtate, by a vain *ambition* placed in *fine* cloaths, *delicious* meats, *rich* wines, *waſting* Games, and other ſuch like *expenſive* ſins, as are now the *mode*; and all this while, not one *mite* caſt into Gods *exhauſted treaſury*, not a *Rag* deſigned to cover the poor mans *nakedneſs*; If to behold Gods own *peculiar* ſervants and *Ambaſſadors* lie ſtarving in the ſtreets for want of ſome few *morſels* or *crumbs* of that *bread* which they grudg not by *whole loaves* to throw to their *Dogs*: If to ſee Gods *Houſe* all on *fire*, occaſion'd by the *outrages* of their own *flaming paſſions*; and Gods *children* frying in the midſt of the flame, and yet not ſo much as *move* a *foot* to fetch a little water to quench the *one*, or ſtretch out an *arme* to *ſave* the *other*: if any man can judg theſe things to be the tokens of *Religion* or *Honour*: If to *ſit ſtill* all the day *idle*, and *laugh* at thoſe who are *working* in the *Vineyard*; if to come into a *Church* with a long train of *gaudy* attendants, and to *ſhine* a while there in a little *gariſh* pomp; if to ſit in the *higheſt* Pue, and to make this the chief part of their *devotion* (without ſo much

much as the Phariſee's *Lord I thank thee*) that they are *better then other men*; if to juſtle a *poor* neighbour out of their preſence, with a *ſtand off, for I am more Honourable then thou*; if to *ſcoff* at all thoſe who make any *ſhew* of *Piety*, or to *deride* all thoſe who think it neceſſary to have *more* then a *ſhow*, be the *infallible* characters whereby we may know a *Gentleman*, then indeed I muſt of neceſſity confeſſe we have yet *more* then *enough* ſuch *Gentlemen* in this poor *England*.

I had rather *mourn* in *ſecret*, and in *ſadneſſe* of *Spirit*, *ſigh* out the reſt unto my *God*, then proceed at preſent any further in ſo *unpleaſant* a theme. O that the ſpilt *blood* of Chriſts poor languiſhing *ſpouſe*, cry not too lowd in *Heaven* at the *laſt* day, not onely againſt thoſe *bloody* ſouls, who have moſt *barbarouſly* thruſt their *ſpears* into her ſide, and with *inhumane* hands *torn* out her very *Bowels*; but even againſt all *thoſe* too who could have a *Calm* upon their *Spirits*, whileſt the *tempeſt* continued in the *Church*, and could hold it prudence to ſit ſtill, and not come forth to the help of Gods *ſpouſe*, and his *anointed* one againſt the *mighty*; and therefore onely becauſe they appeared

peared *mighty*. My prayers are, that an *early*, and an *active* repentance, may *ſeaſonably* prevent their *threatned* ruine; and a timely *underſtanding* of their own *names*, may make them before it be too late, truly *ſenſible* of their *duties*, and in earneſt endeavour to regain that *Honour*, which they have been to remiſs hitherto in preſerving *ſpotleſſe*. This is my great *Charity* to the *Gentlemans* ſoul; and the higheſt *reſpect* I can conceive any man owes to his *perſon*, is to wiſh that *part* of him *beſt*, which *he* ſeems to reguard *leaſt*. I would to God he could *once*, though *late*, have ſo great a charity and reſpect for himſelf, that ſo he might not one day be found, with *weeping, and wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth*, crying out upon himſelf with no leſſe *reaſon*, then *deſpair* and *horrour*, even as that *once glorious* Church, to the untimely *ruine* whereof his *ſins* have in ſo large a meaſure contributed, cries out upon him now with *ſorrow* and *amazement*. Had he not ſhown himſelf all along ſo *ſtupidly* ſenſeleſſe of, and *brutiſhly* unconcern'd, in the *afflictions of Joſeph*; I might have had the *charity*, to think him capable of *councel* and *advice*, and to wiſh

him

him *one* better able then *my ſelf* to ſerve him herein. However give me leave to mention one or two of thoſe *conſiderations*, before I conclude this letter, which (doubtleſſe) if he have not quite *forgot* himſelf, muſt needs ſink *deep* into his thoughts, and *provoke* him, if any thing can do it, now he is at ſuch a *diſtance*, to *return* to himſelf.

Sect. 4. *Motives to the Gentleman to be indeed Religious, and firſt of common Civility.*

To perſwade the *Gentleman* to be *good*, a man would think were no *hard* task, ſeeing he takes it ſo ill out, that any man ſhould *ſuſpect* him to be *otherwiſe*: and yet notwithſtanding, it may well be thought a very *difficult* and *bold* undertaking, when it ſhall be conſider'd how much he is in *love* with his *preſent* ſelf; for as *ſelf-love* is *blind* whenſoever it ſhould look upon it's own *faults*; ſo is it altogether as *deaf* when it ſhould hearken to *inſtruction*. Yet becauſe the *difficulty* lies not ſo much in making him *underſtand* what he *ſhould* be, as in making

king him *see* how much he is at preſent what he *ought not* to be; for that he ought to be *good* and *Religious* I know he will readily *grant*, but that he is *not ſo* already we ſhall have much adoe to perſwade him to *believe*: Seeing *one* half of our work is already done to our hand in his own *conſcience*, we may have the greater encouragement to proceed in the *other* yet behind. I am confident, that by reading what goes before, he cannot chuſe but behold himſelf in his own *ſhape*, at leaſt in one ſo *like* it, that the very *ſight* muſt of neceſſity beget in him an *hatred* of the *old* object, and a *love* to the *new*: and therefore at preſent I ſhall confidently ſuppoſe, that I have no more to do but this, to let him ſee in ſome meaſure how *rational* a thing it is for him to be, what he himſelf ſo well *knowes*, he ſhould be.

I intend not here to trouble you, or him, with any large Encomium of *Vertue* or *Religion*, which would ſwell up this Diſcourſe much above the *juſt* proportion of a *Letter*; neither is it my purpoſe to call in all thoſe *Auxiliaries* I might from ſeveral *common places* be ſupplied withall, to compleat my

conqueſt

conqueſt over the *Gentlemans affections*: I ſhall onely mention *one* or *two* of thoſe *motives*, which *I* hope *may* be, *I* am ſure in another *would* infallibly be, prevalent and effectual.

The *firſt* and *ſlighteſt* which *I* ſhall here moſt humbly offer to his ſerious conſideration, is an argument which he too often makes uſe of to a *worſe* purpoſe, and thereby ſuffers his *ſenſual* to gain the *victorie* over his *ſpiritual* ſelf. And this is taken from that *Topick* of *Common Civilitie*, which naturally obliges him to make *ſuitable returnes* to thoſe many *real kindneſſes* and reſpects which the *beſt* of his *friends* have ever had for him. *I* ſhall beſeech him to remember, how whenſoever he is by the ſwing of his own *dominering luſts*, no leſſe then by the *attractive vices* of his acquaintance drawn to a *Tavern*, or carried on to any other *exceſſe* or *riot*, it is to this *one pretence* he confidently betakes himſelf for Sanctuary: that he was meerly *drawn in* by the *civilitie* of others, and that he was not able to reſiſt the *importunitie* of his *friends:* that *common courteſie* did ſtrongly oblige him, not to ſhow himſelf *regnardleſs* of his *acquaintance*

quaintance, by forſaking *their company*, who had expreſſed themſelves ſo *deſirous*, and had taken ſo much pains to enjoy *his*. *I* wiſh he would but call to mind what weight this argument hath when preſſed upon him by his *lewdeſt* companions, and aſſiſted by his own forward *inclinations* to that which is *evil*: and how infinitely *more* force then it ought to have, when made uſe of by ſuch as *really* deſire his *happineſſe*, and applied to that which in it ſelf is ſo deſervedly *commendable*?

Would the Gentleman but open his ears, how many *real friends* might he hear, and thoſe ſuch whoſe *Courteous Invitations* he cannot either with *Civility* or *Gratitude* refuſe, every where with no ſmall *importunity wooing* him into *Heaven*, and to *walk* along with *them* in thoſe *paths* which will lead him thereunto. *I* might here tell him how heartily *God himſelf* calls and *Invites* him, and daily ſends abroad his *Meſſengers* early and late to *beg* and *intreat* him to *accept* of his *invitation*: how he has prepared his *Oxen* and his *Fatlings*, and made ready his *Supper*, how he *bids* him to a *feaſt of fat things*, and to *drink wine and milk without money*

money and without price: How he ſtands with his armes of mercy *ſpread* wide open, to *receive, embrace,* and *kiſſe* his returning *Prodigals,* with a new *Robe* and a *Ring,* nay with a *Crown* and a *Kingdome* to welcome them. Can it now be judged *civility* to refuſe and *ſlight* the *invitation* of ſo *bountifull* and *indulgent* a *father?* I might tell him how the *Angels* in Heaven even *long* for his company, and will be *overjoy'd* to ſee him, and to hear him exerciſing that voice ſo long abuſed in *warbling* out his laſcivious *Love-ſongs,* or *roaring* it in his wild *Catches,* by bearing a part in their *Holy Quire,* in perpetual *Halelujahs* to the King of Heaven: And can he think it *civility* to make void the *hopes,* and prevent the *joyes* of ſuch *Heavenly company.* I might further mind him how the poor *Church* of *England* his *mother, longs* to receive him *again* with joy into her *boſome,* and to *kiſſe* him with the *kiſſes* of her *love,* and to uncover to him her *breaſts of Conſolation;* whence he needs not draw the *wind* of *falſe Doctrine,* nor fear to taſt the *blood* of *Tyranny* and *oppreſſion,* but may *ſuck* in that *ſincere milk* which is his ſouls only true *nouriſhment;* She whoſe *tender care*

and

and *wholſome inſtructions*, like an *unwiſe* child he hath ſo long *deſpiſed*, longs yet once again to *rejoyce* in his *Love*, and would be *proud* of ſo *Glorious* a Son which might not onely *cheriſh* and *defend*, but *grace* and *credit* his mother. And can he call it leſſe then an *incivility*, to envy *Her* this *Honour*, which wiſheth *him* that *happineſſe?* can he chuſe rather to augment her *ſorrowes*, and provoke her *tears*, and bite her *breſts*, and ſuck out her *blood*, then *cherriſh* her and be *nouriſh'd* by her? All the *Good men* in the World, all the moſt *Honourable* of Gods ſervants, his ſpecial *Ambaſſadours*, do with all the *power* of their *Rhetorick*, and *moveingneſſe* of *Paſſion*, *cry aloud*, calling upon him, and beſeeching him to come *home*, and live *happily* in his *Fathers houſe*; theſe who have had the high *charity* for him, to take the *care* and *charge* of him, and night and day to *watch for his ſoul*, and muſt be *accountable* for it at the *Great* and *dreadfull Audite*. Upon *Him* they look with a more *vigilant* and *tender* eye, as upon the very *beſt* and *faireſt* of the flock, whoſe *ſtraying* would be not onely the *loſſe* of *one*, and *him* the *fatteſt* and *chief* of all the *reſt*, but *ſuch*

an one, as by his *influence* upon the others, may probably *occasion* the *loosing* of *many* more: These *perswade* and *intreat* him, and that for *Christs sake*, for *his* who *loved* him so well, that he did not grudg to *purchase* him with the *best* treasure in Heaven, his own most *precious blood*: And now, how can the *Gentleman*, who pretends so highly to all manner of *civilitie*, think it lesse then an *unworthinesse* in him, to set so light by all this *care*, and this *kindness*? He that would be thought *all courtesie*, *all civilitie*, O let him not *now* onely be *unkind* and *discourteous* to his *God*, and *Gods Church*, *Gods Angels*, and *Gods Ministers*, unto *Gods Son*, and *his Saviour*. He that expressed so remarkable a *kindness* to a *false friend*, who is most certainly the *greatest* and most *dangerous* of all *enimies*, to him who was only *set* by the *Divill* in a *friends habit*, to *docoy* him *out* of the *way*, and watch his opportunity to *murther* his *soul*; let him not now for *shame* be so *unnatural* to *himself*, and *unkind* to *them*, as to slight those *real* and *sincere friends*, who make it the greatest part of their *studie* to *save* him from *eternal torments*: He that would not be *bought* out

of

of his *civility*, though but to a *sin*, and *sinner*, by the *high* price of an *Heaven* and *eternity*: shall he now any longer be *bribed* to offer so many *affronts* to his *God*, with an *Hell*, and its *endless torments*? Certainly if any *importunity* could ever prevail, as alas too often it hath, even to the *melting* of his *Soul* into *Sin* and *Vanity*: what must it *now* do? never so *great*, never back'd with so many *obligations* to *civility* as here: for where ever did there appear so *much* and so *earnest wooing*, and *intreating*, and *begging*, and *watching*, and *dying*?

Again in civility to the *Nation* wherein he lives, and which he should labour both to *Serve* and *Credit*: he is her *Hopes*, and he should be her *Honour*: She calls him her *choice Treasure*, her *strongest Pillar*, her *potent Protector*: and shall he not think it *base* to *evacuate* her *hopes*, and *detest* her too *charitable* Errour, by *neglecting* to *deserve* and *maintain* his *name*? Shall it be to his *Honour* when he shall hear it said by others, that the *Precious Stones* and *Jewels* of *England* are all but *vile* and *unprofitable pebbles*: that all her *purest Gold* is full of *Drosse*: her *best pillars* quite *rotten*: and her *Guardians*

her principal *underminers* and *deſtroyers*? that with the *leaſt wind* that blows, her *pillars ſhake*, and the *building tumbles*?

The Gentleman is that great and fair *White*, at which all men *aim* and *direct* the *beſt* of their *Reſpects*: and on whom they think the *greateſt* of their *Honours* not *miſplaced*: And is this his *civility* to all his *Lovers* and *Admirers*; to leave them embracing a *ſhadow* for a *ſubſtance*, and to pay home their *affection* and *reſpects* to him, with *neglect*, and *diſgrace*, and too often with *miſery* and ruine to *themſelves*? Is this his *care*, to provide that no man ſhall ever be *deceived* in him, but he that *thinks well* of him? If this be the Gentlemans *civility*, then what, I pray Sir, is his *Unkindneſſe*?

Sect. 5. *A ſecond Motive grounded upon Shame and Diſgrace.*

The *next* thing which I ſhall propoſe to his conſideration, is that which uſually has *too* powerful an operation upon him; I mean *Shame* and *Diſgrace*. The pretence of ſecuring his *Name* and *Reputation* from theſe blurs, being *another* of thoſe *Fig-*

leaves,

leaves, wherewith he would fain hide his moſt *foul* and *deformed Vices*: He had rather throw himſelf headlong into the *groſſeſt* ſin imaginable, then by *chuſing* what is *beſt*, but *out* of *faſhion* with the *multitude*, expoſe himſelf to the *laughter* of *fools* and *ſinners*. O what torment, what affliction is it to him, to be *jeer'd* and *mock'd*, and *hooted* at by a company of *mad-men*, for behaving himſelf with more *ſobriety* and *wiſdom* then they?

Here I ſhall moſt earneſtly beſeech the *Gentleman* to conſider, how miſerably he *befools* himſelf, and how inconſiderately he runs himſelf upon thoſe rocks he endeavours ſo carefully to avoid; whileſt *nothing* can lay him more open to *ſhame*, than that which was the firſt *parent* of it, his *ſin*: which makes him a meer *laughing ſtock* to all but thoſe that *pitty* him. Let him remember how he daily provokes that *God*, who is the onely *Fountain* of all *true Honour* here, as well as *Happineſſe* hereafter, to *laugh at him and have him in deriſion*. Will it be no *ſhame* for him to be found, at laſt, one of thoſe *wretched* and *contemptible* creatures, which ſhall have the *door ſhut* upon

them, and be forced to *ſtand knocking* at the *Gates* of Heaven, with *ſighs* and *tears*, and like ſo many miſerable ſtarving beggars in *bitterneſſe* of ſpirit, craving admiſſion, and yet for all their ſelf-conceited Greatneſſe, be vouchſafed no more reſpectful an anſwer, then a—*Depart ye curſed*, and—*Be gone I know you not.* What *ſhame* and *diſgrace* can the *Gentleman* fear to ſuffer like *this*: when *he* who *pranced* it up and down, with no leſſe *ſecurity*, then *pride* and *vanity*, and *laugh'd* to ſee others take ſo much *pains* to go to *Heaven*, ſhall even *then*, *when* he thinks himſelf ſo ſure of all, meet with a ſcornful repulſe?

But if the Gentleman will venture *this diſgrace*, becauſe he phancies it to be yet at ſo great a *diſtance*; yet I muſt tell him he is much miſtaken to think he ſhall ſpeed much better here *below*. Is it no *ſhame*, to be *juſtly* accounted by all, who underſtand *themſelves*, a poor, ſilly, ignorant fool, ſuch an one as can pleaſe himſelf with a *toy*, a *rattle*; and can think himſelf the *onely wiſe man* in the world, when alas all they who are *wiſe indeed*, look upon him and *pitty* him, as the moſt *ſilly*, *deſpicable wretch* under Heaven?

ven? It is thus men commonly make trial of the *Fools Genius*, they propose at once to his *choice*, a peice of *painted Glasse* and a *Diamond*; a *Feather* and a *suit of Cloaths*; that so by preferring the *gayer toy*, before the *precious* or the *serviceable substance*, he may *betray* his *ignorance* and *simplicity*. Alas, Sir, what can we judge the *debauched Gentleman* to be *better* or *wiser* then such a silly deluded *Idiot*, or (as we call him) a meer *Natural*, that sports himself with his own *shadow*, and places his *happinesse* in *dancing* about in his *party-Colour'd Coat*, his Cap and his Feather? Did the *Gentleman* but know his *Friends*, or durst he be so much his *own*, as to entertain fewer *Flatterers*, who cover his *eyes*, and stop his *ears*, so that he neither *sees* nor *hears* of himself, what otherwise he might; how soon would he grow *ashamed* of his own *face*! Did he but know how even *all they*, whose *tongues* are *bridled* either by his *power* or *prodigality* in his presence, talk of him when they are *out* of it, at their several *meetings*, doubtlesse this would bring him *out* of *love* with his own *Gayety*, and *Prettiness*. The *Stoick* talks of him with *contempt* and *derision*; the *Charitable*

Chriſtian with as much *pitty* and *compaſſion*; and what a ſhame is it for the *Gentleman*, who alwaies thinks himſelf both the *beſt* and *happieſt* man in the world, either to *deſerve* the *one*, or *need* the *other*?

If he yet regard nothing of all this, but contents himſelf with this *Phancy*, that *he* can do as *much* for *them*, and that he can think *others* as very *fools* as *they* think *him*; and *pitty* them as much. Alas, how is he to be *pitty'd* for theſe *thoughts*! whileeſt, like a man in an high *Fever*, he makes a *Felicity* of his *diſtemper*, and in the *lightneſs* of his *head*, phancies he is amongſt *Angels*, and in as *glorious* a condition as they. Let him conſider how great a *ſhame*, even *this is*, to ſay, he can *laugh* at, or he can *pitty* he *knows not what*: *Others* know (alas *too well*) what in him they *pitty*: They have, moſt of them, ſome time or other, *taſted* of his *ſweets* to their *ſorrow*, but found them at laſt *bitter* to their *preſent joy* and *comfort*: Let *him* then firſt *taſt* of *theirs*, and then let him *chuſe*, Whom he will make the *object* of his *pitty*. I am confident he would in the *firſt* place be thus *charitable* to himſelf.

But

But this is not all the reaſon the *Gentleman* hath to be *aſhamed* of his preſent courſe of life. Is it not a *diſgrace* for a man *therein* to be *cheated*, *wherein* he hath ever thought himſelf to be the wiſeſt of all men: and to have ſuch *tricks* put upon him, by what he moſt *confides in*, as will caſt a *damp* upon all his *Jollity* at once? There's no man but will confeſs it an *high* degree of *indiſcretion* in himſelf without a very *ſtrong temptation* indeed, to place his great *confidence*, and beſt *affections* upon a *meer cheat*: and yet that *Gentile Sinner* we ſpeak of (if ever any) is highly guilty of this *folly*. He may aſſure himſelf, if he repent not in due time, *Sathan* will put the ſame cheat upon him, whereby he ſo ſadly beguiled his *wiſe brother* in the *Goſpel*; whom in *that very night*, when he *lullaby'd* his ſoul into a groundleſſe *ſecurity*, by preſenting to her eye the *abundance* of his *riches*; he ſuddainly ſnatches away into the place of torments, and makes this *addition* to the *reſt* of his *ſorrows*, that he *derides* his *former ſecurity*, & *laughs* at his preſent *miſery*. But this is too *common* and *copious* a *Theme* to dwell any longer upon; I durſt not altogether omit to mention

mention it, becauſe I have not yet met with any think more frequently prevalent with the *Gentleman*, to *perſwade* him to *ſin*, then this *fear* of *ſhame* and *diſgrace*; and if it have been ſo powerful to hurry him on to his ruine, I hope, rightly apprehended, it may have ſome efficacy in drawing him to his *Felicity*

Sect. 6. *A third motive drawn from Equity:*

I ſhall but propoſe two Conſiderations more, and theſe are ſuch, as much concern the *Gentleman* to entertain, viz. of *Equity* and *Hoaour*.

And *firſt*, in all *equity* and *juſtice* the *Gentleman* ought to proportion his *Gratitude*, to the *Bounty* which enrich'd him; and to live a *Gentleman* is as litle as can, with any reaſon, be thought a juſt requital of his *goodneſſe*, who made him more Honourable than others. For it was not he himſelf by whom he was made *better then another man*, neither hath *he any thing which he hath not received*. It cannot therefore be *Gratitude* in him like a *Spongy* ſubſtance, to *ſuck* in *all* which

which is proffer'd it, but to *return nothing* again without a *Squeezing*: Or like a black and heavy *clod* of earth, to receive the moſt *courteous* and *enlivening raies* of Heaven, and yet requite the *bounty* neither by a *preſent cheerful reflection*, not a *future ſeaſonable fructification*: neither yet to lie like a rotten *dunghil*, which repaies all the ſweet *influence* it participates of, in a *ſtenchy* ſume, or a *generation of vermine*. He ſhould rather labour to reſemble the true Chriſtall whoſe property it is, either to *tranſmit* or *reflect* thoſe rayes it receives, with great *advantage* of *light* to the *darker objects* about it; and of a more *viſible ſplendor* and *glory* to the *light* it ſelf. A true Diamond will not ceaſe to ſparkle in the darkeſt night, and the true *Gentleman* too, will take care, that his *light ſo ſhine before men, that they may behold his works* rather then his *perſon*, (as the *Sun* gives us a clearer proſpect of the other parts of the world, then of its *own body*) and teach them much more to *glorifie his God in Heaven*, then to pay *him* a reverence upon *earth*. The *gold* was not made ſo *excellent* a Mettal, that it might lie *hid* and *ruſt* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, but by a reception

tion of the *Princes* Image, *administer* to the *necessities* of Commerce amongst the *several* members of the world. It would be a poor thing to imagine God should make the *best* of *Creatures* for the *worst* of uses: or the *Noblest* of *Men* to be *Sathans Instruments* now, his *companions* and his *prey* anon. The Gentleman I know will easily grant himself to be a *Vessel* created for *Honour*: but 'tis strange he should go about to prove himself so, by continuing alwaies *empty*, or refusing to hold any thing, but the worst of *poysons*: by standing (as some of those do which cost most pains in the *making*, most *mony* in *procuring*, most *time* in *scouring*) *idle* and *useless*, onely to adorn and grace the *Cup-board*, and *shine* there, till they become *dusty* again. As *all flesh is grasse*, so is the *Gentleman* the *Flower of the grasse*; but let it not appear in *this*, that the *grasse* is more *usefull*, though the *flower* more *beautifull*, neither let the *leaf* smell *sweeter* then the *Rose*. Though all *mankind* be but *Dust* and *Earth*, yet certainly we may in reason think the *Gentleman* a part of the *Richest soyl*, and from which the *Husbandman* or *Gardener* may justly expect

pect both the *faireſt flowers* and *fulleſt Crop*, as from that ground which in *it ſelf is fatteſt*, and in the *Cultivating* and *Manuring* whereof, has been ſpent both the moſt *money* and the beſt *ſweat*. Far be it from the *Gentleman* to be call'd (as we do ſometimes our moſt *fertile* fields) onely the *Proudeſt ground*, ſuch as ſwagger it out with *Poppy* and *Cockle*, and flatters the eye with many fine *Blew* and *Yellow* Flowers, but ſuch as are neither for *uſe* themſelves, nor will ſuffer the good *corn* to *thrive* and *grow* till it may be ſo. The *Gentleman*, I am ſure, would be troubled to be *thus* requited for his *care* and pains by his *field*, and ſhall not *God* be juſtly *angry* for the *like* bad uſage from the *Gentleman?* Certainly he cannot in *equity* expect the *largeſt wages*, who doth the *leaſt work*, or think he can *merit* the moſt *Honourable* reward, by *ſtanding all the day idle*; nay for hindering and Deterring others who were going to *labour in the Vineyard*. Shall the *Steward* be the greateſt *loyterer*, and moſt *careleſs ſervant* in the whole *Family?* And is it fit the *Heir* ſhould be the meereſt *Prodigal?* I am confident the *Gentleman* would

would think it an *injury* to be *thought* ſo, and is it not then as great an *injuſtice* to *be ſo?* I ſhould not have breath enough to enumerate *half* thoſe many *Honours* and *Dignities*, thoſe ſeveral *Priviledges*, and *Advantages, Endowments* & *Poſſeſſions* which the *Gentleman* is bleſt with above his *poorer* Brethren, and can we think all theſe, not *encouragements* to be *better*, but *rewards* and *Bribes* to and for being *idler* then others.

The *Gentleman* is apt to boaſt himſelf much of his *Noble Anceſtors* and *Vertuous Progenitors*, and is it not therefore *equity*, that all men ſhould expect from that *tree* the *beſt fruit*, which hath the *Nobleſt root?* Men do not of *Thiſtles expect Grapes*, nor of *Brambles Figs*: but even of the *wild Olive tree*, when but grafted into the *true Olive tree*, God expects the *Natural fruit*. That *Noble* perſon who *adopts* a *Clown* his *heir*, will expect he ſhould henceforward become a *Gentleman*, and how much more is this to be expected from him who is *born* the *true Son* and *heir?* The Gentleman will pull his *Cocks* head off, if he *degenerate* from his *kind*; and why ſhould his God uſe *him better?*

The

The *Gentleman*, again, is apt to talk very much of his good *breeding*, and ingenuous *Education*: and certainly it is the greateſt *happineſs* which can ſo *early* betide him, that uſually he hath *Parents* which are as tender of his *Honour* as of his *life*, and very often *more* careful of *his* ſoul, then of *their own*: who howſoever they live *themſelves*, yet will be ſure to reprove the *leaſt vice* in the *child*, and it is a very ordinary *form* of *bleſſing* him, to pray he may be a *better man then his Father*. Now the *Gentleman* will expect this from his *Horſe*, or *Spaniel*, to be. have himſelf *hereafter*, as he has been *taught* when he was *young*. Alas, how many *brave* and *Generous* diſpoſitions are *flatted* and *loſt*: how many *ingenious* ſpirits are *dull'd* and *beſotted*, how many *keen* wits are *blunted* and loſe their *edge*, by being put to *delve* in the *earth*, being altogether *Cow'd* and *Enſlaved*, by the *Tyranny* of *Poverty* and an *Adverſe Fortune*: whilſt they could not be allowed that *timely* and *Noble Nurture* and *Cultivation*, whereby they might have been *weeded* and improved to a very high degree of excellency and *fruitfullneſſe*? How much *good* and *tractible* earth has been

loſt

loſt meerly for want of a *Skilful Potter*, or *ſpoiled* upon the *wheel* of one *unskilfull*? Whileſt the *Gentleman* has all the aid and aſſiſtance that *Prudent Parents* or a *rich purſe* can afford him; and ſhall he, whom God has thus bleſſed with that which may procure him as well what's *beſt*, as what's *neceſſary*, grow more *barren* under all this care and *Good Husbandry*, which is beſtow'd upon him? Shall he like a *ſtubborn* and unwieldly *branch*, ſo ſoon as ever he is from under the wiſe *hand* which would have *prun'd* and *ſtraightned* him, *ſtart back* into his *natural rudeneſs*, and *deformity* again? Shall he be like the *Vial* or *Watch*, *one* whereof will onely continue its *even* and *certain* motion, ſo long as the *owner* forgets not to *wind* him up; and the *other* gives us its ſweet *ſound* no longer then the *Muſicians hand* provokes and *beats* it; but ſo ſoon as the *hand reſts*, the *Motion* and the *Muſick* ceaſes, and in a ſhort time, the *ſtrings crack*, and the *Pegs fall*, and the *Noble* Inſtrument grows *mouldy* and *worm-eaten*? Is it not moſt *unnatural*, that he who has all theſe great *advantages* in his youth, which others do often in *vain*, and he himſelf too often

when

when it is *too late*, *wiſh* to enjoy, ſhould not do ſomething whereby he might ſhew all that *care* and *coſt*, not quite *thrown away* and *miſpent*? And yet much more, that he ſhould onely ſo behave himſelf, as one that knowes how readily to *forget*, whatever had coſt him ſo much *time* and *pains*, and *mony* in acquiring; and one that can now make *that* a part of his Glory, *which* indeed is no ſmall argument of *ſhame*, that he *once had* a little learning, and *might have been* a *Chriſtian*, had he not had *wit* enough to *befool* himſelf, and ſo become a *Gentleman*. It troubles me to *ſay* that very many of our *Engliſh Gentlemen* do thus *Commence* (as it were) and take *Degrees* in *Ignorance* and *Vanity*, I wiſh it troubled him as much to *do ſo*.

Again, it were but *juſt*, our *Gentlemen* ſhould think upon their *large portions* and *fair Inheritances*, and ſo take the *Meaſure* of their *Duties*, by their *liberal allowances*. To *have* an eſtate makes no man *happy*, but to *uſe* an eſtate *wiſely* may bring a man very *far* on his way towards it. O let it never be ſaid of the *Gentleman*, what is recorded to the perpetual diſhonour of the *Young*

man (he knowes [I hope] where) that he *departed* from *Christ* becauſe he was *very rich*. It is certainly a miſtake in any man to think, a mans *ſoul* may no way *feed* and grow *fat*, upon his *wealth*: or to ſay a man may not become a *better Man*, by having *greater Poſſeſſions*. *Wiſedomes ſeven Pillars* are moſt readily *erected*, and firmly *grounded* upon a *Baſis* of *Gold*: And *Vertue* cannot there have the *beſt fair*, and *thrive* moſt, though ſhe may have a *kind welcome*, where *Poverty* keeps the houſe. Though the *treaſures* of *wiſdome* and *knowledg* lie not in the *Cheſt*, yet are they for the moſt part ſo *lock'd* up, that he who would at any time come readily at them, muſt not fail to carry the *Key* in his *Pocket*. Though *Vertue* and *Piety* may live *Quietly* and *Contentedly* under a *thatch'd* roof, and may meet with ſuch entertainment as may preſerve *life*; yet, alas, they are but *there* as in *Priſon*, and ſhall hardly obtain the *Liberty* to walk much *abroad* except there be ſomething in the *purſe* to purchaſe their *freedome*: Without this they may have what fetter'd *Captives* may enjoy, their *hearts* and *tongues*, but very ſeldome their *hands* or *feet* at liberty. What

rare

rare perfections might be attain'd to, and what wonders wrought, had but either the *Rich Gentleman* the *poor mans ſoul*, or the *poor man* the *rich Gentlemans purſe*? What a ſhame is it, that he whom God hath bleſſed with enough to buy the *Precious Pearl*, ſhould rather chuſe to lay it out upon an *Hobby-horſe*; that he ſhould ſuffer either *himſelf* to be a *Fool*, or *Vertue* a *Beggar*, when it is in his power to prevent both? If his *wealth* know not what to do with his *Vertue*, let him give *Vertue* the *key*, and ſhe knowes how to make uſe of his *wealth*. What an ungratefull fool is he, who with what is given him will neither fulfill the *Donors* will, nor make uſe of the gift to his *own* advantage? How might the *Church* become truly *Glorious*, and her *rayment* literally of *wrought Gold*, how might the *Poor* man grow *Rich*, and the *Rich* man *good* and *happy*, did the *Gentleman* ſtudy to make that improvement, which he ought to make of this one *talent*, and not either with the Ranting *Prodigal* waſt his inheritance by *riotous living*; or with the other *Ill-husband* and *fooliſh ſervant*, wrap it up in the *Napkin* of a *lazy*, or hid it in the

Earth of a *Worldly* mind?

There is a *third* obligation whereby the *Gentleman* in *equity* is bound to outgoe his Inferiours, no leſſe in *Goodneſſe* then in *Wealth* and *Pomp*. I mean an *Immunity* from the *Drudgeries* of the World: *Nature* and *Fortune* both ſeem to conſent in granting him a *Diſpenſation* from thoſe *Brick-kilnes*, to which by the *Pharaoh-like* cruelty of a *Neceſſitous* Condition, many a better *Iſraelite* is ſentenced. He tugs not at the *Oares*, nor delves in the *Dirt*, nor *waſhes* his face, & *bathes* his body in his own *ſweat*; nor *lives*, as other men are often conſtrain'd to do, almoſt by a *weariſomeneſſe* of *living*: But ſeems to plead an *Exemption* from that part of *Adams* curſe, whereby he was condemned *in the ſweat of his Browes to eat his bread*. Whileſt many others by their continual *labour*, ſeem from meal to meal to *kneed* their *own* dough, and *other* mens too; and, like the poor *Iſraelites*, when driven out of *Ægypt*, to run up and down with their *kneeding-troughs* upon their Shoulders. They carry both their *Lives* and *livelihoods*, to and fro in their *hands*; and by a *toileſome* improvement of the *Gentlemans* vaſt eſtate,

pick

pick up for themſelves a very ſcant ſubſiſtence. He eats the *fat*, and drinks the *ſweet*, and has *one* part of him alwaies provided for to his hand; and ought not this to lay a ſtrong obligation upon him, to take more pains about the *other*? Ought not this to bind him to the ready ſervice of his God, who has made the whole *world* in a manner to ſerve *him*? certainly he never had a general *diſpenſation* granted him from all *labour*, but onely from the more *ſlaviſh* and *drudging* part of it: that the leſſe he has to care for beſides, the more time he ſhould have to care for his *ſoul* and *Heaven*. It was *Adams* growing *wanton* in *Eden*, where the *Earth* freely brought forth all things of it ſelfe, and where his *taske* of labouring was but his *Recreation*, not his *toyl*, which ſent him firſt abroad to *ſweat* in the *World*, and to wage a conſtant *Warre* with *Bryors* and *Thiſtles*. And if the *Gentleman* will not take ſome pains to dreſſe the *Garden* of his Soul, when all the world ſeems to be ſo much his own round about him, that *one* part of it is his *Steward*, the *other* his *eſtate*, he can expect no leſſe then to be driven out at laſt with a *flaming ſword* to ſeek a

Miſerable *killing* livelihood in another.

Could the *Gentleman* be truly ſenſible of his extraordinary *priviledges* he enjoyes, more then the reſt of his *labouring* brethren do, in this *one* particular, doubtleſſe we ſhould ſee him more *thankful*, and leſſe *Idle*; for though *leiſure* be a very great *bleſſing*, yet is *lazineſſe* a meer *Canker*, which will in a ſhort time, if not ſeaſonably cured, *eat* out both *Purſe* and *Soul*. Let him not thus turne the *Opportunities* of doing *good*, into *encouragements* to *ſin*, nor the *Means* of *Happineſſe* into the *Inſtruments* of *Miſery*.

O what an ineſtimable advantage is this, for any man that would either *learn much* or *do well*, to have alwaies a Soul ſo *tranquil* and *Serene*, that all's *Smooth* and *calme* within him? What would many a brave *Ingenious* ſpirit, which could never yet obtain one ſmile from *fortune*, but lies alwaies under the black cloud of *Poverty*, and toſſed upon the tumultuous waves, of much *buſineſſe* and more *ſufferings*, what would it not give to be bleſt with ſuch a *Sun-ſhine*, and to have ſo long a *vacation* from the *world* and its *ſorrowes*? None of thoſe *diſtracti-*

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ons which come from the affairs of the world without him, which with ſo much egerneſſe and irreſiſtable Importunity, *call*, and *pull*, and *haile* away many a good ſoul from his *Study* and *devotion*, need to be ſo much as *hearken'd* to by the *Gentleman*; who if he would but underſtand, the *eaſy* diſtinction, betwixt being *careful* and being *buſie*, betwixt *Idleneſſe* and *leiſure*, we ſhould find him betaking himſelf to another and more cheerful courſe of life, having *much* time to *uſe*, but *none* to *loſe*.

And ſuppoſe you ſhould ask the *Gentleman* this queſtion, and wiſh him to anſwer it according to *Conſcience*---Whether, if he had a ſervant whom he had deſigned for ſome more *honourable* and *extraordinary* employment; and to this end, had exempted him from all *Common* buſineſſe and works proper to an *Inferiour* calling, and not only ſo, but furniſh'd him alſo, with whatever he could ſuppoſe *inſtrumental* to his work; and for his better incouragement had given him a conſiderable ſum of *Mony* beforehand; if after all this, this ſervant ſhould neglect *this* buſineſſe, and throw away all the time allotted him, in matters of *ſmall*

concernment, or in meer *Idleneſse*, goe and *ſpend* his allowance, and *waſte* his Maſters mony in *bad Company*, and in pampering up his own *humours* and *luſts*; let him tell you in good earneſt, whether he would not think himſelf *ſlighted* and *abuſed*, and for a reward, turn that ſervant *out* of *dores* or *into Priſon*? And why then ſhould the Gentleman flatter himſelf up with fairer *hopes*; his *charge* I am ſure is as *great*, his *care* much *leſſe*, and therefore his *caſe* can be no *better*.

I may here very ſeaſonably adde, as another branch of this *Motive*, the *Gentlemans* fair *opportunity*, not onely of doing good to *himſelf*, but *others* alſo: and ſuch an *Opportunity* it is, as is indeed a *Neceſſity* of doing either much *good*, or much *hurt* by his *Example*. For the *Gentleman* ſtands upon the top of an *Hill*, and being advanced to ſo conſiderable an *height*, is thereby may ſo *conſpicuous* to the eye of the world, that his actions have an influence upon the Inhabitants of the *vales* round about him. His *Tenents* muſt for fear *Flatter* him, and many *others* will for his *favour humour* him, and there be yet *more*, who have an *Ambition* to be

be *like* him. Every *ſin* in him is like an *Eclipſe* in the *Sun*, whereby not onely his *own* luſtre and brightneſſe is obſcured and hid, but his rayes are with-held from the *world* below, and a *malignant Influence* ſcatter'd abroad upon *Inferior* Bodies. It is a very hard matter for a *Gentleman* to be bad *alone*; I dare ſay, his heart will bear witneſſe, that he owes not a few of his own ſins to the powerful *Example* of his *ſuperiours*; and that he has very often reſiſted the more *ſober* and *vertuous* inclinations of his *own* ſoul, and the more *rational* dictates of his *own* judgment, onely out of an *Ambitious humour* to make himſelf Company for *great ones*; and becauſe he was *aſhamed* to be found *leſſe* then a *Gentleman* in *any* thing though in *Sin* it ſelf. Let him therefore conſider how much it will concern him, who is the true *Loadſtone* of the *Nation*, whoſe *Motion* the poor *Iron ſoules* of the multitude with trembling *expect*, and perceiving *follow*, to turne himſelf alwaies to the *right Pole*. I wiſh the *Gentlemen* of our Iſland would remember this, that by their vices they prove not onely *Bad* in *themſelves*, but *unjuſt* to their *Neighbour*: that

ſo

ſo they may ſee how much in *equity* they are obliged to amend their lives.

§. 7. *A fourth Motive from Honour and Reputation.*

The other *mark* to which I would gladly perſwade the *Gentleman* to turne his *eye*, is that which he pretends to *aime* at moſt; his *Honour* or *Reputation*; things (If you'l believe him) whereof he is more *tender* then his *life*; but let us ſee how he will endeavour to make this good, for I cannot believe he values much, what he takes no pains to *preſerve*.

The main *Character* of an *Honourable* perſon, is a great care in him, never to do any thing below his *Name*, or which may reflect upon his *Progenitors* or his *Family* with *ſhame* and *diſparagement*. He therefore can admit no employment which is *baſe* or *low*, but as his *Honour* was at firſt *raiſed*, ſo he ſtudies to maintain it at that *height*, by ſome *noble* and *gallant* atchievement. But how truly *tender* is he of his *Honour*, who thus (as we have ſaid before) is willing to *degrade* himſelf into a *Beaſt*, and to *trample* upon

upon his *Dignity* and *Humany* at once? He that can *bend* his proud neck to the moſt *gaulling Yoak* which *Sathan* can put upon him; and patiently *kneeles* him down to receive ſo many loads of *Dirt* upon his back? who ſcorns not to *drudg* for the *worſt* and *baſeſt* of Maſters, and that in his *meaneſt* and moſt *beggarly* ſervice, when he ſends him out (with the *young Prodigal*) into the *field* of Carnal pleaſures, there to *feed* a few *ſwiniſh* luſts: and all this too, upon hopes of the *ſlendereſt* reward here, a few deceitful *huſks*, and in dayly fear and expectation of the moſt dreadful *puniſhment* hereafter, that of *endleſſe Torments*.

The *Gentleman* that values his *honour*, will be ſure not to mix with any *company*, but ſuch, from whom he may reap both *credit* and *profit*; ſuch as will be no *lets* to him in his vertuous *progreſſe*, nor *blemiſh* to his deſired *Reputation*. But alas how little do thoſe *Gentlemen* regard either of theſe, who indeed care for no *companions* but ſuch as have made themſelves altogether the *creatures* of their *vices*, and the neareſt *Pandors* of their *Luſts*.

The truly *Honourable* Gentleman, is alwaies

waies moſt *faithfuel* and *punctuall* in the performance of his *promiſes*, and ſheweth himſelf to be as *good* as his *word*, eſteeming no *diſgrace* like that of *deſerving* the *Lie*. Every *promiſe* he makes, he pawns his *Honour* and *Reputation*, to ſecure the *performance:* and looks upon no *diſreſpect* as comparable with that, of not being thought a perſon fit to be *truſted*. But how little care do our *Gentlemen* take to maintain *this* ſupport of their *credit*; who *ſwear* ſo frequently to; they *know* not, or *heed* not what, that they cannot poſſibly ſo much as *remember*, much leſſe *diſcharge* one third part of their *Oaths*. Theſe upon every *ſlight* or *no* occaſion they ſend out in ſuch *Volleyes*, and with ſo much *inconſideration* and *temerety*, that they cannot have time to conſider whether one halfe of what they ſwear be *true* or *falſe*. Nay there is one ſolemne *Vow*, and that the moſt *ſacred* one that ever they made, and to a *perſon* with whom it moſt concerns them to be punctuall, and deal faithfully, I mean that at their *Baptiſme*, which, alas, they ſo well *performe*, as that they hardly ever *call to mind*, or can *believe* there was any *ſuch thing* done by them:

them: Was it not *this* that then they promiſed to *forſake the Divill and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the World, with all the Covetous deſires of the ſame, and all the Carnall deſires of the fleſh, ſo that they would neither follow nor be lead by them?* In which, the engagement of their *Honour* would not ſerve the turn, but they brought their *ſureties* and *Bondmen*, who promiſed (as much as in them lay) to ſee all made good; I tremble to think how this vow has been fulfil'd by all thoſe perſons who would be thought *ſo* ſenſible of *Honour*, that their bare *word* might at any time ſerve for their *Bond*. What they vow'd to *forſake*, they with all earneſtneſſe *follow*; and that whereby they would not be *led*, they ſweat to *Outgoe*, hugging and embracing thoſe *temptations* they promiſed to abandon, and making the *Vain Pomp and Glory of the World*, the only *Gods* they dare *love* and *adore*. If the *Gentleman* be thus careleſſe in maintaining his *Credit*, thus falſe in his *promiſes* to *God* and his *Soul*, I hope he will not think it ſtrange, if others be ſo ſcrupulous and weak-faith'd, as not to believe him to be a *Gentleman* upon his own bare *word*.

Further

Further yet, he that desires to be truly *Honourable*, and esteem'd so, will so provide for his *Honour*, that the world may have no just cause to throw the miscarriages and sins of his *Country* upon *his* shoulders, or that all the *Miseries* thereof should be found the *Daughters* of his *Vices*. But whether or no we have any reason to blame the *English Gentlemen* for the Calamities of his *Nation*, I appeal to himself, let his *Conscience* determine it. To whom shall we impute the *Blindnesse*, the *Ignorance*, the *Giddinesse* of the *People*, but to him that pretends to be the *eye* and the *head*? We know it is the *Lightnesse* of the *head*, which often makes the *heels* stand *uppermost*; And when we see a Drunkard *reel* and *staggar*, we all know it is the *Giddinesse* of his *head* which causes his *uneven* motion. It were happy for us, if all those who would be thought the *Heads* of this *Headlesse Nation*, would dayly consider their office; and how much of the *Craziness* and *Distemper* of this *Infatuated* people, is to be imputed to the unsetledness of their own *Brains*, and want of a due *Government* of themselves. O that the World might no longer have just cause to

say

ſay (as now many are apt to do) that the ſad *diſeaſe* of this poor Kingdome, wherein it has well nigh *cough'd* out its very heart, proceeded from a *cold*, it has taken in the *nobleſt* Members of its *Body*: and that indeed is *Atheiſme*.

If therefore our Gentlemen ever intend to *deſerve* that *honour*, they ſo eagerly *deſire*, let them learn to *be* and *Act* like *themſelves*, ſo ſhall they aſſure themſelves of true *Honour*, both before *God*, and amongſt *men*. Let them pluck up their *Courage*, and make it appear to the World, that they have yet ſomething of a *Noble* and *Generous Spirit* within their breaſts; that they dare yet own a *God*, in deſpight of *Atheiſme* and *Blaſphemy*, and ſtand up for his *Church* in oppoſition to *Tyranny* and *Sacriledg*: that they have *Spirits* above the reach of *Swords*, and *Souls* not to be out-braved by the terrours of the *Grave*; nor *blown* out of their bodies with the proud and threatning *breath* of thoſe that can but *ſeem* mighty. Let it once be ſeen that they have eſpouſed a *Religion* which has a *Majeſty* enough to Daunt a *Nebuchadnezar* with the hotteſt *furnace* in his *Mouth*: and an *Holy zeal*,

which

which (as the brighter *Sun beams* do upon the fainter light of a *Candle*) can prey upon, and *conſume* to nothing, the moſt ſcorching *flames* of *Perſecution*. When they have learn'd to take the *roaring Lion* by *the Jaws*, and pull out his teeth; when they can (with the ſtout Champion of *Iſrael*) defend the endanger'd *Church* againſt that great *Goliah* of *Atheiſme*, which now or never appears with the *Weavers Beam* in his hand; when they have once got the Courage, to *ſlight* and *pitty* all the *curſing Shimeis*, and *railing Rabſhakahs* of the land; to ſcorne the Barkings of *reproach*, and not to be afraid of the teeth of *Poverty*; when they dare goe with *Abraham* to ſacrifice their *leſſe* lovely *Iſaacks* at the *Mountain of the Lord*: In a word, when they dare be *good* without *fear* of *ſhame* or *want*, and *Religiouſly Loyal* without dreading either *Beggary* or *Death*: Then ſhall they have *Honours* without *ſtain* or *blemiſh*; and *Names venerable* in the Mouthes of all men: then ſhall they ſet their *feet* upon the *Necks* of the *Mighty*, and *Tyrants ſhall bow down* under them, and they ſhall be ſet up on high with the *Rulers* of the People: then ſhall they

they have the *acclamations* of the *Saints*, and the *bended knees* of the *poor* at the *throne of Grace*, for their long *life* and *Happineſs*; Then ſhall they be *fear'd* by their *enemie*, and *loved* by their *friends*; They ſhall have the *Motherly Bleſſing* of the *Church*, the joyful welcome and *plaudite* of *Angels*, and the Bountiful *reward* and *euge* of their *God* and *Father*; a Glorious *Robe*, an immarceſſible *Crown*, a perpetual *Kingdome*: for indeed *this Honour have all his Saints.*

I am really *aſhamed*, and heartily *ſorry*, that either the *Gentlemans* unnatural Behaviour, that ſtrange *Meander* of all vices, or the ſad and deplorable condition of this poore *Church* and *Nation*, to which in all *Reaſon*, *Honour*, and *Conſcience*, he ought to ſhow a more *filial* reſpect and Affection, have provoked me to this unuſual length of a *Letter*: But the *Copiouſneſſe* of the Theme, which *you firſt* propoſed to my thoughts, will I know be my ſufficient *excuſe*; though the *unpleaſantneſſe* of it, together with thoſe many other *buſineſſes* which are never *wanting* to *You*, but now *incumbent* upon *me*, might afford *you* an opportunity of being more *profitably* imploy'd, and *me* more *ſuitable* to

my preſent *calling*, then in *reading* or *writing* of what here I ſend you. I ſhall therefore in a very few lines more, give you a *Breviate* of what I have allready ſaid, or have more to ſay concerning the *mix'd* Theme of this letter.

§. 8. *The concluſion and ſumme of all:*

I ſhall alwaies with all readineſſe Confeſſe that I *dare* not have a low eſteem of any of thoſe *worthy* Perſons, whom the All-wiſe God by advancing them to the *Top* of the *Pinacle*, ſeems to commend both to *me* and *others*, as the moſt *fit objects* of our *Admiration* and *Reverence*; Onely *I* hope the *Gentleman* will give me leave to make it a part of my *Prayers* (and too *ſad experience* dayly ſhowes us what great reaſon we have ſo to pray) that they who *ſtand* both ſo *high* and ſo *tickliſhly* may ever *take heed leſt they fall*. *Sathan* had the Confidence upon as *high* a place (though at that *height* he met with the moſt exemplary *Humility* that the world ever heard of) to venture a temptation upon the *Lord of life*: where certainly his *hopes* of prevailing muſt rationally be thought

thought to have been as *low*, as his *attempt* was *high*: It is therefore too much to be fear'd he hath very often his wiſh'd for *ſucceſſe* in overturning the *braveſt Sinner*. The *Subtile Serpent*, though he deſpair of *Heaven*, is alwaies crawling *upwards*, and can as eaſily twiſt and wrap himſelf about the *Gilded ſpire* of *Honour* and *Nobility*, as once he did about the faireſt *tree* in *Eden*; and queſtionleſſe not ſeldome with as much unhappy *ſucceſſe*, as malicious *Subtilty*. Here I am ſure, he hath the *ſame* or *ſurer* holds to *faſten* upon, and *climb* up by, which there he had; Even the wild *protuberances* of *Pride* and *Ambition*. The firſt aſſault he made, was upon an unſpotted *Innocence* but match'd with an over facile and flexible *Humanity*; and meeting there with the *hoped Iſſue* of his temptation, he takes the Boldneſſe to venture on an infinite *Wiſdome* in the Boſome of *Omnipotence*: and though there he was foyl'd, yet being the more *madded* with the *ſhameful* repulſe, 'tis likely he will fall the more *deſperately*, and ſo with the greater *violence*, upon that *Prudence*, which is at beſt much *abated* by the baſe mixture, and too exceſſive alloy of a

Beloved Folly. I wiſh it might be the *Gentlemans* good *Fortune* or *Courage*, to *ward* the ſtroak, and come off *unhurt*.

When *I* hear this inferior *world* wherein we are to breath out our *Minority*, compared (and not unfitly) to an *Inne*, or *Diverſory*; whereinto *Man*, whoſe life is a *journey* or *Pilgrimage*, onely turns in to take a nights *lodging*; that ſo he may fit and dreſſe himſelf againſt the *Morning* for a *Better* Country: I am ready to take the *Boldneſſe* to proſecute the *Metaphor* a little farther, and *I* would fain ſay, that thoſe *glittering, ſpangled ſoules*, are moſt *noble* and *honourable*; which *wiſe Nature* treats with the greateſt *reſpect* and *Ceremonie*; thoſe, for whom, as her *chief Guests* ſhe hath reſerved her moſt *ſtately*, and *faireſt* roomes: that *theſe*, if any, are to be thought the *Gentlemen* of the world to whom *Nature* as well as *Fortune* ſeems to pay a *reverence*.

Theſe are the *Men* who enter into the world with that *Ceremonious* ſtate and *pomp*, that would almoſt perſwade us they were ſent hither on an *Ambaſſy* from Heaven. They are indulged an *Honour* ſeeemingly too great for *Mortality*. They are *admitted*

ted into the world by the moſt *beautiful gate* of a *Renowned Parentage*, they are *uſher'd* along with all that *Pomp* and *Magnificence*, which uſe to attend our *higheſt hopes* and moſt *teeming Expectations*; and are moſt ſignificant of our *greateſt joyes*: Their *births* are congratulated, and *they* welcomed hither, with a *long* and *Methodically order'd* train of *ſolemne* and *honourable* both *Civil* and *Religious* Ceremonies. They are honourably placed in the moſt *richly* furniſhed, and *neatly* contrived *Lodgings*, of *Comely* and *well-featured* Bodies; in adorning whereof the *Divine Art* of *better Nature*, hath beſt ſhown it ſelf; theſe are Glorioufly ſet forth by all thoſe moſt lively *Images* of *Majeſty* and *Honour*, which *Corrupted Nature* can be thought capable of receiving: All theſe are more ſweeted, by a lovely *proſpect* into the world abroad, where an *Indulgent fortune*, to give the better *reliſh* to the gifts of *Nature*, preſents her ſelf in all variety of *Dreſſes*, of *Riches*, *Pleaſures*, *Preferments*; ever creating ſuch ſtore of New-delights as may ſooneſt *win* upon the *ſenſe*, and beſt *create* the *ſoule*.

And now, *Sir*, would any man ſeeing

all this, think it possible, that after *Nature*, and *Fortune*, and the *great* God of *both*, by so long a *Succession* of no lesse truly *Delectable* then indeed *inestimable* blessings, have been so *industriously Solicitous* for the *Gentlemans* welfare; and with so much *Charitable importunity*, have Constantly *Courted* his soul, to be in *love* with that *fair hand* which made it; to invite it to an early *sense* of its own *worth* and *excellency*, and to set a due *estimate* upon it *self*; to possesse it with the true *Apprehensions* of that, which is certainly the highest *Honour* that can befall a *mortal here*, or Crown him *hereafter*, I mean his *Relation* to *Heaven*, and the God of *Heaven* his *Maker:* Would any man believe it possible after all this, that the *Gentleman* should be either so *uncharitable* to *himself*, or so *ungrateful* to his *Creator*: either so much a *Churle* or a *Fool*, or *Both*: as neither to yeild to those *Importunities* of a *Wooing Heaven*: nor *Embrace* the Courteous *Invitations* of an *endlesse Felicity?* Would you believe, that when he is *intrusted* by the *King* of *Glories*, upon so honourable an *Expedition* as that of *winning* a *Crown*, he should be *tyred* and *foot-sore* at the very

first

firſt ſtep; and ſit down to *reſt* him upon the firſt *cold ſtone* in his way, there flattering his *Childiſh Humour*, in the *Empty* fruition of ſome *Gariſh* but *fading vanity?* Could any man with a *rational ſoul* in him, hope to find an *Happineſſe* in ſuch *toyes* adequate to the *Immenſe* deſires of an *Heaven-born* ſubſtance? Alas, who is ignorant, that theſe *petty Glories*, and *little felicities*, which ſo pleaſe us *here*, cannot in any reaſon be thought *more* (ſeldome ſo *much*) then the *ſmaller tokens* of a *Father's Love*, or an *Earneſt penny* to a future *Inheritance*; ſomething for the *Child* to *keep* his *purſe* with whileſt he is here at School: Nay, they are ſo often *leſs* then this, that they amount not to ſo much, as thoſe *leſs* tokens, which we uſe to call the *Mothers Bleſſing*; but are rather like the *deceitful* Gifts of a *Stepdame*, ſuch as a *braſs ſhilling*, or a *Gilded Nutmeg*, the *ſlight kindneſs* not of a *Fond* but a *diſſembling Fortune*: whereby the unwary *Child* is very often *bribed* and *Flatter'd* out of his due *Portion* and *Inheritance*.

Doubtleſſe, if the *Gentleman* find himſelf to be ſo much *Fortun's Darling*, or (as he

would rather have us think) the *Favourite* of *Heaven:* as to be afforded a more *tender* and *delicate Education* then his poorer brethren: I dare hardly believe all this an *Indulgence* to *ſin,* but an *encouragement* unto *Holineſſe,* and to go on with *Cheerfulneſſe* to ſee what that *good Father* has in ſtore for him in *Heaven,* who is ſo *liberal* to him *here* upon *Earth.* The Comfortable *warmth* of his *Proſperous* condition, is indulged him, thereby to preſerve his ſoule, more *tender,* and *pliable, zealouſly* forward to receive both more *generous* and more *pious impreſſions:* not to *ſcorch* or *dry* it up into a *rebellious obſtinacy:* neither to give him the *opportunity* of *melting* it away in the *ſoft embraces* of more *wanton* and *laſcivious* delights; or to *diſſolve* his happineſſe into the *Aëry* and *ſhadowy* vanity of a *Carnal* pleaſure. The *Golden Foundation* being laid, God expects, he ſhould not ſo abuſe it, as to erect thereupon any meaner *ſtructure* then an *Heaven.* The right *uſe* of what he already *enjoyes,* ought to *diſpoſe* his ſoule into a *Capacity* of receiving *more* and *better,* even of thoſe *ſpiritual* bleſſings which will ſet him up above the reach either of an *adverſe Fortune,* or a *Malicious Divel.* If

If the *Gentleman* would be perſwaded to caſt a *Religious* eye upon the Excellent *Symmetry* and lovely *features* of his own *Body*, wherewith it is no *ſtrange* thing to find him *beautified* above *other* men; certainly he would preſently conſider with himſelf, that this *fine Outſide* was not the *onely* or *beſt* piece of work *intended*, but there ſhould be a ſuitable *Inſide* too, ſuch as may make the *man* a fit *temple for the holy Ghoſt* to reſide in: that this *ſtately* and *well-wrought Body* ſhould be but the external *Embleme* of a more *Beautiful* and *Majeſtick ſoule*.

If it be his good luck to find way to *Paradiſe* ſtraw'd all over with *Roſes*: whilſt other poor ſoules are forced to run *Bare footed* through *Bryars* and *Thiſtles*, *Flints* and *Pibbles*: whereby their feet are often ſo *gall'd*, that their pace proves *ſlow*, and ſo *prick'd* and *ſcratch'd* that you may trace *them*, as they their *Saviour*, into *Heaven* by their *blood*; he ought *wiſely* to conſider, that this entertainment ſhould not *retard* him in his journey, neither make him Phancy that he is already *in* the *Garden*; and therefore may *ſit* down, or *roll* his ſoul upon

upon theſe ſweets to a *ſatisfaction*; alas, the more he thus *tumbles* upon them, the ſooner will theſe *tender Bloſſomes fade* and *wither*: They are onely ſcatter'd in his paths, that by their *fragrancy* his decaying *Spirits* may be reſtored and *cheriſh'd*, that he *faint* not ere he reach that *garden* where growes the *Tree of life*, and *never-periſhing Flowers* of *ſweeteſt pleaſures*, even at *Gods own hand for evermore.*

If the *Gentleman* may boaſt of his honourable deſcent, from a *vertuous*, and if ſo, a deſervedly *renowned* family; how much will it concern him in *Honour* and *Duty*, to provide that his *Children* by his vertues, may be enabled to brag of as much as *he?* It will certainly be a greater *diſgrace* to *him*, when his *Son* ſhall be conſtrain'd to ſay, he had a *Worthy Grandfather*, then it can now be his *Glory*, that *he himſelf* can tell the world he had a Deſerving *father*. Can he imagine it halfe ſo *Creditable*, to ſwagger it out with the old *Name* and *Title* of his *rotting Anceſtors*; as to manifeſt their yet *ſurviving Vertues* in himſelf their *Genuine off-ſpring*? What a pitiful Credit muſt it needs be for him, to ſhow a

ſtranger

ſtranger a firme and ſubſtantiall *foundation*, laid by his *Anceſtors* many years agoe, towards an intended *Heroick* and ſumptuous *building*, if all this while he have neglected by his *own virtues* to adde a *ſuperſtructure*, *proportionable* to ſuch a *Ground-work?*

I am Confident the *Gentleman* needs not a remembrancer to mind him of his *Name*; nor any other *Herald* to perſwade him he has a *right* unto it, then his own *Ambition* and *Conceit*: But how unlikely he is by the means he uſes to make the world believe him, he ſeems not ſo well to Conſider. Is it a matter of ſuch Credit, to ſhow us, how well he can put on his *Fathers Old Cloaths*, or play his *Ape* in his *Silver Jerkin?* Is this the main *Badg* of his *Gentility*, that he has never a *Coat* but what was *given* him by the *Herald*; or that he lives as *Beggars* do, upon the *Charity* and *Almes* of the *Pariſh?* Let him ſay, what other *title* it is *he* can pretend to, who by his own *perſonal* merits cannot *purchaſe* his *name?* What does he leſſe then *pick* up his *Crumbs* under the *Old-mans Table*: *Nobility* without *Virtue* has juſt ſo much *life*, as it can *Borrow*; and onely *breaths* by the common and Ignoble

noble *breath* of the *People*. What does the unworthy *Gentleman*, but goe from *dore* to *door* for an *Almes* of *Honour?* One throws him in a *Sir*, another a *Maſter*, a third a *Good-your-Worſhip*; and with theſe few *ſcraps* he makes a ſhift to preſerve *alive* his *meagre* and *raw-boned Reputation.*

A *name* that thus feeds onely upon the *fragments* of *charity*, is not like to *grow* truly *great* in haſte: And a *Reputation* ſo long *worn* already without *mending*, is too *vile* and *cheap* for a true *Gentleman* to appear abroad withall. The *Cloak* muſt needs be very *thread-bare*, that is ſo *old*, and has bin ſo *ill uſed*: It were more *Noble* to weare a *New one* of his own *buying*, then that of his *Great-grandfather*, which at beſt he can by his *ſcantling virtues* onely fill full of *patches*. His *Fathers Honour* can be his but at *Second-hand*: and to be proud of an *Hereditary title* onely, is but to rant it in a *Deadmans ſuit*, and like him, whom he too often Imitates, after his *fathers death*, to *fright* the world by *appearing* in *his likeneſſe*; for when we come more narrowly to examine the *Reality* of what we *think* we *ſee* in him, we find *nothing* but a *cheat* and *Deluſion* of the

the *ſenſes* we *catch* at a bare *Apparition* for a *ſubſtance*; or at beſt *graſpe* a ſenſeleſſe *clod* of cold *clay* inſteed of a *Man*. What is it to be thus Sollicitous after an *Old Coat of Armes*, but to wiſh the *Herald* were a *Broaker*, And that he might buy *old ſcutcheons*, as he may *old Cloaks*, becauſe his *Merits* will not amount to the *price* of *New ones*. Whileſt he thus opens his *Preſs*, and ſhowes it to be well lined with the rich *apparel* of thoſe who lived *before* him, he does no more then what often his Fathers *Page* or *Lacquey* is able to do: Nay I ſhall be bold to ſay it, whatever the *Gentleman* may therefore think of *himſelf* or *me*, that he who ſhowes his *Fathers Bearing*, without ſome *Honourable Addition*, *due* at leaſt; if not *given* to his *own* vertues, has but little more reaſon to boaſt of his *Gentility*, then his *Fathers Fool* or *Fidler*, whom I have often obſerved to bear his *Maſters Coat* upon his *Livory*. O that the *Gentleman* would in good earneſt Conſider, how much all *Wiſemen laugh at him*, even in his *Fineſt* Cloaths, and how much more all *Good men* do *pitty* him, when they ſee him with all his *borrow'd Bravery* delight to *tumble* in the *Mire*!

He

He that will be a *Gentleman* indeed, muſt look no leſſe carefully *before* him, on what yet *remains* for *him* to doe, to *maintain* his *Honour*, then *behind* him, on what has been already done by his *Anceſtors* to *purchaſe* it. *Honour* has a very *delicate* palate, and loves to feed upon *freſh Diet*; and very much *Nauſeates* the *Moulded Offals* of *Antiquity*. No *broken Diſhes* come to her *table*, neither can ſhe ſubſiſt by *Chewing the Cud* after the largeſt *feaſting* upon the *Grandfathers deſerts*. The *ſharp* teeth of *Time* will at length enter deep into the *Marble Monument* under which the *Fathers Aſhes* are laid to *reſt*, or at leaſt the *Injurious Duſt* will fill up and hide the fair *Characters* thereupon in which perhaps *alone* the *Honour* of the *Son* ſtands legible: It can be no *long lived Honour*, where the *Patent* is onely a *Dead-mans Epitaph*. It will therefore highly concern the *Gentleman* in due time at leaſt to lay a *New gilt* upon the *Old letter*, that ſo he may tranſmit an *Honourable Memory* of his *name* to late *Poſterity*, rather under his own *hand*, then his fathers *Seal*.

The *ſtatelieſt* Pile, yeilds and ſtoops by little

little and little to the importunities of *Age*: And 'tis rare to see a building left by the *father* so *firm* and *weather-proof*, but it will require some *repairing* before the Death of the *Son*. A *Good-husband* will therefore make haſt even to prevent his *fears*, and not expect an *Invitation* from a viſible *ruine*; knowing that it is a *Neceſſity* not deſerving the name of *Providence* to under-prop the *declining* wall; Neither will a *Prudent* perſon *cover* a dangerous breach in the wall of his houſe with a ſuperficial *plaiſter* or *paint*, thereby to Cozen the World into a falſe Opinion of his Counterfeit *thrift* and *Previdence* 'till a ſudden *fall* of the whole houſe diſcover at once his *folly* and his *Policy*; In vain ſhall the *Gentleman* by the bare *ſhadow* of a vertue endeavour to make the world believe he wants not the *ſubſtance*: He muſt by the *real* and *undiſſembled* excellencies of a *Generous* ſoul, *ſincerely* devoted to the ſervice of *Religion* and *Vertue*, both adde many *Sollid* Pillars to ſupport the *Old*, and lay a firme *Baſis* for a *New* ſtructure.

A *Fathers good name* deſerves *a reverent* memory in after ages, but will never be injured or grow leſſe renowned, by being

out

out-shone in the *Sons virtues*: It is rather proud thus to grow *young* again. There can be no perpetuall *entailment* of *Honour* upon all succeeding *posterity*; The best *Gentleman* holds his *Nobility* but by *Lease* from *Heaven*, which is to be *renew'd* once at least in every *life*; when a good round summe of *Heroick Actions* are expected as his *Fine*. God hath his *Stewards* alwaies ready to receive the *Gentlemans* rent, the *Church* and *State*, and he that payes not at his *day*, to either of these, forfeits all.

It is no slight sin to suppose *God* so vainly *Prodigall* of his *Jewels*, as to think them well disposed of when placed in *Swines snouts*; where they onely serve to root up the *Earth*, and delve in the *Dirt*. *Common*, *Rustick*, and *Plebeian* spirits fitted by the *hardnesse* of their *Nature*, to *dig* and *plow* the ground, these are the *Out-labourers* of Gods great *Houshold*, who by the greatnesse of their *Necessary* Drudgery, take off much of the *Burden* from the more *refined* sort of Mankind: The *Gentleman* God has chosen to be as it were the *steward* of his *Family*, and *Guardian* to his *Church*: and therefore in all *Prudence* and *Gratitude* he ought to endeavour

endeavour a due discharge of so great a *trust*. No *Loyterer*, much lesse, a *Spend-thrift*, can be a member of *his* Family, we know the certain wages of such *unfaithful servants*. He then that thinks himself exempted from all that hardship, which many others by a *leaden soul* and an *iron body*, besides the course usage of an *unkind Fortune*, are *naturally* or *casually* sentenced to, takes a very *preposterous* course, when he arrogates to himself a *licence* to do *ill*, or to do *nothing*: If the *Gentleman* would be *valued* above others, it is but reason if we require him to make it appear, that he is of better *mettal* than others which is to be judged of, not by the *colour*, but *service*.

I would not see the *Gentlemans soul* sitting in his *beautiful body*, like a *breathlesse Idol* of *God* in a *Temple* of *Silver*, there to be *worship'd* by *all*, but do *good* to *none*: It is not fit it should be thought only such a *fine gay* thing, as is sometimes by the choisest of *Natural endowments* and *Artificial accomplishments*, *embellished* into something more than ordinary, or *burnish'd* over into such a slight superficial *glosse*, as may make *it*, as well as his *body*, *admired* and *gazed* upon

by a few *ignorant* worldlings; Neither ſhould it be his buſineſſe to get his *Body* alwaies *New-molded* to the varying humours of the *Court*, and *trick'd up* in all the late invented *Ganderies*, *Gorgeous Accoutrements*, and *Gingling trappings*, wherewith the *Levity* of *Art* has made bold to *overload* and *abuſe* the *modeſty* of Honeſt *Nature*: He that has no *Nobler* a *Soul* or *Body* then theſe, may ſtill be no more than a meer *Carcaſſe*, ſuch as, if it expreſſe any *motion*, ſeems rather to be *actuated* by the multitude of crawling *vermine* within it, ſprung from it's own *corruption*, then by a true *rational ſoul* inſpired by *God Almighty*. All the *Salt* of *Wit* and *Ingenuity* which ſuch a perſon uſually ſo much brags of, will not be enough to preſerve ſo *putrid* a Lump from *ſtinking* above ground.

In a word, *Sir*, the true *Gentleman* will labour ſo to qualify his *ſoul*, that he may be diſpoſed to do a *ſervice* to his *God*, in ſome proportion anſwerable to thoſe ſeveral *tokens* of *favour* and *Honour*, whereby he has ſo *bleſt* and graced him in the eye of the world: Seeing *God* has been pleas'd to advance him ſome degrees above the

multitude, he takes care to raise his *soul* too to that spiritual *height* and *pitch* of true *Piety* and *Holiness*, that when thus advanced in *outward* dignity, he may not seem a *Dwarf on Horseback*.

And because the *Common Gifts* of the most *Bountiful Nature* will not put a man into a capacity of performing his part to the full in such an employment, much lesse will *Idleneſſe* and *Negligence*: It should be every *Gentlemans* care in his *Youth* to give and resign himself wholly up with all his *pleasures* and *Interests*, to the *Care* of his *Soul*; that so by the *Prudent Industry* of a *Learned* and *Godly Instructor*, seconded with his own *Indefatigable pains* and *patience*, he may have his *golden parts* made truly *bright*, and be, as it were, midwifed afresh unto such a *perfection*, that he may not, by the *low* and *beggarly* condition of a *rude* and *Ignorant Soul*, be a *discredit* to his *Lord*, or a *Scandal* to that *calling* he professeth. God delights in *Honourable*, though not in *proud* attendants; and although he is many times pleased to fill up his *house*, and make up the number of his *Family*, with those who have not been very much befriended either

by *nature* in a *noble birth*, or by *Fortune* in a *plentcous* and *prosperous life*; yet doth he long to see his *Religion* graced and credited, with a long train of such as the *King hath delighted to honour*.

And (blessed be God!) the *care* of our *Ancestors* has been such, that we want not *Nurseries* both of *Learning* and *Piety* in this *nation*, such as may afford a *breeding* to our *Young Gentry* not unsuitable to their *Quality* and intended *employment*. It is my hearty prayer, that these may never be *unstocked* with such *hopeful* and *generous Plants*, as may there *grow* and *thrive*, till they arrive at that *Maturity* both of *grace* and *good Literature*, as well as of *Years*, that they may in due time become, not onely *strong*, but also *curiously polished Pillars* for the support of those two Glorious Fabricks of *Church* and *State*. That, as by the special *Indulgence* of God they were *Honourably born*; so by his special *Grace* too, they may indeed *live*, both truly *profitable* to his *Saints* here, and as truly *glorious* with them hereafter.

Thus (*Sir*) have I done my best to obey your *Commands*; and, as largely and fully, as

as a little *time*, leſſe *leiſure*, and yet fewer *abilities* would give me leave; I have given you my preſent *thoughts* and *wiſhes* concerning our *Engliſh Gentlemen*. I have ſent you (I fear) a very little *Kernel* in a large *Shell*; but now you have it, you may chuſe whether you will take the pains to *crack* it, or throw it into the *fire*. Whatever it be that here you receive, as *your Commands* gave it *birth*, and *my Confidence* of your *goodneſſe*, has taught it to *ſpeak* and go *abroad*; ſo does it now ſubmiſſively expect your *ſentence*, whether of *life* or *death*. Do what you will with all the *reſt*, ſo you do but vouchſafe to read thus much in it, that I am—Sir,

Your moſt humble and obedient Servant.

THE END.